

Collier's

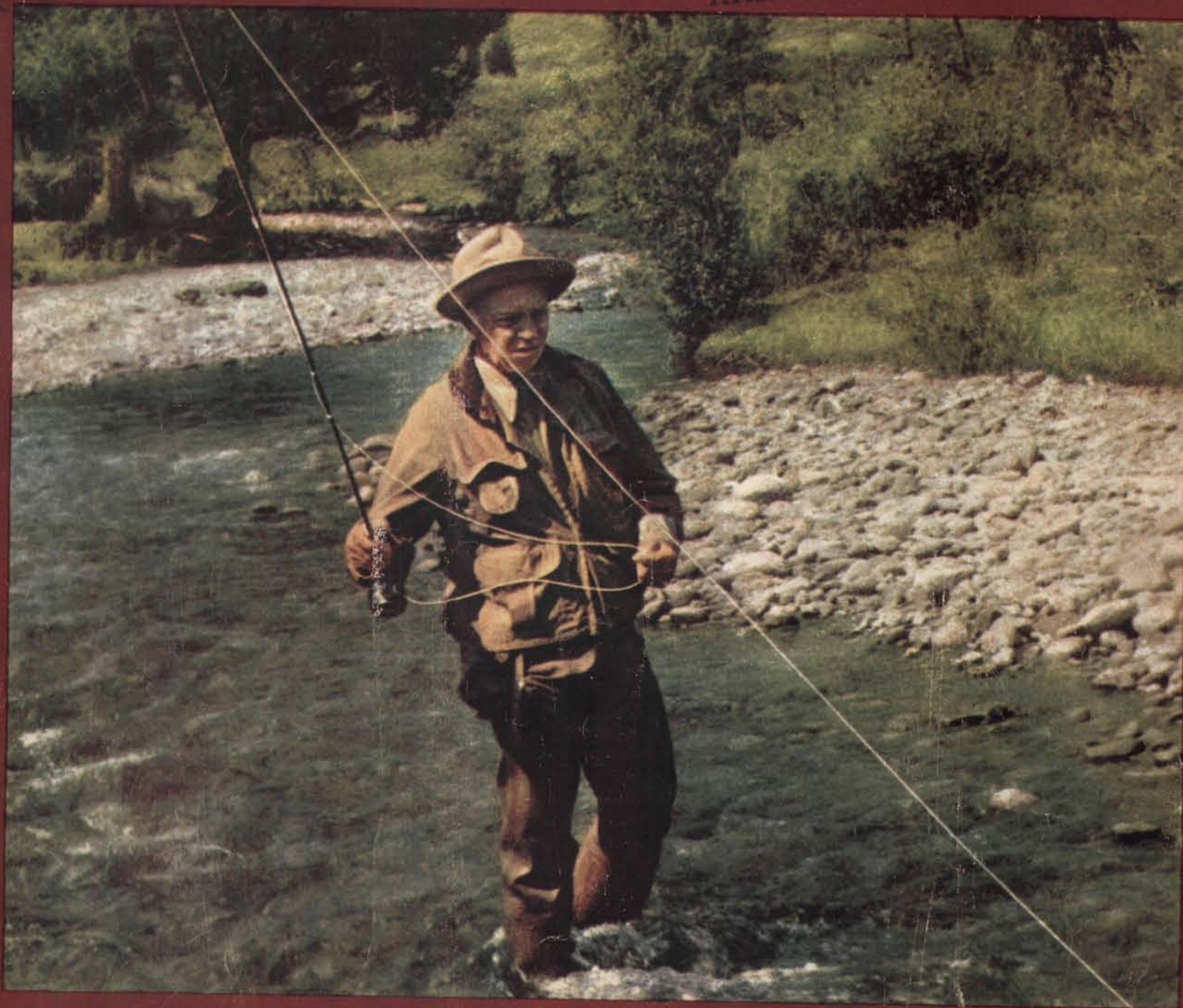
APRIL 15, 1955 • FIFTEEN CENTS

CLOSE-UP OF RUSSIA'S BOSS
**THE KHRUSHCHEV
I KNOW**

A Personal Report and Interview by
The American Who Knows Him Best

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

APR 12 1955



IKE'S FISHING SECRETS Page 30

Smoother going
down



Enjoy a tasty Calvert "Lo-Ball" — a generous jigger of Calvert over ice cubes with just a splash of mixer.

**Calvert Satisfies
like no other whiskey!**

For a really satisfying whiskey that's rich in flavor . . . yet soft to your taste and *smoother all the way down* . . . drink Calvert Reserve. Your first swallow will tell you why Calvert is now one of the two largest-selling whiskeys in the world. Try Calvert today!

Compare...
and you'll switch to
Calvert



CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—CALVERT DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY



“IT’S MY FAVORITE BARGAIN”

“A bargain,” says the dictionary, “is an advantageous purchase.”

Telephone service is like that.

Advantageous to you because it saves time, steps and trouble. Runs errands.
Helps with the shopping. Stands guard over your home.
Keeps you in close touch with relatives and friends.

And does all of this as a real bargain should—at low cost. Pennies buy wings
when you reach for the telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LOCAL to serve the community. NATIONWIDE to serve the nation.





**when was the last
time you bathed
your sleepy eyes?**

Do you ever start to dress, after eight restful hours of sleep, and find your eyes simply don't feel like waking up?

Well, that's when Murine can be an enormous help—with so little effort. Just a 2-drop bath of Murine in each eye cools and soothes and refreshes them. And in mere seconds your eyes are fully awake—and so are you.

Murine's seven tested ingredients are the reason for this happy experience. They combine perfectly with the natural fluids of the eye. So Murine is gentle as a tear, and you can use it as often as your eyes would like.

For sleepy morning eyes, tired eyes later on, and wakeful eyes at bedtime—Murine works wonders. Its daily, regular use helps promote a clean, healthful condition, too.

This refreshing Murine custom is such a pleasant thing to do. Try it soon. Remember, Murine makes your eyes feel good.

MURINE*
for your eyes



*TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Collier's

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
Chairman of the Board

APRIL 15, 1955

PAUL C. SMITH
President—Editor in Chief

ARTICLES

HURRICANES COMING?	Bill Stapleton	23
IKE'S FISHING SECRETS	Alfred M. Lansing	30
FAREWELL TO THE EL		34
THE PROBLEM OF OUR MENTAL HOSPITALS	Albert Deutsch	36
MISS UNIVERSE SAID NO	Sam Rosenberg	50
"LET ME GO, LOVER".	Gilbert Millstein	54
MOUNT SINAI TODAY	Sidney Furst	68
NEW MAGIC FROM OIL	Ben Merson	82
TRICKS WITH TUMBLEWEED	Howard Cohn	90

SPECIAL

THE KHRUSHCHEV I KNOW	Marshall MacDuffie	96
---------------------------------	--------------------	----

SHORT STORIES

LET'S CALL IT OFF (The Short Short Story).	Adele S. Osherson	10
WHO WANTS TO MARRY MONEY?	Glynn Harvey	60
A CROWN OF THORNS.	Frank G. Slaughter	70

SERIALS

THE DARKEST HOUR (First of Three Parts).	William P. McGivern	28
DESIGN FOR TERROR (Conclusion).	Arthur Gordon	86

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA	John O'Hara	6
48 STATES OF MIND	Walter Davenport	14
COLLIER'S CREDITS	Jerome Beatty, Jr.	16
LETTERS		18
THE INVITATION	John Albano	78
COLLIER'S COMMENT		102

THE COVER . . Jean Dubois and Richard Deane Taylor

President Eisenhower is shown whipping a Colorado stream in search of the medium-sized trout he likes best. Around him are some of his choice flies: in the lower right-hand corner (l. to r.), Parmachene

Belle McGinty, yellow bivisible; at upper left, grizzly king, House and Lot and Rio Grande king. On page 30 of this issue, Collier's writer Alfred M. Lansing tells what makes the President a top angler

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio

EDITORIAL and EXECUTIVE OFFICES
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

COLLIER'S, Vol. 135, No. 8.
PUBLISHED every other week by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Clarence E. Stouch, Chairman of the Board; Paul C. Smith, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Gunnison, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.
COPYRIGHT, 1955, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A. Sold simultaneously in the United States and Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All Rights Reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

TITLE "COLLIER'S" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, also Canada, 1 year (26 issues) \$3.50; 2 years (52 issues) \$6.00; 3 years (78 issues) \$8.00; 4 years (104 issues) \$10.00. All other countries, 1 year \$7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds.
ADDRESS all subscriptions and correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

▶ **CHANGE OF ADDRESS** should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. ◀

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Publishers of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

ROGER DAKIN
Editor

GORDON MANNING
Managing Editor

DAVID MANESS
Assistant Managing Editor

ELEANOR STIERHEM RAWSON
Fiction Editor

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN
Art Director

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JEROME BEATTY, JR.
WARREN BROWN
HOWARD COHN
ARTHUR C. FIELDS
EVELYN HARVEY
DIANA HIRSH
HOMER JENKS
JERRY KORN
ALFRED M. LANSING
KENNETH MCGARDLE
JOHN C. PELLEW
CORNELIUS RYAN

PHOTO EDITORS

SEY CHASSLER, Chief
JAMES A. QUIGNEY

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

WALTER DAVENPORT
BILL DAVIDSON
HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE
JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.
CHARLOTTE KNIGHT
TOM MEANY
BILL STAPLETON
FRANCIS WALLACE

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES

BARBARA BLAKEMORE
ROBERT BLINN
LEE CAMPBELL
CHRISTOPHER CARTER
LONNIE COLEMAN
RONALD OLIPHANT
ROGER PIPPETT
LOUIS SARDELLA
JANET SHEPS
CHARLES SMITH
JOHN H. THATCHER, JR.
NAOME WALSH
MARTHA WEINMAN

EDITORIAL RESEARCH

ROSANNE McVAY, Research Chief
MADELIN ALK
MICHAEL BLOW
DIANE DOWNS
JOHN A. JACOBY
BARBARA MARTIN

FRANKLIN C. LORANGER, Proofroom C
MARTIN IMER
FRANKLIN C. REILEY

BUREAUS

Washington
JAMES C. DERIEUX, Chief
JOHN NEWHOUSE

West Coast
THEODORE STRAUSS, Chief
ROBERT CANN

Midwest (Chicago)
BILL FAY

For East (Tokyo)
PETER KALISCHER



They're going to have a baby...

HERE is a couple who have recently learned that their baby is on the way. Already, with the help of their doctor, they are planning for the welfare of the mother-to-be... and the safe arrival of a healthy child.

Throughout our country today, there are almost two million couples... like the one shown here... whose hearts are filled with great expectations.

Thanks to the safeguards with which medical science has surrounded pregnancy and childbirth, the chances are better than ever that prospective parents can now realize their great expectations. In fact, infant mortality today has been cut to 28 per 1,000 live births. Only 30 years ago, it was 71.7 per 1,000.

The record for mothers is even better. As recently as 1941, there were 29 maternal deaths among every 10,000 live births. Today, the rate has plummeted to less than seven deaths. These great gains have been made even though the number of births in recent years has exceeded three and a half million annually... an increase of almost 50 percent in the number

of births in our country since 1941.

An important factor in achieving this proud record has been the growing awareness among expectant parents of the importance of medical care *started early and continued throughout pregnancy*. Whether it is a first baby or a fifth baby, the doctor's attention is needed during the months before birth.

So, if a baby is expected in your family, here are some of the things the expectant mother can do to help assure the well-being of both herself and the child.

1. Take a calm, realistic and happy attitude about pregnancy... and discount superstitions and "old wives' tales." Should anything concern or upset you, take your questions to your doctor. He wants to help you face pregnancy as a normal, joyous state.
2. Follow your doctor's advice about periodic medical examinations and special diagnostic tests. Be certain, too, to carry out the simple health measures he recommends... particularly about rest, exercise, diet and weight control.

3. Plan, if possible, to have your baby in a hospital. There, under one roof, the equipment and facilities are available to give you the most modern medical and nursing care. It is wise to make hospital reservations promptly... for today, 9 out of every 10 mothers go to hospitals to have their babies.

The husband, too, can help by being understanding and by sharing home responsibilities with his wife over the months before the baby comes. The arrival of a new son or daughter is a most important event in family life... as important to the husband as to the wife. When home duties are shared, many problems fade away.

Metropolitan has published, for all parents-to-be, a booklet which will help them learn more about the important and wonderfully rewarding job of parenthood. The title is *Preparing for Parenthood*. Just fill in and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet 455-C.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

**NOW REMOVE
DANDRUFF...
BRIGHTEN YOUR
HAIR UP 35%**

with the very first shampooing!



A SINGLE SHAMPOOING with new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo will brighten your hair up to 35%... remove loose dandruff and recondition hair at the same time.



FOR CLEANER SCALP, dandruff-free hair, use Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. The only shampoo *guaranteed* to remove ugly dandruff with just one lathering or money back.

**Only FITCH guarantees
cleaner, brighter hair...
free of ugly dandruff!**

Think of it! Scientific "Reflectance" tests prove new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo brightens hair up to 35%! Yes, brightens hair up to 35%—and it's guaranteed to remove every trace of dandruff too, with just one lathering or your money back!

Most amazing, new milder Fitch is so gentle, it's wonderful for baby's hair! So, if you have only used Fitch when you really wanted to get your hair clean—if you thought it was too harsh and strong to use regularly—listen! New milder Fitch is so gentle, so free of bite and sting, you can use it *every* single time you wash your hair!

Reconditions too!

What's more, its remarkable reconditioning action leaves hair softer, easier to manage, inclined to wave.

Get a bottle of this new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If you're not delighted with how it brightens your hair up to 35%—how it removes loose dandruff too, in just one lathering—return unused portion for full refund from manufacturer.

Also ask for a Fitch shampoo at any Barber or Beauty Shop.

**IMPROVE HAIR LOOKS
or money back!**

Appointment with O'HARA



By JOHN O'HARA

MY MOTHER recently said to my wife: "John is a worrier." Well, of course I knew that, but I thought it was my secret. I have gone through life believing that my concern for myself and others had passed unnoticed by all save my staff of physicians, who get together every Thursday night to talk about my duodenal ulcer. They also bowl.

There are very few matters that I can't worry about at least a little. I worry about rich old guys, not because they are rich or even because they are old, but because some of them like to wear stiff collars, and the laundering of a stiff collar has become more and more of a problem. Laundries will put starch in your shirt when you ask them not to, but take a stiff collar to the average laundry nowadays and the man will tell you they don't do that kind of work any more. I can start secreting acid over such matters as the use of diesel locomotives by the Reading Railway, in the heart of the anthracite region; the illnesses of Bing and Bob Crosby; the passing of great hotels; the cost of retooling in an automobile plant; the poll rating of the Burns and Allen show; the responsibility of the State Department man who is charged with the duty of remembering to bring along a spare pair of spectacles for John Foster Dulles. You can see that my worrying is not entirely selfish, and probably my greatest unselfish worry today concerns Count Leo Tolstoi.

The count was eighty-two when he died, in 1910, at the small railroad station of Astapovo. His life was what might be called tempestuous, in that he was a man of firm opinions which he himself frequently changed. He was, in fact, in the midst of a change on his final train ride; he was leaving his wife. (Yes, I have been hitting our encyclopedia.) A man who has led a tempestuous life is, I think, at his death, entitled to some peace. But is Tolstoi, in 1955, getting it? No. He is even now a posthumous participant in a controversy, and of all vulgar quarrels, a movie producers' squabble over his *War and Peace*.

An Italian firm, according to my mail, has signed King Vidor to direct their version of *W. & P.*

Michael Todd, a Broadway producer, has signed Robert E. Sherwood to prepare a *W. & P.* script.

And I see by the papers that David O. Selznick, who I thought was committed to television, has signed Ben Hecht to do *his* version of *W. & P.*

And M-G-M has reminded them all that Metro saw Tolstoi first.

I take no part in the controversy;

I never finished reading the count's novel and I would not even be interested in affidavits that Michael Todd has read it, or David Selznick, or any of the other contestants. (I mean, of course, the *novel*; not the usual producer's synopsis.) But I do think it's a pity that Tolstoi is not here to mix in and make the ultimate decision. It is also a pity that he is not here to sell the movie rights; he would have taken the money and given it to the poor.

There is one aspect of the squabble that mildly surprises me, and that is the absence from it of Leland Hayward, another producer. The reason his absence mystifies me goes back to a remark he made a few years ago about a then current novel. "Greatest novel since *War and Peace*," said Hayward. At the time I was strongly tempted to ask Hayward how *War and Peace* compared with Dostoevski's other novel, *Brothers Karamazov*, just to see how much of a Tolstoi man Hayward was. One thing I *don't* worry about is producers straining their eyes while reading big, fat novels.

★ ★ ★

MY FRIENDS (2) in Danbury, Connecticut, no doubt will be pleased to learn that I oppose the male custom of going hatless. I think every man ought to own, and

wear, at least two hats, although not simultaneously except in the case of eccentrics.

When I see a Rex Harrison type, or Rex Harrison, going bareheaded but in evening clothes, I want to remind him that the silk topper or the folding opera hat is indicated. As a symbol of dash, nothing ever matched the opera hat. Even when Heywood Broun wore his with a coonskin coat, the opera hat dominated the odd sartorial mishmash. And when it was worn by someone who was mathematically more precise in dress than Heywood, the wearer became a man you would not trust your sister with (and in some cases, quite rightly). As to the silk hat, worn with a tail coat, even a guy who you knew had rented the suit took on some of the look of solvency that goes with yachts, unlimited credit and a bureau-drawerful of gold cigarette cases.

As to the nondress fedora, it has so many advantages that to name them would be to restate the obvious; but I also want to remind the gentlemen that if you don't wear a hat, you diminish your chances of picking up a hat-check chick. Also, you cannot raise a nonexistent hat to a lady, announcing by the courtliness of the gesture just how ardent your feelings are.

Moreover, the fact that you are

AL HIRSCHFELD



Left to right, King Vidor, Ben Hecht and Robert Sherwood are all at work, it seems, on movie versions of Tolstoi's novel, *War and Peace*

Collier's for April 15, 1955

Hoot, Mon!

Gas savings go sky high!



If a twist on an old proverb is right, and a *gallon* saved is a gallon earned, you can soon be earning *lots* of gallons (of gasoline, that is!). It's as easy as putting a new set of AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs to work in your car.

Here's why: AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs save as much as one gallon of gasoline out of every ten! Strong words? You bet—but, perfectly true! The double cleaning action of AC Spark Plugs keeps plugs clean longer—*swirls* away and *burns* away carbon and oil deposits before they can form. That helps keep AC plugs from fouling, saves your gasoline.

Try a new set of AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs in *your* car. You'll find yourself saying, "Hoot, Mon," too!



Be Our Guest
BIG TOWN
NBC-TV

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION



GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

THE HOTTER
THE TIP . . .



THE CLEANER
THE PLUG . . .



THE MORE
GAS YOU
SAVE . . .



STANDARD FACTORY EQUIPMENT ON CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • GMC



WHOOOSH



You hear a bigger whoosh
You smell a fresher aroma
You taste an extra richness

Why? Because Chase & Sanborn "Dome Top" Coffee is *fresher* than any other leading brand. It's the *only* one that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than vacuum cans or bags.

Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.

**Chase &
Sanborn**

THE COFFEE THAT TELLS YOU IT'S FRESHER!

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

wearing a hat almost automatically reveals to the ladies that you are *not* an undergraduate, and thus are in funds.

One more Hat Note: among sports-car enthusiasts it is the practice to wear caps of distinctive fabric and cut. I have a suggestion to the MG and Jag set: those velvet caps worn by fox-hunting folk are not only snappy in appearance; they also may protect that silly skull of yours if your car corners badly and you get tossed out.

ON ONE OF the coldest days of the winter I stopped at a town in Pennsylvania for a couple of fried-eggs-over and a cup of coffee, which were served to me by a pleasant, pretty lady of middle years, whose manners and smile made me forget that baby, it was subzero outside. My wife and I took our time over our breakfast, had an extra cup of coffee and an extra cigarette. When we entered the restaurant the only other customers were two members of the state constabulary, who presently were joined by another police officer, whose shield and cap device proclaimed him the town chief of police. Nobody was out of doors that day who didn't have to be, and as an old friend of the Pennsylvania staties, and as a Pennsylvania native who knows from experience how cold it can get, I was glad to see the staties warm and comfortable.

The three cops chatted for ten or fifteen minutes, then the local chief of police left. We finished our second mocha and gasper, and paid our bill, and got in our car. Well, not all the way in. The chief had given me a parking ticket.

Now, of course I was guilty. I had no excuse for not dropping a nickel in the parking meter, none whatever. Absent-mindedness due to no breakfast and the cold is no excuse. At the same time I think that chief of police was a jerk.

Our car was the only nonpolice car outside the restaurant, and it carried an out-of-state license plate. Obviously my wife and I, the customers in the restaurant, were the owners of the car. (If it wasn't obvious, the guy is a lousy police officer, not to connect the strange car with the two strangers.) The chief had come in and had his coffee and his chat, and instead of reminding me that I had broken an ordinance, he had hung the ticket on me.

What I am leading up to is that that cop had a chance to be a nice guy, and just possibly do something for the town that would be more valuable than the one-buck fine he collected. And in fact do something for police relations generally. But some cops are trigger-happy, and some are pencil-happy. I got sore at the way that chief gave me the ticket; he knew we were having the second coffee; he got out in time to slap the summons under the windshield wiper and disappear. I wouldn't have objected if he had come to me and told me I had broken the ordinance and *handed* me the ticket.

If I wanted to be the same kind of jerk I could mention the name

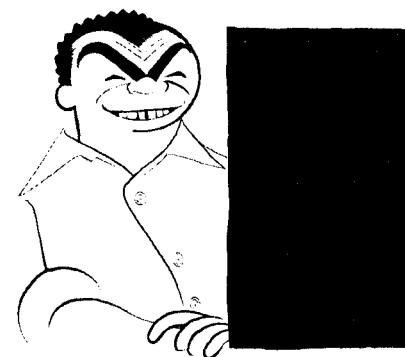
of the town, which incidentally has some tourist attractions, and maybe get the cop an uncomfortable five minutes with the city council. But I'd rather use the story as a reminder to overzealous cops everywhere that they can spoil the good will that a pleasant waitress creates. On the practical, or financial side, the cop is paid by the taxes paid by the proprietor of that restaurant.

I repeat: I didn't mind paying the one-dollar cover charge; I had it coming to me. But to paraphrase Winston Churchill, if you're going to shoot a man, there's no harm in being polite about it.

IN THE SAME WEEK—this one—my researches have taken me to the theater and the movies and exposed me to Good and Evil. The hero of the Good picture was so good that beatification would be the least he could expect; the exponent of naughtiness in the play was so bad that he was beyond redemption. Both movie and play succeeded in what they set out to do, which was to provide first-class entertainment.

The play is *The Desperate Hours*, written by Joseph Hayes and based on his novel of the same title which was serialized in *Collier's* a little more than a year ago. A somewhat typical American family of four are going about their business when three escaped cons take over the house, terrorizing them (and a good bit of the audience) for what seems forever. As played by Paul Newman, the villain is so unrelievedly evil that the few attempts to explain how he got that way seem totally inadequate. (I probably will have more to say about *The Desperate Hours* at another time. Right now would be a good opportunity for you to try to get seats for it.)

The movie is *Marty*, by Paddy Chayefsky, who is one of the big writing names in television. *Marty* is an Italian butcher in the Bronx, so sweet that he ought to be running a confectionery, and so homely that he would frighten the Chas Addams creatures. As *Marty* you will see Ernest Borgnine giving a performance that establishes him as one of the important actors of our day. What he does, actually, is keep *Marty* human when he could have become bathetic. I hope to see Ernest Borgnine in a lot of plays and movies before the inevitable *Othello*. ▲▲▲



Ernest Borgnine of *Marty*; Paul Newman of *The Desperate Hours*

Collier's for April 15, 1955

Now! New York Life's **Term-Whole Life Policy...**

Life insurance that gives a young man time to "get on his feet"!

For Up and Coming Young Executives

New York Life's Term-Whole Life Policy is ideal for young family men just starting out—responsible men whose present salaries are modest, but who expect substantial increases in the next few years.



For "Just Beginning" Professional Men

Professional men, starting in practice, have usually invested heavily in education, equipment and facilities. This insurance plan enables them to provide substantial protection for their families when financial resources are lowest.



For Businessmen who are Long on Prospects —Short on Cash!

Sometimes, men wish to reinvest their funds in their business. With this Term-Whole Life Policy they can protect their families well—right now—without waiting for further returns from their invested funds.



*Offers substantial protection now
through low-rate term insurance—changes
to permanent insurance after the 2, 3, 4
or 5 year term—when income has increased*

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS: New York Life's Term-Whole Life Policy gives you family protection at the low rates for term insurance—rates any up-and-coming young man should easily be able to afford *right now*. The minimum policy is \$10,000.

When your policy changes to Whole Life after the 2, 3, 4 or 5 year term you've chosen, you'll undoubtedly be in a better position to pay the increased premium for permanent insurance. You'll own permanent Whole Life insurance that rapidly builds big cash values—for emergencies or for your own retirement.

When you buy a Term-Whole Life Policy, you know *today* that you can always have insurance protection—regardless of future changes in health.

HERE'S WHAT IT COSTS! Say you're age 30 and take out a 4-year Term-Whole Life Policy for \$10,000. Your annual premium during the first four years will be only \$84.30. After the fourth year, the premium increases to \$228.50 annually. However, dividends can be applied to reduce payments. At age 65, your policy will have a cash and loan value of \$5,670 plus any dividend credits.

To get the figures for your age, see your New York Life Agent—or mail the coupon below.

NEW YORK LIFE'S 110th ANNIVERSARY! New York Life, a mutual company, was founded in 1845. It is one of the strongest legal reserve life insurance companies in the world, with offices throughout the U. S., Canada, Alaska and Hawaii.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

New York Life
INSURANCE COMPANY

A MUTUAL COMPANY



FOUNDED IN 1845

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. CR-6
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Please furnish me, without any obligation, full information on
your new Term-Whole Life Insurance plan, minimum amount \$10,000.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



"The trouble is," Jerry said, "we can't jump into love just because we're *supposed* to"

Let's CALL IT OFF

By ADELE S. OSHERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

ALL that morning, while she showered, while she put out her clothes, while she and Claire fixed breakfast together, Sue could feel the faint, quick trembling deep inside her. It seemed to be coming from her heart. She would feel a pounding in her chest for a while, and then she couldn't feel any beating at all. And she kept dropping things; the soap skidded on the shower floor, her comb clattered into the sink. In the tiny kitchenette an egg slipped out of her fingers and splattered on the linoleum.

"What's the matter with you?" Claire asked, coming out of her daydream for a moment.

"Nothing. Just clumsy this morning."

"You're in love," Claire said happily. "Isn't it wonderful?"

But that's just the trouble, Sue thought, taking another egg from the refrigerator. I'm not in love and it isn't wonderful. She looked at Claire and felt a sudden, despairing envy. Claire sparkled and beamed, she had never looked so pretty in her life, and every other word she spoke was "Norman." Oh, why don't I feel that way about Jerry? Sue thought, scrambling eggs unhappily.

"Hurry up," Claire said. "They'll be here in half an hour. What are you going to wear? I think I'll wear my blue dress again; Norman says blue is his favorite color."

"You're going to wear that dress out," Sue said. She took a slice of toast from the toaster, holding onto it firmly. Half an hour!

"What's Jerry's favorite color?" Claire asked dreamily.

"I don't know. He never said."

"He's the quiet type. Isn't it funny? Norman's so different and they're such good friends."

Well, you and I are good friends too, Sue thought, and look how different we are! Claire was small and fair and bubbly. And she was just the opposite, the steady, responsible type. And I wish I weren't, she thought. I wish I could be gay and giddy and not hold back all the time!

They were in the bedroom, dressing, when the buzzer sounded.

"Oh, dear, I'm not ready!" Claire wailed.

Sue went out, belt in hand to press the button that released the downstairs latch.

"I can't find my lipstick!" Claire called frantically.

"Use mine."

Sue fastened the wide leather belt around her trim waist and went to look at herself in the long mirror. She looked the way she always did: tall and slender, her brown hair curling neatly around her hat. But there was no glow in her eyes, like Claire's, no sparkle. I tried, she thought. I really did. But it's no good—I'm just not in love!

She heard the boys knocking at the door and crossed the living room slowly, reluctantly, as though someone were holding her back.

"Hi, beautiful," Norman said, grinning at her from the threshold. "I brought a man to see you."

Jerry was behind him, smiling too. She looked away.

"Hi," she said, carefully. "Come on in."

They had brought violets, two big, purple bunches.

"We passed a pushcart," Norman said, "and got carried away."

"They're lovely." She took them into the kitchenette, grateful for something to do. She could see Jerry sitting quietly on the sofa, long and lanky, while Norman prowled around the room, stopping to knock at the bedroom door.

"Hurry up, slowpoke," he called to Claire.

Claire came out, sparkling. "All right. I'm ready."

Sue picked up her jacket, stopped to check the stove, and they all went downstairs together, out into the bright, spring day.

Norman hesitated on the stoop. "Look," he said, a little embarrassed, "there's something I want to show Claire. How would you two like to meet us later—in about an hour so so?"

"Okay," Jerry said. "All right with you, Sue?" He glanced at his watch. "We'll be in front of the restaurant at twelve thirty sharp."

Norman hailed a cab and they were gone, Claire

Almost everyone appreciates the best...

Coke brings a wonderful lift to the scene — fifty million times a day. That often, folks look to Coke for fast refreshment — sparkling goodness that comes through bright and bracing as sunshine. You always enjoy its welcome bit of quick energy, its honest quality, its fresh, keen taste. Why not have one now? Coke — the perfect refreshment.



See Eddie Fisher on "Coke Time" — NBC Television twice each week



Fifty million times a day . . . at home, at work
or on the way "There's nothing like a Coke!"

COSTUME: TINA LESER

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

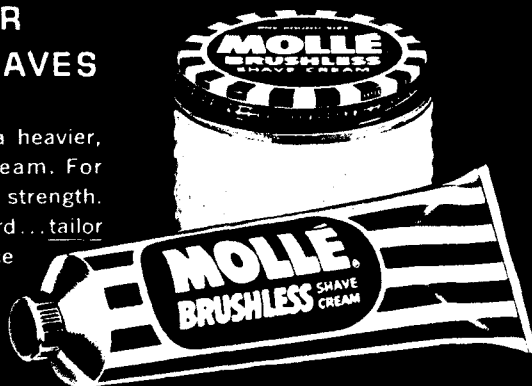
COPYRIGHT 1955, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

It's Sheer Luxury Tailored To Fit Your Face

Superb Quality
MOLLE

Tailored—
FOR BETTER
BRUSHLESS SHAVES

MOLLE BRUSHLESS is a heavier, richer, lanolin-loaded cream. For tough beards you use it full strength. If it's too rich for your beard... tailor it... simply leave your face wetter when you apply MOLLE. Known everywhere as the world's smoothest, most comfortable shave.



NOW
ONLY
\$1.00

Tailored—
FOR DELUXE
LATHER SHAVES

MOLLE LATHER is the richer Instant Brushless lather...because it's loaded with glycerin it stays moist, lets your razor glide smoothly. For tough beards use it full strength. If it's too rich for your beard... tailor it... simply leave your face wetter when you apply MOLLE. Gives you the fastest, most comfortable lather shave—a shave that lasts all day!

EITHER WAY

The world's Best shave

*Pronounced Mō-Lay

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT continued

waving gaily from the window before she settled back.

"What in the world?" Sue asked.

"He saw a ring downtown," Jerry explained.

"Oh." They were going to be alone for a change. Her heart knocked against her ribs.

"How about a walk in the park?" he asked.

"Fine. I'd like to."

They threaded their way down the crowded side street. I can tell him now, Sue thought, right away! And she shivered.

"Cold?" he asked.

She shook her head. Oh, why did I let it go this far? she asked herself miserably. Now he'll be hurt, and it's all my fault!

Still, you shouldn't spoil your whole life just because you were afraid of hurting someone!

They crossed the avenue to the park entrance and walked down a path, past sunny, crowded benches.

Sue stopped at a low, stone parapet. "Jerry."

He stopped to look down at her, brown eyes intent. "Yes?"

She glanced away. "I—I want to talk to you."

"Oh. That's funny. I did too. But you first."

"Well, I . . ." But all the phrases she had thought out so carefully deserted her. She stopped.

He leaned against the parapet, looking at her inquiringly.

"It's just that—well, just because Claire and Norman are in love . . ." She waited, but he was silent, not helping her.

She blundered on. "Well, we don't have to be in love too, do we—just to keep them company?"

HE WAS looking down into her crimson face, his eyes wide with amazement. Didn't he understand? she wondered wretchedly.

"For Pete's sake," he said. "If that isn't the funniest—"

"Funny!"

"But I was going to tell you the same thing!"

She stared at him, unable to believe her ears.

"You—you were?"

"Yes!" He flushed, but went on doggedly. "I know it sounds awful, but I've been thinking about it for quite a while. The trouble is, we're never alone—"

Why, he—he means it, Sue thought, searching his face. He isn't joking. He isn't saying it to save face!

"Then it's all right?" she asked.

"Of course it's all right."

"Well, that's fine." Her knees felt weak. "Painless. I was so worried—"

"Me, too," Jerry said constrainedly.

"I was afraid you . . ." There was an awkward silence. Jerry eased his collar. "Now look," he said. "We're being sensible, that's all. It's something that had to be said. We're just not—right for each other."

"I guess so. It's just—"

"Just what?" He made a manful effort. "Were you afraid you'd break my heart?"

Sue laughed, and felt the stiffness melt away. He's nice, she thought, surprised. He really is! I never realized it before.

"Well, now that's over," Jerry said, relieved, "let's sit down."

They found a vacant bench and sat down.

"It's sort of silly, isn't it?" Sue said. "Here we're supposed to be—"

"I know," Jerry said. "That's the trouble. You can't jump into love just because you're *supposed* to. People have to make up their own minds."

Sue nodded.

"I feel so—free, now," she said. "I had such a feeling of being pushed. As though Claire and Norman were just sweeping us along."

"Me too. I'll bet that happens to lots of couples. They get swept up in somebody else's romance, and all of a sudden they find themselves married to the wrong people."

They looked at each other in complete agreement.

A WHISTLE sounded, far off, and Jerry glanced at his watch incredulously. "It's twelve," he said. "We'd better head for the restaurant."

They walked back to the park entrance. Sue looked up at the sky. It was a gorgeous day. And after all her worrying!

"You know," she said, "maybe we shouldn't say anything to Claire and Norman yet. I mean about us. We could just sort of taper off gradually, couldn't we?"

"Well, sure. No sense in spoiling everything for them."

Sue sighed. "It isn't right for people to start matchmaking," she said, "just because they fall in love. I wonder why they do it."

"Share the wealth, I guess," Jerry said, and then when they came to the curb, he took her arm.

"I know, but you can't make decisions for other people—move them around like checkers!"

"Well, they're nice kids," Jerry said, and he smiled.

"But they ought to take their time and make sure."

"We'll keep an eye on them," Jerry said. "Insist on a nice, long engagement!"

Sue giggled. "We're being mean!"

"No, we're not. Just turning the tables for a change!"

They smiled at each other like conspirators. Sue matched her stride to his. I feel so good, she thought. Why, I feel wonderful! It was very confusing. Claire and Norman were waiting outside the restaurant.

"Hi," Jerry called. "Waiting long?"

"No. We just got here," Norman said. He looked as though he wanted to offer Jerry a cigar.

Claire was beaming.

Sue saw the small bulge under the glove on Claire's left-hand third finger. She nudged Jerry lightly. "Where did you go?" she asked innocently.

"Oh, shopping," Claire said happily. "I'll show you when we get inside." She looked at them, a little puzzled. "Where were you?"

"Just walking in the park."

Jerry sighed, straight-faced. "Real romantic, the park in the spring."

Claire laughed. "I guess it must be," she said. "Look at Sue's face."

Sue glanced at the mirrored door-frame. She wondered for a moment why she looked so pretty. Then she saw the glow on her cheeks, the smile at the corners of her mouth. And she saw her eyes. They were wide, starry-looking. They were sparkling!

—ADELE S. OSHERSON

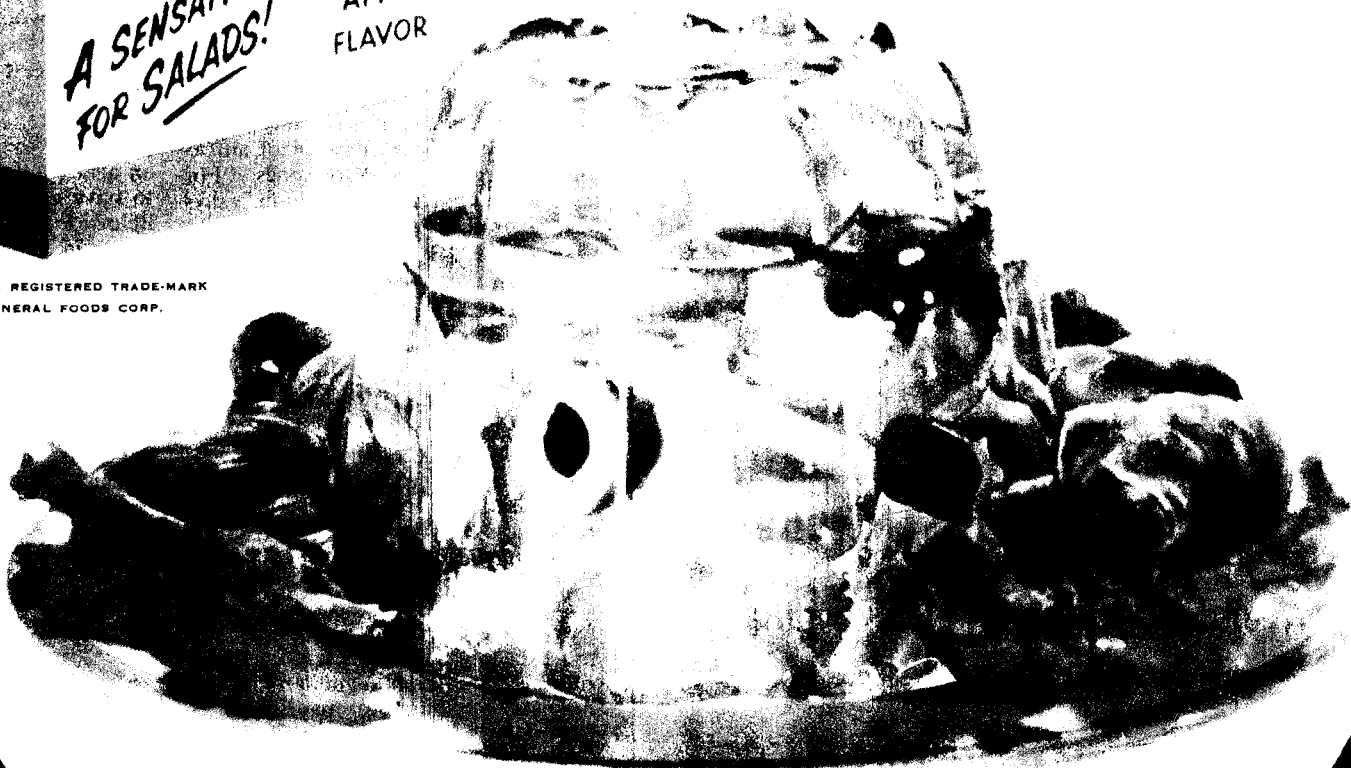
Collier's for April 15, 1955

APPLE

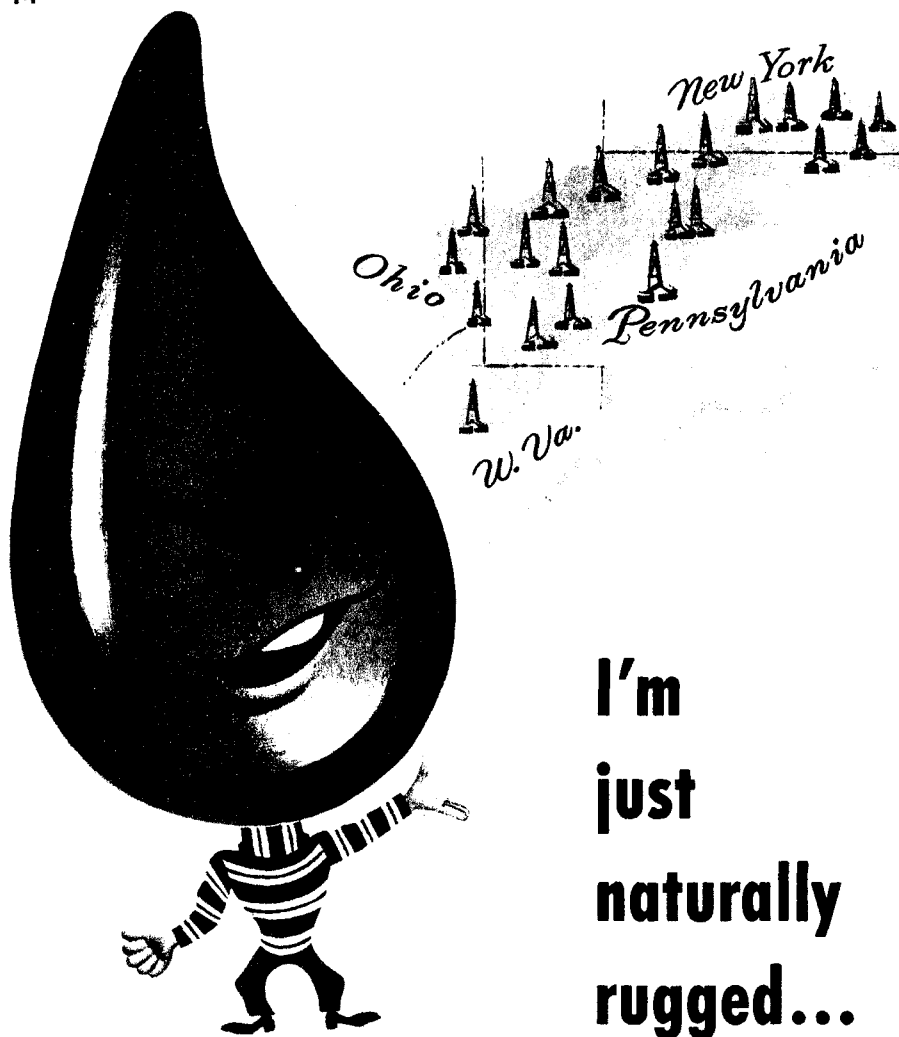
Now there are seven delicious flavors to create home original refreshments—
a magnificent golden color. It's perfect for salads and desserts.



JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK
OF GENERAL FOODS CORP.



Tonight?



I got my start in the Pennsylvania oil fields!

The best place for an oil to come from is the Pennsylvania region—home of nature's finest crude oil.

Because of their nature-given ruggedness, Pennsylvania motor oils just naturally *do a better lubricating job* . . . give your motor improved performance and money-saving protection.

Next time you need oil, ask for a brand of Pennsylvania . . . carried by good dealers wherever you go.

Today's BEST Oils

Start with Nature's BEST Crude

...and that means Pennsylvania!

INSIST ON A BRAND OF



**PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil**

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association • • Oil City, Pennsylvania

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The next time we're arrested in Talbotton, Georgia, we shall retain Mr. Robert Jordan. He is a lawyer with imagination, and defending us will doubtless require some of that too-rare commodity. Said Mr. Jordan scornfully of a letter (Exhibit A) offered by the learned prosecution: "It's as illegible as a doctor's prescription written with a post-office pen in the rumble seat of a secondhand roadster."

Mr. Tom Ethridge, of Jackson, Mississippi's Clarion Ledger, has at last completed his long-awaited survey of the dog situation in his state. His



IRWIN CAPLAN

investigations show that about 12,500,000 dogs reside there—half the approximated pooch population of the United States. Mr. Ethridge's home town, Jackson, is America's canine center with 29.4 dogs per capita.

If your idea of a gift is a mousetrap, there's a shop in Hollywood, California, looking for you. Gold ones. "For the mouse that has everything," says Miss Jennifer Brody.

In each issue of Collier's we strive to reduce by at least one the major perplexities that plague us all in today's flat-tired world. This week we dispel the mystery of how the town of Wonder, Oregon, got its name. When Wonder was founded, a merchant opened a store. And everybody wondered how he was going to make a living out of it. (These problems are really quite simple if you don't get excited.)

We have dusted off our guest chair and tidied up our cubicle. Just been told that Mr. Ralph Wyndham, of Bellingham, Washington, may be there any minute. Mr. Wyndham's hobby is collecting ancient, decrepit typewriters. But he will have to compete with the Smithsonian Institution for the one on which this pillar of light, culture and valuable information is written.

We were just about to come up with a bit of sage advice to the young. But in the nick of time we read where Dr. Benjamin Spock, of the University of

Pittsburgh's School of Medicine, told a convention of child psychiatrists that the kids would be much better off if experts shut up. So we took the hint.

Mr. Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, stopped by to report that he had just paid two bucks to have his car washed. Had to drive the car to the garage himself, he sighed, because his wife was busy at home doing the family laundry.

The only kick Mr. Ben Axelrod has is that he can't sleep. Took a course in relaxing. His letter from Concord, New Hampshire, says he was feeling pretty good before that. "But," complains Mr. Axelrod, "the course was so complicated, I now stay awake all night trying to remember what to do. One thing they told me was to stop thinking before going to sleep, and here I am at two in the morning trying to remember whether I was thinking about anything when I went to bed so that I can stop it."

Gentleman in a store in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, was shooing off a small dog which persisted in sniffing at his heels. The pooch's lady owner assured him that it was a friendly creature and wouldn't bite him. "Maybe not," said the gentleman, "but he raised his leg twice to kick me."

Any of you ladies who have broken an arm (your own) lately will be glad to have a comforting item from Mrs. Belava Florence. She saw it in a newspaper in Colorado Springs, Colorado. "A pretty sling matching your gown will make that fracture feel good."

In spite of a piece we've just read in the Hutchinson (Kansas) News Herald, this three-day week some economists are ballyhooing leaves us a trifle skeptical. However, the newspaper tells



us that it will at least solve the babysitter problem. Pop works the first three days. Mom the second three, and there's a family picnic on Sunday. Things seem to be getting simpler and simpler as we go along. ▲▲▲

Collier's for April 15, 1955



Strange, how we sin against ourselves!

SOME OF US CAN BE, at times, our own worst enemies. We're so busy taking care of others—our husbands, our children, our homes—that *we neglect our own good health.*

"Oh, I take care of myself," you say. "I eat fairly sensibly. I watch my weight from time to time. Of course, I don't sleep as well as I should... sometimes feel sort of dragged out in the morning, but then *who* wouldn't be with my busy schedule? And, let's face it. I'm really not as young as I was ten years ago."

The insidious thing about this kind of "female logic" is that it's so very unfair to your family and yourself.

Without realizing it, you may gloss over the "small" danger signals of nervous stress that can, and do warn of trouble ahead.

For instance, be honest with yourself . . .

Do little daytime worries grow big when you turn the lights off? . . . Are you too quick to punish the children, and later blame it on "nerves"? . . . Are you over-sensitive to criticism?

Like so many women, when you're irritable, moody, or just break down and cry, are *you* inclined to fall back on the age-old female excuse that it's "that time of the month," or "miserable weather," . . . or a dozen other things?

Any one of these just *may* be the explanation—

but not when you feel "wrong" day after day.

Maybe you're the victim of a habit that's *grown* on you . . . the habit of depending on caffeine in coffee for quick, artificial "steading". . .

Your doctor would tell you . . .

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some women, one of the worst offenders against the delicate nervous system is caffeine.

The use of this strong stimulant day after day, week after week, may make you jumpy, nervous, irritable, hard to live with.

However, if you are addicted to this habit, here's hope:

There's no reason in the world why you can't get yourself in tune again, begin to feel as you'd like to.

Replace a bad habit with a good one

You switch from caffeine-heavy coffee to a new, wonderful hot drink—a drink that doesn't have a single speck of caffeine in it.

What a rich aroma this new beverage has! *So full-bodied, so satisfying.* You can enjoy this *new coffee flavor drink* straight, or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

It is the new Coffee Flavor Instant Postum, now available for the first time.

You make Coffee Flavor Postum *instantly*, right in the cup; just add boiling water and stir. There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in it. It *can't* make you nervous, irritable. It *can't* keep you awake at night.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this wonderful, caffeine-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

Of course, if you're one of the many people who don't care for the taste of coffee, remember that *Regular* Instant Postum is still available. *Regular* has a distinctive taste all its own. Your grocer has both flavors—*Regular* and *Coffee Flavor*.^{*} So inexpensive, too, compared with coffee . . . less than a cent a cup.

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your everyday life—every waking hour, every sleeping hour.

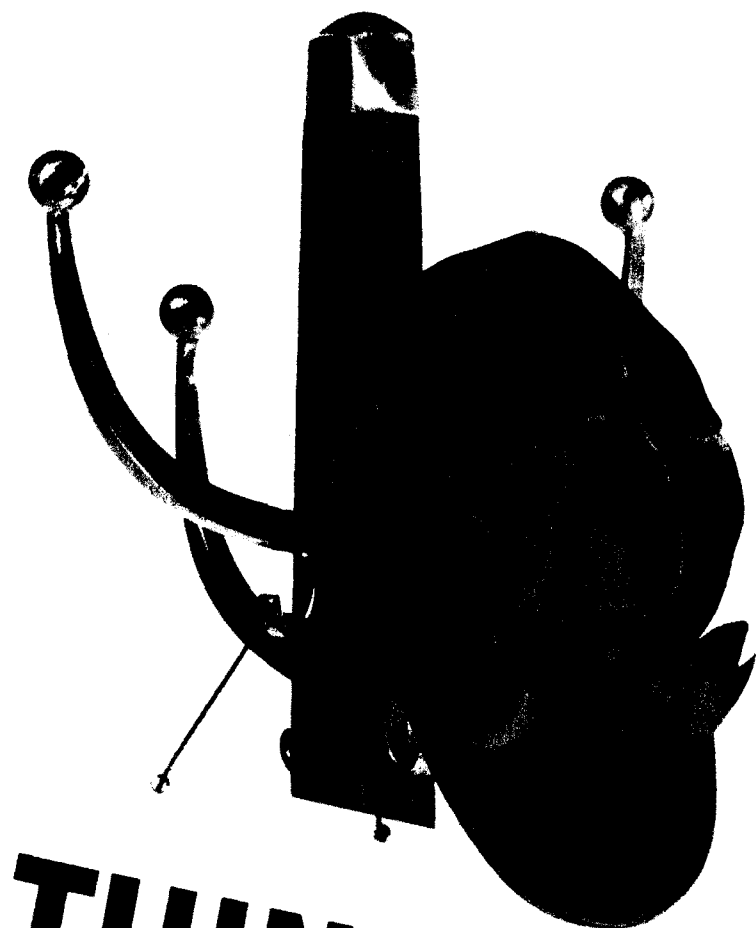
Don't let another day go by without giving a fair trial to this satisfying caffeine-free beverage. See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better!

Start the 30-day Instant Postum test *today*.

General Foods Corp., Battle Creek, Michigan.

^{*}Imitation.

Advertisement



THINK



© CARLING BREWING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

...and you'll drink

Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest beer you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale!

Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.



I am thinking...so now I'm drinking Red Cap...

Carling's RED CAP Ale



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S



Joan Weber, Gilbert Millstein discuss their respective platters

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

selves. The dissipators, on the other hand, have a natural talent for spending, and they serve a useful economic purpose by marrying money and putting it back into circulation."

Harvey feels that the golf courses of the nation are the best places to observe His Law in action, and that explains the locale of the story. "I've had ample opportunity to note this social phenomenon, both as a reporter for several years on the Palm Beach Post-Times and then in Pinehurst, North Carolina, as editor of the authoritative Golf World Magazine.

"By the way," Harvey adds, "my story is purely fiction. When I wrote it, the only penniless gentleman I had in mind was me."

★ ★ ★

MARSHALL MACDUFFIE thinks he may have some fateful influence on the Kremlin. The day he left Moscow for home in December, 1953, they announced the execution of Beria, at that time one of the big three. And just as MacDuffie got out of Russia on his latest trip, Malenkov resigned.

Really, we haven't the slightest idea what this proves, in addition to the known fact that MacDuffie has managed to remain on visiting terms with the right man—Khrushchev.

Khrushchev, you'll recall, permitted MacDuffie to travel 10,000 miles through the Soviet Union with an interpreter and a camera in 1953. We printed his story in four successive issues just a year ago, and now W. W. Norton & Company has published The Red Carpet, an even more detailed disclosure by MacDuffie of what he saw and heard.

In January, MacDuffie returned to Moscow, this time as legal adviser to William Wood Prince, Chicago industrialist, who visited the country principally to acquaint himself with its economy. MacDuffie's interview with Khrushchev, only hours before the latest upheaval in the Kremlin, starts on page 96. It's the last word—until the next time.

★ ★ ★

BILL MCGIVERN'S excellent stories are usually in demand by Hollywood, and the serial starting in this issue, The Darkest Hour, is no exception. Alan Ladd, working for his own Jaguar Productions, is starring in it. It will be released by Warner Brothers.

While that's going on, Maureen and Bill McGivern, accompanied by little Patrick and Megan, are visiting the south of Spain. Bill writes: "We've found a villa with beautiful gardens, a swimming pool and a view straight out over the water. This, after all, is the way writers *should* live; there's nothing like a pinch of luxury now and then to stir creative forces.

"Paddy is baffled by the language, though. The other day, after a trip to town, he complained, 'Everybody talks but they don't say anything.'"

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Collier's for April 15, 1955

WHEN an unknown singer sings an unknown song, and the recording sells more than a million copies, then you can just see a mushroom cloud rise over Tin Pan Alley. There's a real explosion in the life of the singer, too, as Gilbert Millstein shows in his story about Joan Weber and her big hit, Let Me Go, Lover.

Millstein is a newspaperman (New York Times) with more than an objective interest in the sale of records. He has just coproduced (with Marvin Frank) for Columbia Records an album of classic burlesque music. He not only wrote the album notes, but he starts off the concert with a standard candy butcher's spiel that was typical of family burlesque in the good old days. We think the title of the album is choice: Music in the Minsky Manor.

★ ★ ★

WE WERE mighty interested in reading the little details Al Lansing dug up about President Eisenhower's fishing habits (page 30). But is Ike a fisherman or a golfer, or both? Aksel Nielsen, Ike's fishing buddy from Denver, comes to this conclusion for us:

"Ike likes fishing better than golf. Golf involves long walks and waiting your turn. That means the conversation gets the upper hand, and turns to serious subjects that Ike might not want to talk about right then. But fishing allows for no thought of anything else and you can be sure our conversation is idle. That's why Ike is a fisherman."

Where is Mrs. Eisenhower while Ike is wading upstream? Lansing supplies the answer to this one:

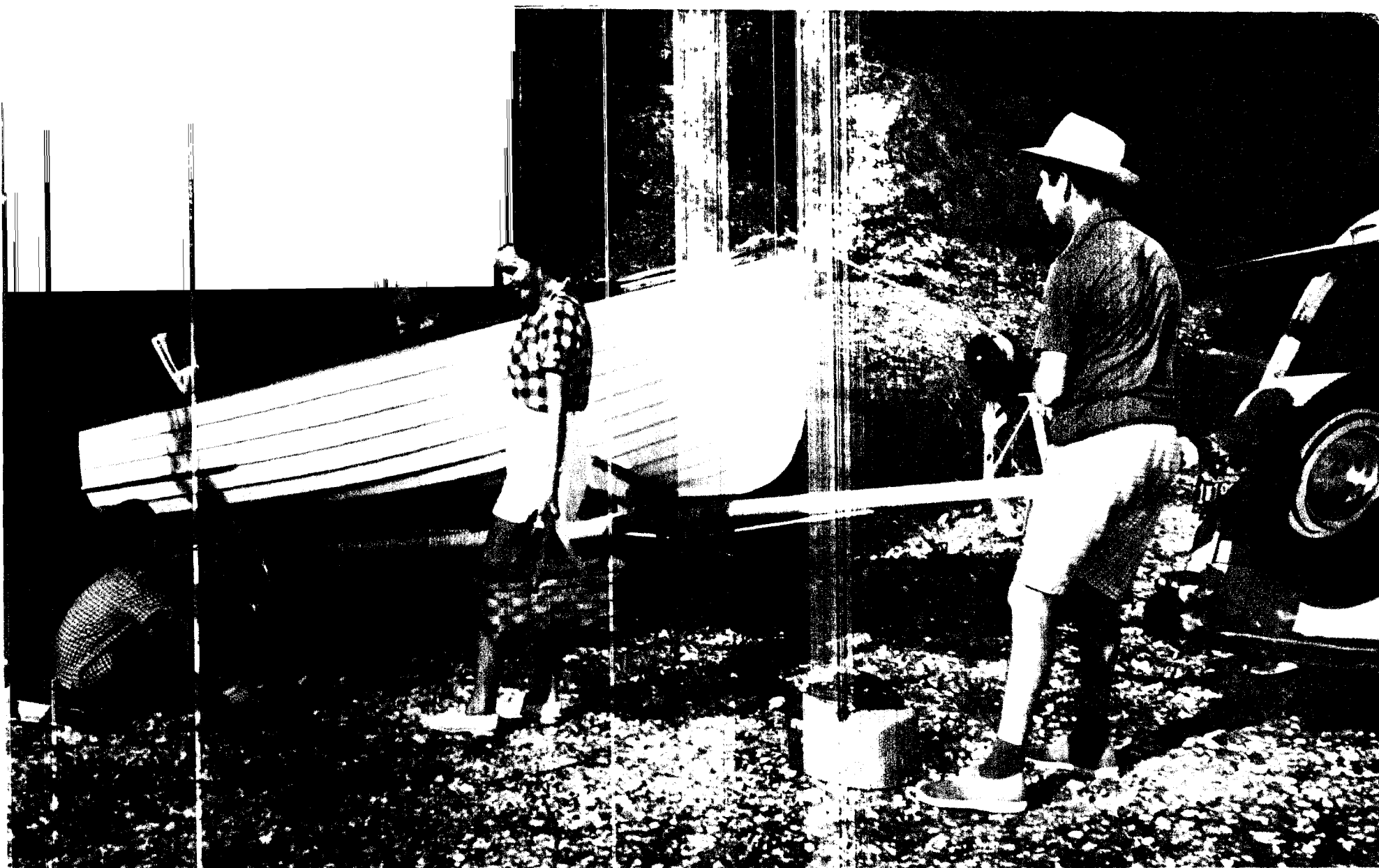
"Mamie recognizes that fishing is Ike's hobby, and she has no interest in it herself. So she stays at the Doud home in Denver, frequently taking part in a Scrabble game or else playing the seventy-year-old upright piano in the basement of the two-story, 10-room house."

Even for the first lady, that seems to be the life of a fisherman's wife.

★ ★ ★

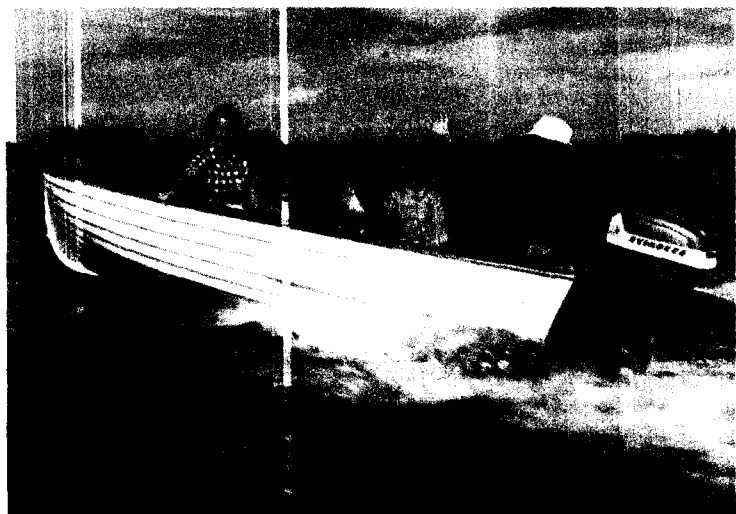
GLYNN HARVEY stuck his tongue in his cheek and explained the message in his hilarious story Who Wants to Marry Money?

"The tale of the penniless gentleman who marries a wealthy widow is meant to illustrate what I call Harvey's Law. It is based on the theory that the world is divided into accumulators and dissipators. The accumulators have a natural talent for making money, but are inclined to keep the wealth unto them-



Launch a day of fun....most anywhere!

—quiet fun, with an Evinrude



Outdoor America's most exciting discovery . . . TRAILER BOATING! Thousands will tell you there's nothing like it! You can explore famed vacation waters, or whisk your boat to lovely shores in easy reach. From highway driving to waterway cruising is a matter of *minutes*. Each eager launching starts a holiday of fresh adventure, new family fun.

Your boat? Your choice is wide — able fisherman, smart runabout, snug cruiser. Your motor? An Evinrude with *Whispering Power* — smooth as sailing! *And nothing less!* For this is the new *kind* of motor, so incredibly different from ordinary outboards — so amazingly *quiet*—so *smooth*—you have to ride with one to believe it. **SEE YOUR EVINRUDE DEALER.** Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in the yellow pages of your phone book. He knows boats, motors, trailers, and will gladly help you choose the right outfit for your needs. Time payments if you like. **FREE!** Write today for full-color catalog of the complete Evinrude line. **EVINRUDE MOTORS, 4661 N. 27th St., Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.**

all are quiet!

ELECTRIC BIG TWIN Aquasonic—25 h.p.*
The *proved* electric starting outboard. \$525†

BIG TWIN Aquasonic—25 h.p. Brilliant power
for big runabouts, cruisers, water skiing. \$430

FASTWIN Aquasonic—15 h.p.—speed to 30
m.p.h. America's "middleweight" favorite. \$347

FLEETWIN Aquasonic—7½ h.p.—only 49 lbs.
Top value in the light motor field. \$235

LIGHTWIN with Fisherman Drive—3 h.p.,
32 lbs. "Goes anywhere, stows anywhere." \$145

*All ratings are OBC certified at 4000 RPM tested in conformity with SAE test code. Weights are approximate.
†Prices f.o.b. factory subject to change without notice.



A Division of Outboard, Marine & Manufacturing Company
In Canada: Manufactured by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough

Evinrude

Pioneers in quiet Outboard Motors

LETTERS

Good Bunnies Bring...



CURTISS



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder

makers of Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

New Use for Kinesics

EDITOR: Thanks for the stimulating article about Dr. Birdwhistell and kinesics (Do Gestures Speak Louder than Words?, Mar. 4th). An awareness of this new science should help those of us who speak without a larynx, and are handicapped by limitations in our pitch, inflection and volume. This new art can add—visually—color and individuality to speech which—aurally—is rather drab and monotonous.

BAXTER SPARKS, Virginia Beach, Va.

Kind and Cross Words

EDITOR: Thanks for the excellent article on crossword puzzles (What's a Nine-Letter Word Meaning Fun?, Mar. 4th). Like many other addicts, my mind is cluttered with useless bits of esoteric information. I know the Roman for bronze ("aes"), the feminine of "ruff" ("ree"), the goddess of strife ("Iris"), and at one time I even knew the word for a pound in upper Tibet, although I've forgotten it now. All of this makes for great conversation—once you get used to talking to yourself.

BOB BRUGGER, Pipersville, Pa.

... As editor of two crossword magazines, I disagree with Eugene Rachlis on many points in his article. I never use the method he described in constructing crosswords. The magazines I edit do not pay the rates quoted in the article. I challenge the statement that Mrs. Farrar "has contributed more to the crossword puzzle's development... than any other person." I respect her ability and experience, but I am surprised at the very brief mention of F. Gregory Hartswick, who was not only co-editor with Mrs. Farrar of the crossword books, but was also the puzzle editor of the New York World.

Crosswords still remain good entertainment after 30 years because of the excellent contributors and constructors who serve Mrs. Farrar, myself and other editors.

DAVID SHULMAN, Puzzle Features Syndicate, New York, N.Y.

Keep It 48?

EDITOR: Senator Monroney's article, Let's Keep It 48 (Mar. 4th), is a clear, logical presentation. The argument against granting statehood to either Alaska or Hawaii is, in my opinion, unanswerable...

R. E. HERMAN, Everett, Wash.

... After reading Senator Monroney's article, I am convinced that we should make it fifty!...

GAIL D. NELSON, Billings, Mont.

... I'm in favor of any reasonable plan that will end this inane haggling over statehood... ROBERT H. REDDING, Fairbanks, Alaska

... Statistics on overrepresentation and relative voting strength could have been used against any state admitted to the Union since the original 13. As for commonwealth status, the English have

found it useful to avoid sharing power and profits with the "colonists."...

P. O. KILLAM, Melrose, Mass.

... As a student from Hawaii, I feel Senator Monroney's paternalistic outlook tends to mask the real Islands. Busy Honolulu (below), 44th among



the large cities of the U.S., is an example of modern Hawaii where businessmen work from eight to five.

Hawaiian statehood is not as domestic a problem as it seems. Eastern nations, particularly, have been watching the Islands' status for many years. Granting statehood would enhance the position of the United States in the free world. The argument for contiguity is archaic in light of the present-day world situation. Every country is now in a sense contiguous...

FRANKLIN K. H. CHING, Cambridge, Mass.

... Senator Monroney's arguments against statehood are persuasive. I was stationed in Puerto Rico during World War II. One of the chief causes of resentment there was the fact that the governor, a continental American appointed by the President, could veto laws passed by the local legislative body. This irritation has been removed by granting commonwealth status, under which the governor is elected by the Puerto Ricans.

I doubt whether the people of any territory would desire statehood if they were apprised of the advantages of commonwealth status...

IRVING RATISHER, New York, N.Y.

... If Hawaii and Alaska get commonwealth status, so help me, I'm starting a movement to get commonwealth status for Texas. I'm as tired as anyone of paying income taxes...

E. L. SITTON, Fort Worth, Tex.

Collier's own opinion of the statehood issue was expressed editorially in Collier's Comment for March 18th: Let's Make It 50 in '55.

Germany

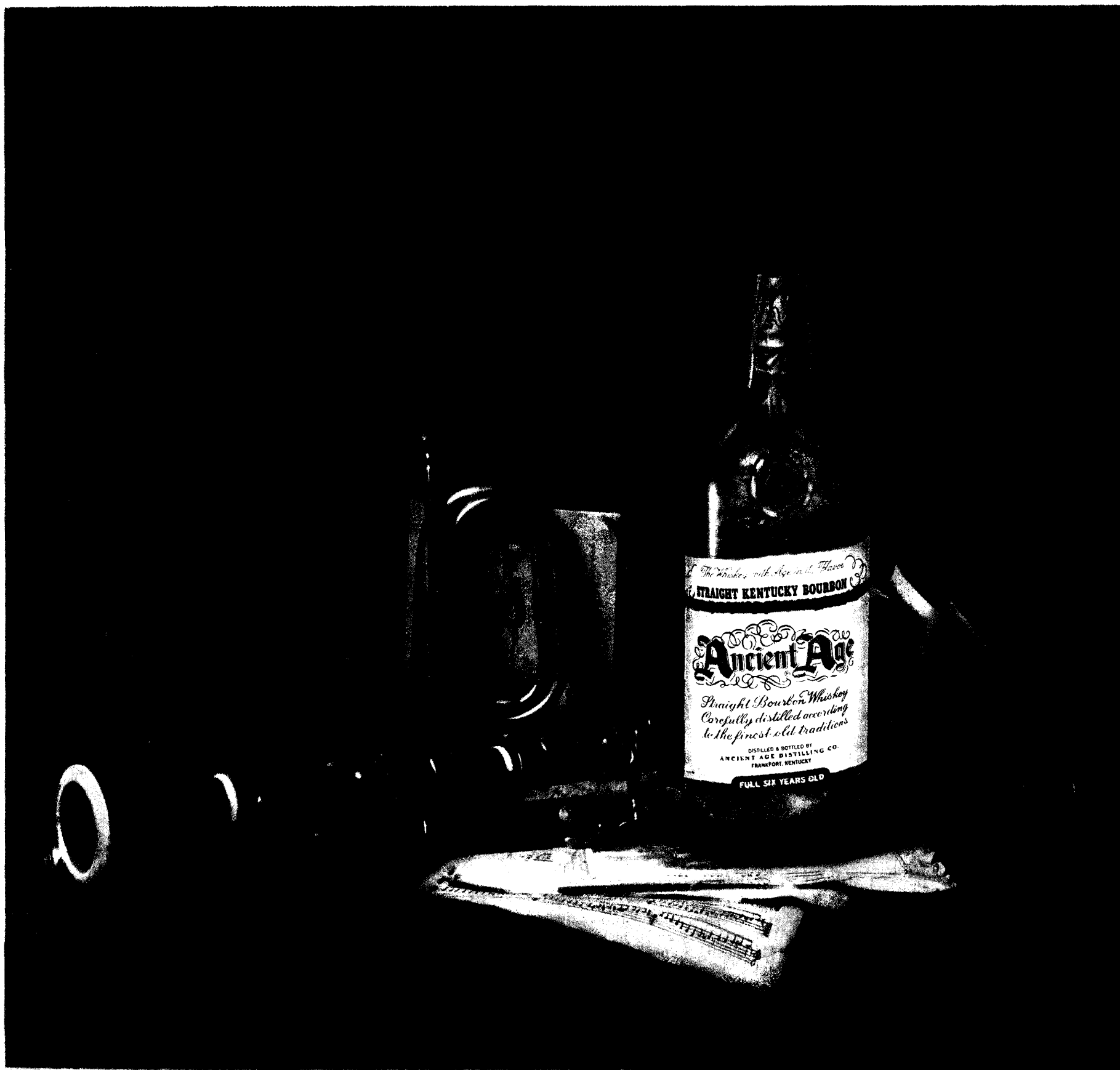
EDITOR: Theodore White's Germany—Friend or Foe? (Feb. 4th) is one of the most accurate, unbiased appraisals of postwar Germany's capacity for good—or evil—to appear in print.

DELBERT W. ELKINS, Cincinnati, Ohio

... I am a German and ex-member of the glorious Wehrmacht who has

Collier's for April 15, 1955

Original and genuine... **Ancient Age**



"OLD FAVORITES"...one of a series of photographic representations after the *trompe l'oeil* school of art, from the Ancient Age collection. For a copy of this subject suitable for framing, without any advertising or illustration of bottle, send 25¢ in stamps or coins to Dept. "C," Ancient Age Distilling Co., Frankfort, Kentucky

If you can find a better whiskey...buy it!

86 PROOF • ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING CO., FRANKFORT, KY.



EVEN IF YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH ONLY ONCE A DAY Colgate Dental Cream Gives The Surest Protection All Day Long!



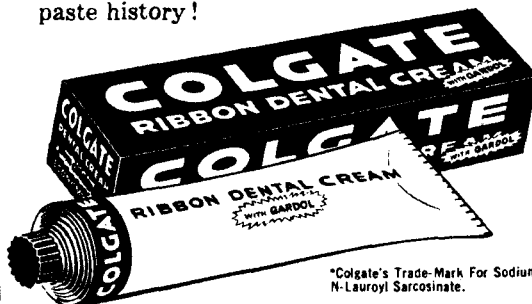
**Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection
Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate Dental Cream
— Of All Leading Toothpastes — Contains Gardol*
To Stop Bad Breath Instantly—Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!**



Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. That's why Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol fights tooth decay 12 hours or more!

YOUR DENTIST WILL TELL YOU HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH!

But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

**Every Time You Use It... New Colgate Dental Cream
CLEANS YOUR BREATH *WHILE IT* GUARDS YOUR TEETH!**

fought American soldiers in Africa, Italy and Germany. You are very mistaken if you think the German army is being created as an instrument to save your retreat when the Red Army starts steam-rolling over Europe.

It is true the Germans loathe the Russians, and that Communism is alien to the German mind. But we Germans also remember the infamous behavior of the American Occupation Army, and we remember Nuremberg . . .

The new German army will become a fact—not as a hamstrung, second-class "foreign legion of the U.S.A.," but as the free German army of the free German people . . .

OTTO TEUBNER, Caracas, Venezuela

Echo Park Dam

EDITOR: Your discussion of the proposed Upper Colorado River Development (Are You For or Against the Echo Park Dam?, Feb. 18th) is a truly democratic method of enlightening the public on a great federal local partnership proposal. The dams will be of value not only to the Upper Colorado Basin, but to the nation in general.

L. F. THORNTON, Thermopolis, Wyo.

. . . Your article certainly shows up the "pro" argument for what it's worth—not much! Senator O'Mahoney asks, "What should our goal be—the greatest good of the greatest number, or the sentimental satisfaction of a few?" Direct benefits from the dam go to 325,000 people in the area, but the loss of the monument is felt by 160,000,000 Americans, who had these federal areas set aside by act of Congress. Once one national monument is opened to exploitation for commercial purposes, the way has been cleared for the destruction of all our national parks and monuments . . .

FRANK E. MCELROY, Des Plaines, Ill.

. . . I must object to the use of the word "conservationists" in describing foes of the Echo Park project. There are conservationists on both sides of this battle . . .

DAVID F. BRINEGAR,
Editor, The Arizona Soil Conservationist, Phoenix, Ariz.

Rhubarb

EDITOR: Each year I look forward to Tom Meany's Baseball Preview (Mar. 4th). However, in his forecast of rookies, he neglected to mention one of the most promising newcomers of the year, Jay W. Porter, of the Detroit Tigers . . .

DICK McHUGH, Birmingham, Mich.

. . . I disagree with Tom Meany's selection of Willie Mays as the top player for '55. My nomination: Mickey Mantle of the Yankees . . .

GARY PETER KLAHR, Phoenix, Ariz.

Beknighted

EDITOR: Bill Davidson's article How to Think Your Way to the Top (Feb. 4th) is nonsense. The corporations won't even hire the individualist or nonconformist—much less "nurture and protect him." Further, if he admits the awful heresy of self-education, they won't touch him with a ten-foot pole!

Most of us, unlike Mr. Davidson, find it quite inconvenient to swap ideas with corporation vice-presidents. Why don't you send your author around to the employment office as John Doe, clothe him in worthy armor, but since "a searching mind is a surer key to success than a college diploma," give him

the searching mind and omit the coat of arms?

Now, with his keen sword of Yankee Ingenuity, his bright shield of Individuality, his bountiful Kit of Ideas—let him sally forth to battle the hungry Dragon of Conformity.

But, please, while we await the triumphant return of our champion, don't stop the presses. We wouldn't want to miss the next inspiring issue of Collier's, would we?

J. L. NICHOLSON, Altadena, Cal.

Iwo Flag Raising

EDITOR: Thanks for the splendid article in your February 18th issue, The Picture That Will Live Forever, by Joe Rosenthal, who is to be congratulated for his modesty and sense of proportion.

His feelings concerning another picture he took of the living Marine taking over for two fallen comrades were expressed thirty years before Iwo Jima by Alan Seeger, the American poet of the French Foreign Legion, in his poem The Aisne (1914-1915):

"The charge her heroes left us, we assumed,

What, dying, they reconquered, we preserved . . ."

Thus is our American continuity preserved. BELDEN WIGGLESWORTH,
San Diego, Cal.

. . . How about showing two other pictures mentioned in the article—the first flag raising, taken by Louis Lowery, and the shot of the two flags, one coming down and the other going up, taken by Bob Campbell?

ARTHUR W. LOCKWOOD,
Asheville, N.C.



Lowery's flag raising



Campbell's flag raising

Collier's for April 15, 1955



Deadly Skid—or safe quick stop...

THE PAVEMENT CAN MEAN THE DIFFERENCE

Death lurks near the sign that warns "*Slippery When Wet*." It's a sign your life is in danger! Driving in the rain where this sign appears, you never can relax, never lose the fear that you'll need to stop suddenly—and *can't* because your tires won't grip the pavement and hold.

On the other hand, you *can* feel safer when driving on concrete pavement, even in rain.

Concrete has "built-in" skid resistance. Its gritty surface texture gives your tires good traction. This means you can make quicker, safer stops without skidding—*especially* in the rain—than you can on slippery-when-wet pavement. *Concrete cooperates with your tires and brakes!*

Slipperiness is just one highway killer. Darkness is another. At night, when the accident rate is highest, you can't be safe if you can't see. Dark-colored pavement absorbs much of the illumination from your headlights, reducing your visibility dangerously. If danger looms you may be unable to stop within the distance you can see.

Light-colored concrete reflects up to four times more light than dark-colored pavement. Studies by illuminating engineers prove this.

Consequently you see farther and better on concrete. You see curves, obstructions or pedestrians sooner and have more time to slow down or stop. *Concrete cooperates with your eyes, too!*

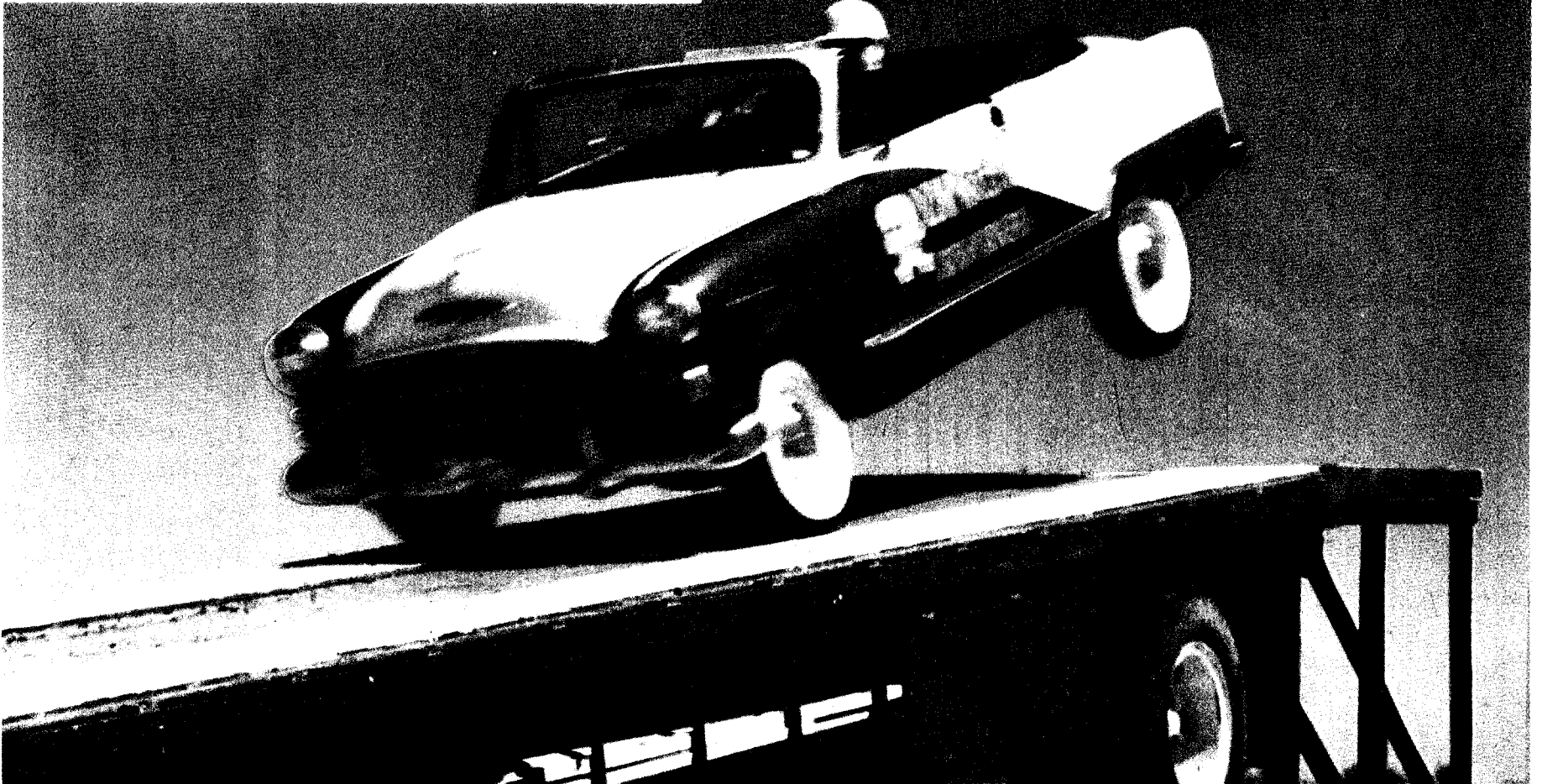
Yes, whether you can stop surely and safely, whether you can see where you're going at night depends on the pavement. There's a difference in pavements—often the difference between life and death! For safety's sake, support the cause of better highways in your state. Urge public officials to pave all main roads with concrete.

For vital facts about concrete for America's highways, send for the booklet, "*Why Concrete*." Distribution is limited to the U. S. and Canada.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
Dept. A4c-92, 33 West Grand Avenue Chicago 10, Illinois
A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

All-New Tubeless Super-Cushions

REDUCE PUNCTURE FLATS 80%!



We hammered ten nails into each of four new Tubeless Super-Cushions and mounted them on a Jimmie Lynch Death Dodger car. Then a stunt driver raced this car off a ramp—came down with

the impact of a pile driver! Total damage: one shaken driver! No puncture flats! No air lost!

Goodyear's exclusive 3-T Cord and Grip-Seal construction make this kind of puncture protection pos-

sible. If a nail should enter a new Tubeless Super-Cushion, tough, tightly knit 3-T Cord grips it like a vise—holds air in. In ordinary driving, the air stays locked in until you can remove the nail.

Goodyear's exclusive 3-T Cord and Grip-Seal construction make possible the ultra-modern tubeless tire!

Taxi fleet owners report that, in many months of hard driving, cabs equipped with Tubeless DeLuxe Super-Cushions had less than $\frac{1}{5}$ the number of puncture flats normally experienced with other tires.

To produce a tire that reduces puncture flats up to 80% in 65 million miles took the world's most durable tire cord—3-T Cord—plus Grip-Seal construction, and only Goodyear has it.

In its exclusive, patented 3-T process, Goodyear triple tempers cord sinews and integrates them with

improved rubber compounds under Tension, Temperature and Time—unifies rubber and fabric with Grip-Seal construction to produce a tire body that's completely airtight... the most durable ever made!

These new tubeless tires will fit your present wheels. You'll get new freedom from flats—greater protection against blowouts, and a smooth, quiet ride. Your nearby Goodyear dealer will gladly buy all the unused mileage in your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



This ultra-modern tubeless tire costs no more than a standard tire and tube!

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!



TUBELESS DELUXE SUPER-CUSHION

by

GOOD YEAR

Look for this sign; there's a Goodyear dealer near you.

Super-Cushion, T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Hurricanes Coming?

Are there any more at home like Carol, Edna and Hazel?

By BILL STAPLETON

TRADITIONALLY, from June through November, residents of the Deep South and Gulf States always hitch closer to their radio and TV sets when an announcer begins a weather advisory: "A tropical storm has formed in the lower Caribbean and at noon today . . ." But the rest of the country has paid scant attention.

This year, however, millions of people living on the Eastern seaboard of the United States and in the Canadian Maritime Provinces will also be deeply interested in such announcements. They became painfully aware of the warnings during the 1954 hurricane season. Neither records nor memory can recall a series of storms matching in fury the monster tropical cyclones which thundered in from the Atlantic last year to kill hundreds of people and run property damage into staggering amounts in areas generally considered immune.

There was capricious Carol on August 31st; it killed 68 persons and destroyed half a billion dollars' worth of property in Long Island and New England. Then, eleven days later, came Edna, which sideswiped the New York metropolitan area and roared into Massachusetts with winds of 125 miles an hour; it left 18 dead and damage estimated in the millions. Finally, in mid-October, Hazel arrived; it cut a swath 200 miles wide from the Carolinas to Canada in 15 hours and was the deadliest and most destructive of all.

Hazel made partners in misery of a distraught farmer in Haiti who saw his

Steeple of Boston's historic Old North Church falls at the height of Carol, first of '54 hurricanes to sweep over New England states

The hurricane fighters' first objective: more accurate—and earlier—forecasts

entire family of 14 perish in the splintering timbers of their home; a sobbing widow in Washington, D.C., whose husband was electrocuted by falling power lines, and a Toronto businessman who had to be rescued by rowboat from his flood-isolated home. The final toll: some 450 dead and hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property damage.

How about the 1955 hurricane season? Are there any more at home like Carol, Edna and Hazel? And if there are, what can we do—what are we doing—to curb their destructive habits?

I asked these questions of scores of weathermen from New York to Puerto Rico, studied dozens of complicated weather maps, flew in far-ranging aircraft which track storms by radar, and saw many awesome proofs of a hurricane's terrifying strength. The answers I found were complex.

The Most Destructive of All Storms

Because of its intensity and the vast area over which it sweeps, a hurricane is the most destructive of all storms. Winds of a tornado blow with greater fury, but they are usually confined to a narrow path—about 1,000 feet wide—whereas a hurricane rages over thousands of square miles and sometimes carries with it a rash of tornadoes as well.

Technically, a hurricane is a storm of tropical origin with cyclonic wind circulation. Meteorologists who have deliberately pierced its eye in reconnaissance aircraft know that this central area, around which the winds revolve, is fed by warm, moist air from both top and bottom. They also know that moisture in the air, giving up heat through condensation, helps power the hurricane and that the earth's rotation adds to the spinning.

Weather Bureau records show that tropical storms during August, September and October have always tended to drift north. But although an occasional hurricane has hit New England in the past (the last previous one was in 1944), the prevailing westerly winds usually push them out to sea and they pass harmlessly by our northeast coast. Edna adhered pretty much to this rule, but did veer in-shore to hammer Cape Cod for several hours. Carol and Hazel, however, confounded the experts; only six weeks apart, both struck deep inland.

Will their counterparts this year hit the Northeastern states? Will hurricanes become as much a seasonal hazard for New England as blizzards? Nowhere did I get an unequivocal answer.

Some meteorologists suggested that we may be entering a cycle in which the main target of hurricanes will shift from the Gulf States to New England; others scoffed. However, all agreed that with today's limited knowledge no one can predict the path of a hurricane with any certainty.

In Washington, I talked first with Ivan Ray Tannehill, retired chief of the Division of Synoptic Reports and Forecasts for the Weather Bureau. His book, *Hurricanes—Their Nature and History*, is an authoritative analysis of nature's mightiest storms. I saw copies everywhere I went; it is an indispensable handbook for all forecasters.

Tannehill pondered for a moment when I asked him whether the Northeastern states should batten down this year for more hurricanes. "It's hard to say," he finally replied. "I think that broad general trends in the weather, warmer winters for example, have a lot to do with hurricane behavior. And, if the climate of the world keeps moderating, I believe we should look for more storms farther north. I don't think that we have begun a cycle, however.

"Another thing," he went on. "It's impossible to predict a hurricane's movements exactly, even after its formation, because we know so little about the

current or steering currents which determine the paths of storms."

Among these "steering currents" are jet streams—currents of air 35,000 to 40,000 feet up which travel at 300 miles an hour in "rivers" 25 miles wide and several thousand feet deep. Some experts believe a jet stream may have been responsible for the unexpectedness of Carol's blow against New England last fall. They theorize the stream dipped low, scooped up Carol off Cape Hatteras and whirled it across Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts in a matter of hours.

Jerome Namias, present chief of the Weather Bureau's Extended Forecast Section, agrees with Tannehill that the Atlantic seaboard may be paying dearly for the generally warmer winters it has been enjoying since 1947. "General climatic conditions," he told me, "have been more favorable recently for hurricanes in the Northeast states and adjacent waters."

Namias, who returned recently from an international typhoon symposium in Tokyo, says he bases his calculations on a close study of jet streams and other upper-air atmospheric currents during the hurricane months of the last 20 years. More warm southern air has joined the air currents flowing up the American East Coast, he said, with the result that not only have our winters become milder but tropical storms have tended to move directly north instead of veering northeast and out to sea.

"We have been able to detect this deviation in the upper-air currents which, in effect, sets the stage for steering hurricanes," Namias explained, "but so far we have been unable to predict exactly how the storms will react."

Amid the hustle and clacking teleprinters of the Weather Bureau's central map room, Robert H. Simpson, aviation weather specialist, also blamed lack of technical information for the bureau's inability to make more exact hurricane forecasts.

"Merely spotting a hurricane doesn't give us any sure indication of which way it will travel," he told me. "We've got to learn more about the exchange of energy between the hurricane and the atmosphere which surrounds it, and how this may affect the steering of the storm."

"Look here," he said, walking over to a hurricane map of 1954 on a nearby wall. "As you see it on this chart, each hurricane path appears to be a straight or gradually curving line. Actually it's not. A hurricane zigs and zags. We don't know the reason for its erratic behavior, but we do know that if Edna had zigged when it obviously zagged, Connecticut would have been hit again instead of Massachusetts and Maine."

I asked Simpson about Alice, 1955's first hurricane. It made its bow off St. Martin's Island in the West Indies on January 2d, nearly six months before tropical storms usually form in the Caribbean. Was its early arrival an indication that we were in for a bad hurricane season?

"I don't think so," Simpson said. "But Alice probably made Columbus rest a little easier in his grave. You know, he was the only person ever to record the presence of a hurricane at that time of year. Some historians say he imagined it and put it in the ship's log only to cover up difficulties he was having with his crew."

In full agreement with Simpson that Alice was no evil harbinger is Dr. Herbert Riehl, associate professor of tropical meteorology at the University of Chicago and former director of the Institute of Tropical Meteorology at the University of Puerto Rico. "Doesn't mean a thing," he told me. "Furthermore, I'll bet that this year sees no repetition of last year's hurricanes."

Although Dr. Riehl deprecates such references, his successful researches into the giant storms have won him national recognition as a hurricane specialist. During 1953 he and a half-dozen assistants correctly predicted the birth of two tropical hurricanes 24 hours before they formed. In their Project IF (Improvement in Forecasts), they based their predictions on information about the temperature, atmospheric pressure, wind velocity and so on radioed back to earth from instrument-carrying weather balloons sent aloft in the Caribbean and southeastern United States.

"We will be able to forecast more accurately only when we receive our information from higher altitudes, say 40,000 feet or better," he told me. "This means using jet aircraft or perhaps missiles to carry the radiosondes [transmitters]."

Everywhere I went I found that more accurate hurricane forecasts were the first objective of agencies and people dealing with these severe storms. Experience has shown that death and damage can be held to a minimum if imperiled areas are warned in time to take precautions. And as the Weather Bureau, Navy, Air Force and private researchers pursue this immediate aim, they are piling up vital knowledge about the habits and habitats of storms that one day may enable them to destroy hurricanes in their infancy, ending their threat for all time.

Just what are the various government agencies doing this year in their efforts to defeat the hurricane threat? The Weather Bureau alone is asking Congress for additional funds in the seven-figure category to augment all phases of its weather research. "We already are spending half a million dollars a year for research, not only into hurricanes but also into tornadoes and blizzards," Dr. Francis W. (Reich) Reichelderfer, chief of the Weather Bureau and president of the United Nations World Meteorological Organization, told me.

Testing the Efficiency of Climatron

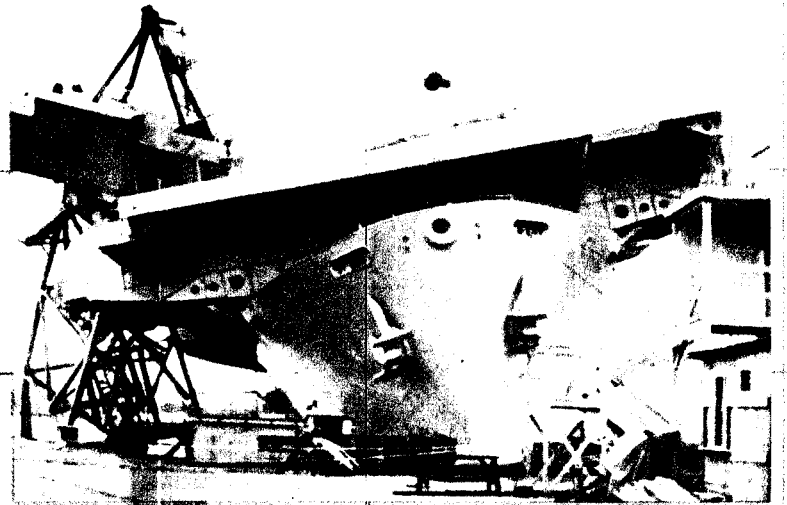
The bureau's new Global Analysis Center at Suitland, Maryland, is putting into operation for the first time Climatron, a giant IBM electronic computer which from information fed it can predict changes in the atmosphere and plot the sky-high fields of motion which hurricanes ride from place to place. Technically, Climatron is undergoing only a shakedown test this year, but it well may make an invaluable contribution to the 1955 hurricane defense effort.

At the Weather Bureau's office in downtown Miami, Florida, nerve center of the Hurricane Warning System, Gordon E. Dunn, Chief Weather Forecaster, intends to use a new system of measuring the external forces affecting a hurricane. It calls for obtaining readings at the 20,000-foot level of atmospheric pressures around the periphery of the storm and recording them on a map of the affected area, over which is placed a grid whose crisscross lines mark every five degrees of longitude and latitude. Since atmospheric pressures largely determine the path of a hurricane, a comparison of these readings is expected to help the Weather Bureau make more accurate forecasts. The new system was worked out by Dr. Riehl and the bureau's own William A. Haggard.

The Navy's nearby Fleet Weather Central, also in Miami, is throwing improved land-based radar

Map shows the paths of four 1954 hurricanes. Such storms used to veer northeast out to sea—as Dolly did. But three hit the East Coast

HAZEL took a heavy toll in this farming community near Toronto, left it flooded

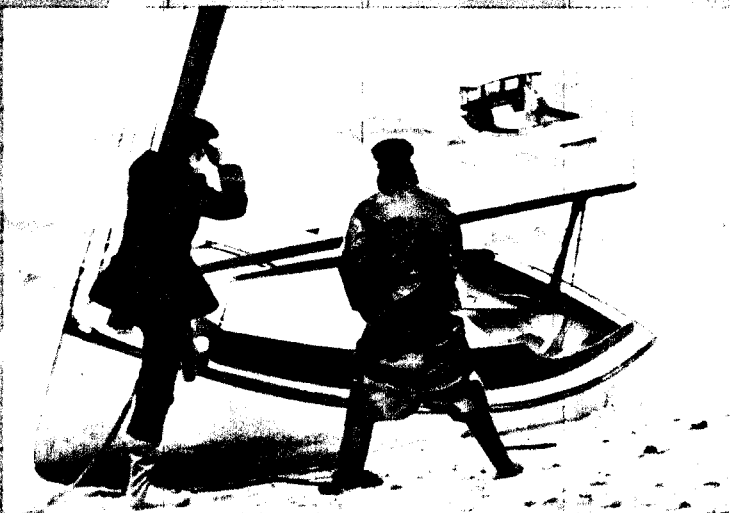


CAROL heeled over Navy's baby flattop Nahant Bay at its East Boston berth

DOLLY

CAROL

EDNA



EDNA drove boats aground along the Cape Cod coast. Passengers bled to save cruiser offshore

HAZEL



BILL STAPLETON

U.S. Navy aerologist checks instruments in the nose of hurricane-hunting Neptune plane

into the antihurricane fight. Its ultrarange "electronic eye" radar can detect the bright eye of a hurricane up to 400 miles away. (The Weather Bureau has asked Congress for \$5,000,000 to build a network of radar stations during the next four years along the Gulf and Atlantic Coasts and in the Midwest to keep even closer tabs on storms.)

But the main job of finding and tracking hurricanes so that threatened areas in their path may get adequate warning continues to fall on airmen of the Navy and Air Force. And this year they will have better equipment than ever before.

"Eyes of the Fleet" on Weather Patrol

The Navy has assigned two specially modified Super-Constellations to weather patrols off the Eastern seaboard. Two more will go to the Pacific. These formerly top-secret flying radar laboratories, nicknamed the "Eyes of the Fleet" by the men who fly and work in them, can remain airborne around the clock and longer at extremely high altitudes.

The "Connies'" usual assignment is to patrol the sea and air approaches of the United States on watch for possible enemies. Each carries six tons of elaborate electronic equipment, including seven radarscopes manned by 31 skilled electronics specialists. The bulging radomes have so altered the outlines of the graceful planes that a Navy pilot at Patuxent (Maryland) Air Station cracked, "You're looking at the only airplane that could transport a giraffe standing up."

At Kindley Air Force Base in Bermuda, new weather-modified B-50s are replacing the smaller B-29s on Air Force weather patrols. Pilots of the 53d AF Weather Squadron say the B-50s enable them to lengthen weather-tracking flights by as much as 850 land miles.

The Air Force also plans to intensify research with radiosonde equipment. At Andrews Air Force Base in Washington, headquarters of the Air Weather Service, I was told that in one 1954 project B-29s dropped specially designed nylon weather balloons, ingeniously rigged to stay aloft at one altitude, into the eye of hurricanes. The radiosondes sent back information to "mother" planes and ground stations.

"We had a hell of a time getting those balloons

The Carolinian said: "Took 'em 17 years to build the

out of the bomb bays," Captain Edward G. Vrable, of South Greensburg, Pennsylvania, told me. "Two blew up on us. This year we intend to reinforce them with a wire-mesh outer covering."

Rollins H. Mayer, of Melbourne, Florida, an electronics scientist at the Air Force Missile Test Center at Cocoa, Florida, agrees with Dr. Riehl that guided missiles could help solve many meteorological problems associated with hurricanes. He points out that missiles sent into a hurricane could be tracked by ground telemetering instruments and radio back information about the disturbed area. One day, he suggests, it might even prove feasible to arm a missile with a nuclear warhead and set it off near the eye of a hurricane to dissipate the storm's force.

Actually, destruction or dissipation of a hurricane has been tried before. In October, 1952, Gordon Clouser, a professional rain maker who coaxed moisture from clouds by seeding them, took off in his own light plane from Miami with a load of special "nucleating agents" which he believed would divert or break up a hurricane then moving northward from Cuba. Hours later, he radioed that he

was running out of gasoline and was going down in rough weather southeast of Miami. He was never heard of again.

Even earlier, in 1947, a Navy reconnaissance plane "seeded" a hurricane then dawdling along off Savannah, Georgia. Soon afterward, the storm made an abrupt 90-degree turn westward and rocked into plantation country. Agitated citizens protested long and loud about the impropriety of man tampering with nature.

However, the contribution that guided missiles and improved seeding techniques may make to hurricane defense belongs to the future. Inhabitants of the hurricane belt are much more concerned with what is being done right now to meet the menace. With that in mind, I headed next for the incubator ground for tropical storms—the Caribbean.

As my plane descended for a landing at San Juan, I caught sight of two Navy twin-engined P2V Neptune weather planes parked virtually under the windows of the Weather Bureau office at Municipal Airport. They are part of the Navy's VW-4 Early Warning Squadron, whose headquarters are at Jacksonville, Florida. Two Neptunes are



BILL STAPLETON

Hazel wrecked this building at South Carolina's Windy Hill Beach. It was first hurricane in area in 62 years and damaged 1,500 dwellings beyond repair along coast of Carolinas

Collier's for April 15, 1955

such up—and Hazel tore it all down in one morning.”

always shunted to San Juan during the hurricane season for quicker spotting of tropical storms.

“Ought to be here when those Neptunes take off,” Ralph L. Higgs, weather chief at San Juan, told me after we had landed. “They just about get into the air when all the telephones in my office begin ringing. Everyone who sees them leave concludes there’s a hurricane right around the corner.”

A majority of the Puerto Rican callers, however, merely want to know what name is being given the new storm. Since 1953 the Weather Bureau has identified tropical storms by girls’ names in alphabetical order. The names selected this year are: Alice, Brenda, Connie, Diane, Edith, Flora, Gladys, Hilda, Ione, Janet, Katie, Linda, Martha, Nelly, Orva, Peggy, Queena, Rosa, Stella, Trudy, Ursa, Verna, Wilma, Xenia, Yvonne and Zelda.

The Night Hazel Started Her Rampage

Although Puerto Rico has not felt the fury of a hurricane since September, 1932, it is an excellent vantage point from which to track the tempests. To show just how our vast hurricane-warning network swings into high gear when a tropical hurricane goes berserk, let’s review the history of 1954’s Hazel. It actually began on the night of October 4th. U.S. weather stations on the British islands of Barbados, Trinidad and Grenada reported that atmospheric pressures were falling, and ships in the area confirmed that squally weather was forming. The disturbance seemed centered east of Grenada.

At first light on October 5th, Higgs asked Navy Fleet Weather Central at Miami for permission to send a hurricane reconnaissance flight into the area. Teleprinters jangled back almost immediate approval, and minutes later Lieutenant (jg) Al Fowler, Waterloo, Iowa, lifted a Neptune into the sky and set a course south and east from San Juan.

At 4:30 that afternoon, Fowler reported he had found the eye of a hurricane 60 miles east of Grenada. The report was flashed throughout the Caribbean. Weather reports from ships in the area, normally transmitted only at six-hour intervals, began to increase. They gave the wind direction and force, temperature, visibility, the appearance of the sky, barometric pressure and tendency, and the height of sea swells.

From the airborne radar of Neptunes, plunging and bucking on the fringes of the storm, came more information as Hazel meandered west over the top of South America, off Venezuela and Colombia. (Altogether, Neptunes of the Navy’s VW-4 Early Warning Squadron made 21 flights into Hazel and obtained 135 radar “fixes” on the center of the storm while it was over the squadron’s territory. In other words, Hazel was under close surveillance by Navy hurricane hunters 20¾ hours out of every 24 for 10 days—a record for sustained aircraft reconnaissance of a single hurricane.)

One Neptune came near disaster on October 8th, during its sixth mission into Hazel. Buffeted by winds of 115 knots, the plane was threading its bumpy way through rain banks toward the eye of the hurricane when a sudden updraft bounced the aircraft from 300 to 1,200 feet.

Lieutenant Harry O. Davis, of Brockton, Massachusetts, flying as aerologist, told me what happened next. “Two of the crew members failed to answer an intercom check,” he said, “so I slid back through the amidships tunnel to see what had happened to them.” He found Photographer’s Mate Burbank D. Mitchell, of Syracuse, New York, unconscious, his left arm tangled in the control cables. Beside him, also knocked out, was Mechanic 2d Class James I. Mathis, of Langdale, Alabama.

“Large Number 10 cans of fruit juice had bounced against the overhead and split open.”

Collier’s for April 15, 1955

Davis said. “The entire afterstation was awash in orange and pineapple juice. A pound of butter, which had come loose in the galley, had smeared itself all over the compartment.”

After reviving Mathis, Davis broke out a parachute and together the two men freed Mitchell and wrapped him in it. He had a badly dislocated left arm and a cracked shoulder joint. The pilot of the plane, Lieutenant Maxey (Pete) Watson, of Conway, South Carolina, immediately headed for land and the nearest Navy hospital at Guantánamo, Cuba. (On a subsequent flight into Hazel, Watson saw the hurricane smash into his home town, near Myrtle Beach, South Carolina; he learned later it had ripped the roof off his home.)

At 6:00 A.M. on October 9th, San Juan handed over responsibility for Hazel to Miami. By that time the Puerto Rican station was anxiously following another tropical disturbance. A Navy seismograph at the easternmost tip of the island had picked up earth tremors indicating the presence of a second storm. The tremors increased steadily in strength, and Aerographer’s Mate 3d Class Robert F. Matthews, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York, had reported them to the San Juan Weather Bureau office.

“That second storm really scared me,” Higgs told me. “But luckily it petered out before it could hit Puerto Rico.”

At Miami, weathermen who had taken over Hazel were obsessed with another worry. They fretted over the condition of Chief Forecaster Grady Norton, who had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage the preceding night. Norton, a thirty-nine-year veteran of the Weather Bureau and probably the nation’s top hurricane forecaster, died in the early evening of October 9th, while Hazel was still wandering aimlessly around the Caribbean.

It wasn’t until three days later—on October 12th—that Hazel first loosed its destructive fury against a land mass. It hit the western tip of Haiti and in a few hours reduced the villages there to rubble. At least 98 people were killed.

Only a few days after the storm I flew over the devastated area and saw ruin comparable to that left by a bombing raid. From the navigator’s seat of a Neptune, all the houses in the seaside town of Les Couteaux appeared to have been blown apart. The white concrete walls of a church on the plaza were intact, but the building was roofless. A crowd of people was gathered in front of the church, and some waved at the plane.

A Warning Call from the “Idiot Seat”

Farther north, we dropped toward the sea to approach the town of Dame-Marie, another collection of rubble and twisted trees. “Hey, boy, watch that altitude!” Lieutenant George Herlong, of Lake City, Florida, yelled from the transparent-nose position (sometimes called the idiot seat) below and forward of the pilot’s seat.

From low altitude, most of the wrecked homes and stores appeared to have been made of wood with thatch-palm roofs. Higher up, the wreckage blended into the tropical undergrowth.

Near Jérémie, we noticed an airstrip. “That’s where Air Force boxcars and our helicopters from the Saipan landed with medical supplies,” plane commander Lieutenant Nat Land, of Emporia, Kansas, said. The helicopters, which flew 54 rescue missions from the escort carrier Saipan, were en route to Central America when they were diverted. The C-119s—flying boxcars of the 18th Air Force—were sent from Donaldson Air Force Base near Greenville, South Carolina.

“I heard a story,” Land said, “that one of these Air Force jokers, guy by the name of Kelly Wilson,



BILL STAPLETON

Cmdr. Nicholas Brango (l.), Norristown, Pa., and Lt. Cmdr. O. B. Adams (next l.), Ashland, Ky., scan map at Miami Fleet Weather Central

was taking off from San Juan with a better-than-full load of stuff and he could barely get off the ground. He solved the deal by pulling his wheels up at the end of the runway and off he sailed. Must have been pretty hairy.”

“Hairy” is airmen’s slang for scary, but I made no reference to some fairly hairy flying we had been doing ourselves. Apart from sea-level poking around, we had, for the last hour, been flying over jagged peaks and through wild-looking mountain passes searching for, and finding, a landslide which had killed 300 people.

From Haiti, Hazel roared over desolate Great Inagua Island at the southern tip of the Bahamas and headed, almost on a beeline, for Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Warned by their newspapers and radio stations, Carolinians were already evacuating shore communities when the hurricane hit with full fury just north of the town on the morning of October 15th.

“First hurricane here in sixty-two years and it was a ripsnorter,” Bill Miller, a filling-station operator, told me when I visited the storm-tossed water front north of Myrtle Beach. “Took ’em seventeen years to build the beach up and Hazel tore it all down in one morning.”

At the water’s edge, for miles in either direction, there was almost unbelievable chaos. Houses and summer cottages were tipped at crazy angles. Some were piled atop one another. Others had completely disappeared—concrete slab floors and all. Stoves, washing machines and heavy furniture lay scattered about the beach, half buried in the sand. A workman sat on the tattered remnants of a bright red couch eating a sandwich.

People told me strange objects had been found washed up on the beach—green coconuts, pieces of bamboo and large tropical clams. Every fishing pier from Myrtle Beach to Cedar Island, North Carolina, was destroyed. Altogether some 1,500 dwellings had been damaged beyond repair along the North and South Carolina coasts.

From the Carolinas, Hazel thundered northward through Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York State and on into Ontario, Canada, leaving death and destruction in its wake. Toronto’s death toll of 69 was the largest in any single U.S. or Canadian city. By the time the storm blew itself out, it had caused at least 249 deaths in continental North America.

After following the path of Hazel from its birthplace in the deceptively calm Caribbean through much of its destructive life, I came away convinced that our hurricane hunters are doing a magnificent job. This year, with better equipment and more knowledge of the crafty ways of Hazel and its sister storms, they will do even better.

One certain result will be faster and more accurate hurricane forecasts—and that in itself will be a major step toward eventually taming these most deadly of all storms. ▲▲▲

The DARKEST HOUR

By WILLIAM P. MCGIVERN

COPYRIGHT 1955 BY WILLIAM P. MCGIVERN

*Retnick could have had love or money, but he chose vengeance—
vengeance on the men who'd framed him for a waterfront murder*

BEGINNING A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

STEVE RETNICK'S release from Sing Sing caused only a brief and seemingly casual stir of interest in the file room of the Thirty-first Detective Squad. Three men were present when Sergeant Miles Kleyburg, after a glance at his desk calendar, said, "Today's the day. You think he'll come back here?"

Lieutenant Neville stood in the doorway of his private office packing a short black pipe. "You're talking about Steve," he said, and walked to the wide, dirt-streaked windows that overlooked the river. Lighting his pipe, he stared without enthusiasm at the cold, gray view. Gulls stood out brightly against the swollen, soot-dark river.

"I don't know about Steve," Lieutenant Neville went on. "He'll want to know about Ragoni. I hope—" Shrugging, he said, "He'll do what he wants."

"I'll be glad to see him," Kleyburg said.

Neville glanced at him. "I will too," he said, and went back to his office.

The third man in the room, a detective named Connors, stretched and got to his feet. He was a tall young man with even features and wavy blond hair. Except for excellent clothes, there was nothing distinctive about his appearance. "I'm going out for a few minutes," he said casually.

Sergeant Kleyburg, a heavily built man with thin white hair and horn-rimmed glasses, nodded briefly. There was no expression at all on his tired, solid face.

Connors went downstairs and crossed the mean slum street to a small candy store. He walked back to the telephone booth and dialed a number. When a voice answered, he said, "Mr. Amato? I just thought I'd remind you. Steve Retnick is out today." Listening then, he smiled faintly. "Sure," he said, "I'll find him. I'll take care of it."

Outside, a cold wind swept down the cross-town block. Connors turned up his collar and hurried toward the station.

But Steve Retnick didn't return that day or the next. And along the waterfront and in certain police stations there were men who waited uneasily for him.

IT WAS eight fifteen the following night when Retnick walked into Tim Moran's saloon on Twelfth Avenue. He stopped just inside the door, a tall, wide-shouldered man who wore a cheap suit and a felt hat. His face was expressionless as he glanced around, but his eyes were cold and sharp under the brim of his hat.

The place wasn't crowded at that hour. Two dock workers sat at the end of the bar, red-faced men in caps and bulky jackets, and standing between them a huge fat man whose round, childish face was slightly flushed with liquor. He wore an expensive camel's-hair coat. Retnick knew the big

man; he was called Hammy, and before showing up on the waterfront he had made his living as a sparring partner, a punching bag for fighters who had some brains as well as bulk. Retnick wasn't interested in him, so he turned and walked slowly to the bar.

Tim Moran looked up from a glass he was polishing and a surprised smile spread slowly over his small red face. "Steve! Welcome back, boy. You've not changed at all."

This was almost true; the five years in jail hadn't marked him physically. The planes of his dark face were sharp and hard. There was no gray in his close-cut black hair, and his body was tough and flexible. But there were changes. . . .

"Five years older," Retnick said, pushing his hat a bit higher on his forehead.

Moran looked into his eyes then and saw the change in the man. He said uneasily, "Well, let's celebrate, Steve. What'll it be?"

"Nothing," Retnick said. "I'm looking for Frank Ragoni."

"Steve, I haven't seen him for a week."

"Have you heard any talk about where he might be?"

"Not a word. I'd like to help. I know you were good friends, but . . ." He shrugged.

"A week ago, Ragoni finished his shift at midnight," Retnick said. "He was working at Pier Five, in the hold of a North Star Lines ship that

night. He never got home. I've talked to his wife. She says he was in a good mood when he left for work."

"Why should he up and disappear?" Moran said.

The big man in the camel's-hair coat rapped on the bar. "What do I have to do for a drink?"

Moran smiled quickly. "What'll it be?"

"Whisky all round," Hammy said, staring at Retnick. "Give your friend one too. He looks like he could use it."

WHEN the drink was set before him, Retnick studied it for a moment. The room was silent, and then Retnick finally lifted the glass and nodded to Hammy. "Thanks," he said, and the curious little interval of tension dissolved. Hammy began talking to the dock workers again, and Moran leaned closer to Retnick.

"Watch yourself with Hammy, Steve," he said. "He's mean."

"Who's he working for?"

"Nick Amato."

"I picked up that drink too fast," Retnick said. "Is Amato still riding high?"

"The men in his local stick behind him."

"Do they have a choice?"

Moran began to polish the shining surface of the bar. "I sell beer, Steve. To anybody who wants it. I don't take sides in union politics. You know how it is."

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MCCARTHY



"I didn't want a divorce,"
Marcia said. "I wanted to
wait for you." Retnick said
evenly, "And did you wait?"



IKE'S *Fishing Secrets*

By ALFRED M. LANSING

His favorite dry fly is an obscure design called a House and Lot. He never walks downstream, or along the bank. Lore? Ike has plenty of it—and he makes it work

IT IS 1,710 miles from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C., to a certain log cabin just outside the little town of Fraser, Colorado. That's a long distance. Yet tacked to the door of the Colorado cabin is a sign which has a direct bearing (particularly in the spring of the year) on the occupant of the Washington address, who is Dwight D. Eisenhower. The sign reads:

"Warning! Fishing Fever. Caution—Contagious—Dangerous. Symptoms: Extended spring fever; patient lapses into long periods of blank expression. Becomes allergic to work. Spends most time looking at maps, fishing-tackle catalogs and checking tackle box."

Make no mistake. Fishing Fever, the ailment that strikes down 43,000,000 Americans every spring, doesn't bypass the White House by any means. And while the President can't afford to suffer a real attack (nobody can be "allergic to work" in the White House) he still gets twinges. When that happens, it's a pretty good bet he's dreaming about that little log cabin with the quarantine sign on it, which he has visited the last three summers.

The cabin is on the Byers Peak Ranch, which is Ike's favorite fishing spot. Here the holder of Colorado's nonresident fishing license No. 1 can find the kind of angling he likes best—dry-fly fishing for scrappy, medium-sized trout. Here, in relative seclusion, he has as much chance as he ever gets to be just another citizen engaging in his favorite sport. And here he is in the company of his old fishing buddy, Aksel Nielsen, a round-faced, irrepressible, fifty-four-year-old mortgage banker (10 years younger than the President) who introduced Ike to dry-fly fishing back in the thirties.

Ike's day at the camp usually starts at 6:00 A.M. After breakfast the President may decide to work on one of his paintings for a while; or he may fiddle around the kitchen preparing some special dish; or he may dig out his .22-caliber pistol, and shoot a few rounds of target practice at a bull's-eye attached to a nearby stump.

But there's also an excellent chance he'll look out the kitchen window and decide that little St. Louis Creek, bubbling down from the snowy heights of Byers Peak, is just too inviting to resist. If so, the President will go over to the closet, pull on his hip boots, gather up the rest of his equipment and head for the stream. Nine times out of ten,

Aksel ("In all my life, nobody ever called me Mr. Nielsen") will be right there with him.

Occasionally, the President will travel the quarter-of-a-mile distance to the creek on foot, but more often he'll climb into the ranch jeep and drive over. Such an act would seem to be simple enough—but not when you're the President of the United States. The Secret Service men must go into immediate action. Usually there are 12 agents assigned to the ranch (although under special circumstances there may be 32 or more), and they live at a nearby lumber camp and work in three shifts—four men on duty at a time, very inconspicuously. When Ike drives to the creek, however, they have to scurry. Somehow, they manage to keep one step ahead of him; they're always at the creek before he is.

Even with waders, stepping into that cold stream is a shocker. Aksel, who owns the ranch jointly with Carl A. Norgren, a Denver oiling equipment inventor and manufacturer, claims it's one of the coldest creeks in Colorado. About three miles of the stream are within the borders of the ranch's 3,800 acres.

The creek has an average depth of only about six inches, which makes it ideal for small or medium trout—say seven to 12 inches, Ike's favorite size. Last year, the sportsmen's clubs of Colorado, as a gesture of good will toward the President, had the stream stocked with fish. They thought they were doing Ike a special favor by dumping in nice, big 15-inch native rainbows. But the fish were too big for the stream; they just lay on the bottom, disappointingly inactive. Ike had to use all his angling talents to get them to respond to a fly.

Even under ordinary circumstances, it's not easy to hook into a creelful in St. Louis Creek. In the years Ike and Aksel have fished there, they have rarely taken the legal limit of 10 fish in one day.

The President is no tyro angler. He knows what he's doing. One indication is the way he sizes up the elements on his way to the creek: the time of day, the brightness of the sky, the speed and direction of the wind, anything that might affect the fishing. Once the icy stream is swirling around his ankles, the President studies the water, making a

President Eisenhower during a fishing trip in Colorado. When the fish are biting well, he has been known to lose all track of the time



J. M. F. DUBOIS



The President likes to keep his flies oiled and his line greased. He does

sort of mental card index of the position of rocks in the creek and the depth of the water at strategic spots. If there is a breeze ruffling the surface, for example, he knows he can take more chances, experiment more.

Like any really top-notch angler, Ike's purpose in studying the situation is to figure out the best place to fish and which fly to use—which one, that is, the fish might normally expect to be there. On the subject of flies, it would not be entirely accurate to say that Ike is a true purist—a fisherman who won't use anything but dry flies. If the fish absolutely refuse to hit on his dry flies he'll reluctantly shift to a flashy little spinner—but the circumstances have to be pretty desperate.

The nucleus of the President's dry-fly packet, usually tied on small No. 12 or No. 14 hooks, consists of fairly standard items: Rio Grande kings, red variants and ginger quills. But there is one off-beat little number that Ike and Aksel discovered last fall—a real, sure-fire killer. "We call it the House and Lot," says Aksel, "because it gets all over the place—and it catches fish. We had better luck with it last season than anything else."

The Man Who Designed House and Lot

The fly itself (you can see a picture of it in the upper left-hand corner of this issue's cover) is a fuzzy-headed, white-and-brown variant, designed and tied by Ralph Coffman, a social-science teacher in Denver's Manual High School, who runs a sports-equipment business on the side. When Coffman first showed Aksel the fly it was called an A-P variant, but after its great success at Byers Peak Ranch the name was changed to the one Ike and Aksel use: House and Lot.

After Ike picks out a fly, he ties it onto a nine-foot leader, then begins working the stream. And in fly casting—especially dry-fly—it's this process that is the measure of the man as an angler. The ultimate goal is to lay the fly down as gently as if it were a real insect that had tumbled into the water. Ike Eisenhower does it just that way. His line (the so-called double-tapered type, slender at both ends

and thick in the middle) sails back and forth in the air, growing longer all the time as he strips more of it off the reel. Finally, he whips his rod tip toward the spot he wants to hit and the line snakes out along the surface, stopping as the little fly touches down softly, just where he wants it.

Once Ike has made up his mind that a certain fly should produce the best results under the existing conditions, he fishes with it until it has had more than a fair trial. Only when he's positive that his failure to attract fish is caused by the fly—not by the way he's casting, for example, or the way the wind's blowing—will he change.

What kind of rod does Ike use? Well, there's no escaping it—when it comes to rods, the President is old-fashioned. He started his fishing career with a bamboo rod, and he still prefers bamboo to the increasingly popular—and much sturdier—glass. His attitude toward reels also might be described as out-of-date. Modern-day fly-rod reels are spring-driven affairs that automatically take in the line when a lever is depressed. But Ike still uses an old hand-winder. Says Aksel: "There's only one explanation. The hand-winding reel is lighter."

In any case, you can be sure that the biggest secret of President Eisenhower's fishing success is less the gear he uses than the way he uses it.

Once he's in the water, Ike invariably works his way upstream. He knows that the fish almost always head into the current; by coming up on them from behind, he feels, he reduces the chances that they'll see him. And rarely does he leave the water until he's through fishing. The President figures that if he walked up on the bank in order to change positions, he couldn't avoid making some unnatural noise which might cause the fish to suspect that an enemy was nearby. The thump, thump of a person walking on the shore is a danger signal to a fish. But in the stream, the sound of walking could very easily be mistaken by a fish for something like stones being swept downstream.

There are some fishermen who get irritated with anybody who talks while he's fishing. Not Ike. Aksel and he usually stick pretty close together, and they carry on an almost incessant conversation.

"We don't settle any affairs of state," says Aksel, "because we simply never talk about them." What do they discuss? Fishing, of course.

"Ike's purpose," says Aksel, "is to outsmart the fish. He's forever planning, always trying to get the edge on them."

What gives Ike his biggest thrill in fishing?

Playing on the Fishes' Curiosity

"He's happiest," says Aksel, "when the fish are giving him a play—when they're not terribly eager to strike, but are so darned intrigued by his flies and the way he's laying them down that they spurt over to take a look. You know—what fishermen call 'turning' the fish. Ike doesn't necessarily care about catching a lot of fish. He just likes to know he's turning them. It's competitive fishing—Ike outfoxing the fish."

"At times like that he loses himself in what he's doing, and he becomes oblivious to temperature, time—everything except the fish."

Everyone who has fished with Ike says the same. Bal (for Balford) Swan, like Aksel a banker, owns a ranch near Buffalo Creek, Colorado, where Ike often fishes during his stays in Denver. One nippy day last September, Ike and Aksel were fishing along with Swan and George Allen, a former government official and an old friend of the President, who owns a farm near Ike's place outside of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

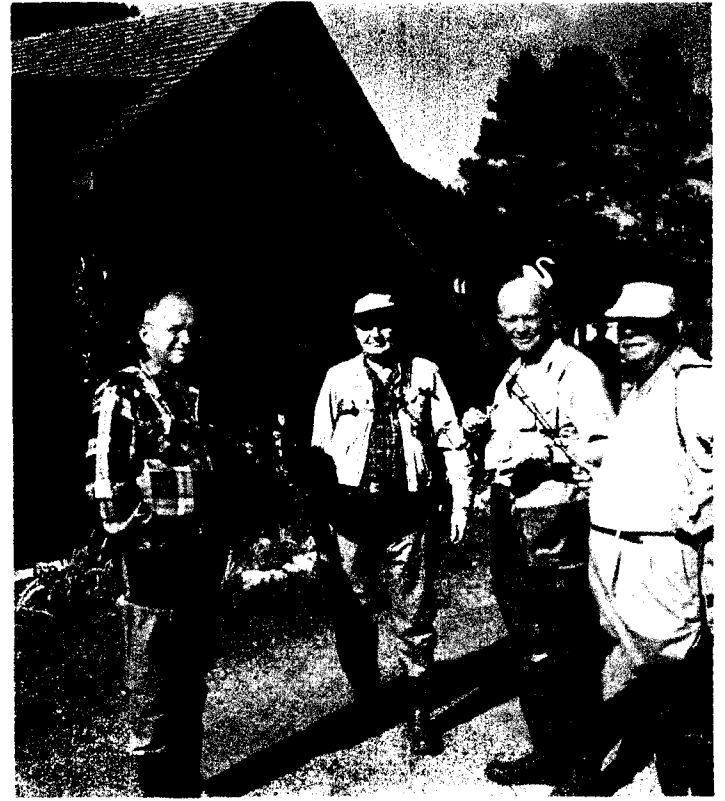
"After about an hour in that stream, I'd had enough," Swan says. "So when Allen suggested that a cup of coffee might taste good I jumped at the chance to go with him and get warmed up. It must have been about noon then. And it was cold, let me tell you. But the President and Aksel never even noticed it. They stayed in the stream until after five o'clock. I'd have frozen to death, but you would have thought those two were fishing in a Louisiana bayou."

Such a prolonged session in the water, however, is fairly uncommon. The President usually is ready to call a halt after a couple of hours. For one thing, there's always a task waiting that he enjoys almost



ALFRED M. LANSING

Irene Work, whose husband manages Byers Peak Ranch in Colorado, straightens up the unpretentious cabin the President shares with his friend, Aksel Nielsen



BALFORD SWAN

At banker Balford Swan's ranch in Colorado. Left to right, Aksel Nielsen, owner Swan, Ike and George Allen

Collier's for April 15, 1955

both chores himself

as much as fishing: cooking the catch. Once Ike has oiled his flies and greased his line—a chore he always does himself—he turns to the skillet.

The President's love of cooking is well known, and fish in particular are an Eisenhower specialty. Ike prefers his trout baked over an open fire. His recipe for trout, which he likes best served with sweet corn and finished off with watermelon, goes like this:

Clean the fish, roll each one in olive oil, season with pepper and dip in corn meal. Then wrap each fish in aluminum foil and cook on the grill 10 minutes on each side (for an average 12-inch fish). To be certain the fish brown, have the charcoal at the peak of its heat—glowing brightly, just after the flames die down.

Ike's kitchen activities do not by any means begin and end with cooking trout. "He cooks all three meals at the ranch—by choice," Aksel told me. "And when he's in the kitchen, which we've fixed up for him with plenty of work space, we all stay out of his way. He enjoys himself, and we just leave him alone."

Then Aksel paused for a moment and smiled.

"Well," he said, "let me amend that statement a bit—it's not quite accurate. The fact is that we have to go into the kitchen now and then or Ike might kill himself by running into an open cupboard door. He never closed a door in his life. I don't know why . . . I don't think he does, either. He's just not conscious that he's opened them. You've got to follow him around closing them or people would bash their brains out."

Life at Byers Peak Ranch is fairly primitive. The President and Aksel share a rude log cabin. Although the camp is at an elevation of 8,500 feet, where the nights and mornings are chilly even in midsummer, the cabin has about the same amount of insulation that Abe Lincoln's boyhood home had. Inside, it's furnished with an old sofa, two chairs, a small desk and twin beds.

Ranch Furniture and Art Are Primitive

The kitchen in which Ike spends so much time is located in a nearby building which, as you might imagine, is the camp's center of activity. It's called the Nut House; no one knows why. A machine nut hangs on the wall, and beside it is painted the word "house." That's a joke. The kitchen is partitioned off and takes up about one third of the building (the house is about 40 feet long by 20 wide). The rest is equipped with hand-me-down furniture. In one corner there is an ancient and all but unplayable piano, which serves as a catchall for magazines, books and whatever. Nearby there's a stuffed seven-pound trout, which was caught by some forgotten individual about the turn of the century. Leaning against a wall is a painting by an unknown artist, depicting a fisherman playing a trout while a good-sized black bear approaches him from one side. (Ike, a painter himself, has criticized the canvas on the ground that it lacks a central theme. He contends that the viewer doesn't know whether it's a picture of a man playing a fish or a man about to be pounced on by a bear. Aksel doesn't know either.) On a table against the opposite wall is an old radio with the varnish peeling off it. On top of the radio is a small printed sign which suggests the relaxed attitude of the entire camp. It reads, "Before you louse something up—THINK."

Despite this misspelled injunction, a crisis occasionally arises in Ike's kitchen, just as it might in any other kitchen in the land. And, true to form, it often occurs at the most inconvenient possible time—say at breakfast. Ike may discover, for example, that he's short an egg or two. Usually he dispatches his valet, Sergeant John Moaney, to remedy the shortage. But now and then the chief executive may himself slip on a jacket and trudge 500 yards down the road to the home of John and Irene Work, the couple who manage the ranch.

And just imagine how twenty-three-year-old

Collier's for April 15, 1955



AKSEL NIELSEN

Hip-booted for an expedition to his favorite stream, St. Louis Creek, the President wets the end of a leader before threading a hook, while companion Aksel Nielsen selects some dry flies

Irene must feel when she opens her back door and finds the President of the United States standing there asking to borrow, say, a half-dozen eggs.

Much as he enjoys cooking, when the meal is over Ike is more than willing to yield the kitchen to Sergeant Moaney to clean up. There's never any argument about that—at breakfast, lunch or dinner. Washing dishes, like closing doors, comes under the heading of Chores Ike Doesn't Do.

The President makes sure, though, that Moaney and the others who must work aren't kept so busy that they don't have time for fun. "He is forever mindful of the fellows who are not there of their own choice," Aksel says. Just to make sure that everybody is enjoying himself, the President frequently appoints himself a sort of recreation director: he teaches people to fish.

Of all those Ike has introduced to fishing (including press secretary James Hagerty and a number of the Secret Service men), Moaney is the star pupil. The two men have been friends since early in World War II when Moaney first took over the job as Ike's orderly. He stayed with the President later when he became SHAPE commander and then accompanied him to the White House.

Ike started Moaney fishing in 1950. He equipped the sergeant with a special rod and spent considerable time schooling him in its use. Once Moaney grasped the fundamentals he became almost as enthusiastic about fishing as the President.

As a fishing professor, the President is a perfectionist. He is satisfied only with faultless casting technique. He insists that his pupils properly interpret the signs of nature. But most of all, he stresses that there's no short cut to becoming a good angler. His guiding philosophy in fishing is probably best described by the old saying among fishermen, "He catches the most fish who fishes most."

Just how good an angler is the President? I put the question to George Harvey, an outstanding authority on fishing who teaches a course in angling at Pennsylvania State University, where he is an associate professor of physical education.

Harvey periodically fishes with the Chief Executive, and he says:

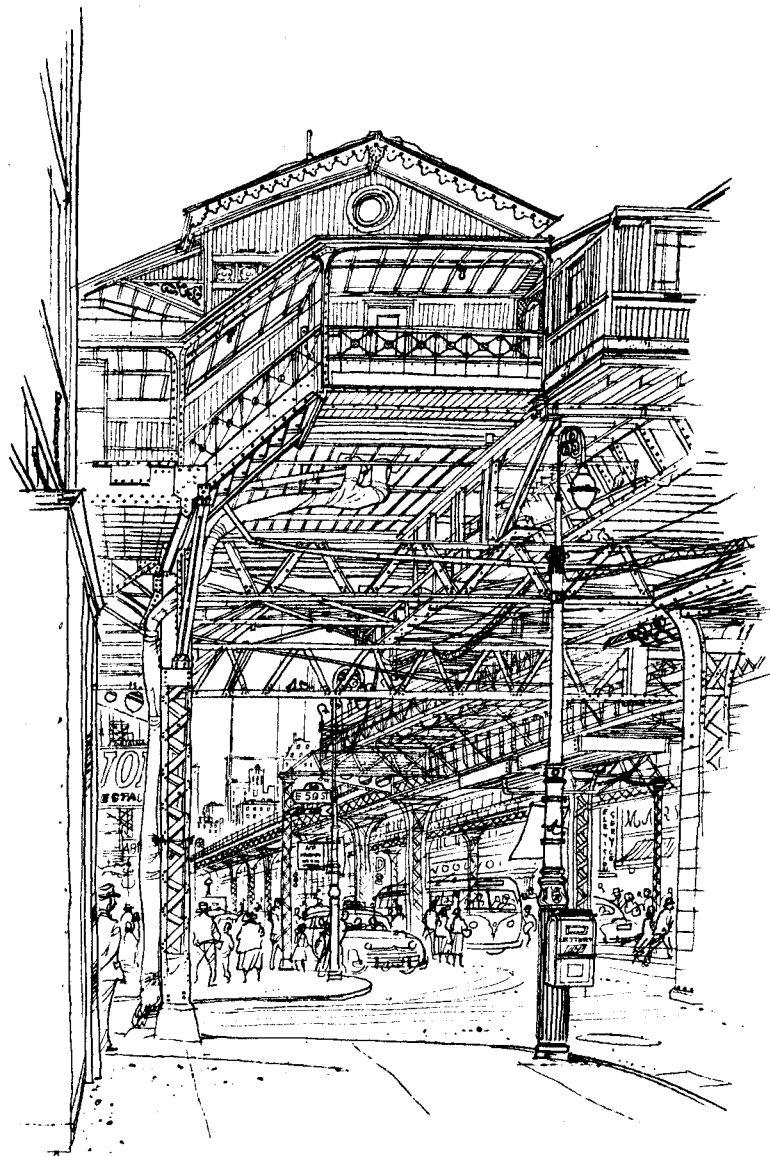
"The President is 'way, 'way above average. I've been out with the finest fishermen in the country, and though I can't say the President is the best fisherman I've ever seen, he's pretty close to it. I'd put him in the top 20 per cent."

If the President is that good, does he ever lose a fish he's hooked?

"You betcha he does," says Aksel, emphatically. "Just like anybody else."

What then?

"Well, let's put it this way," Aksel replies. "If Ike loses a fish he has more than a few well-chosen words at his command with which to express his disappointment. After all, he was in the Army for forty-odd years."

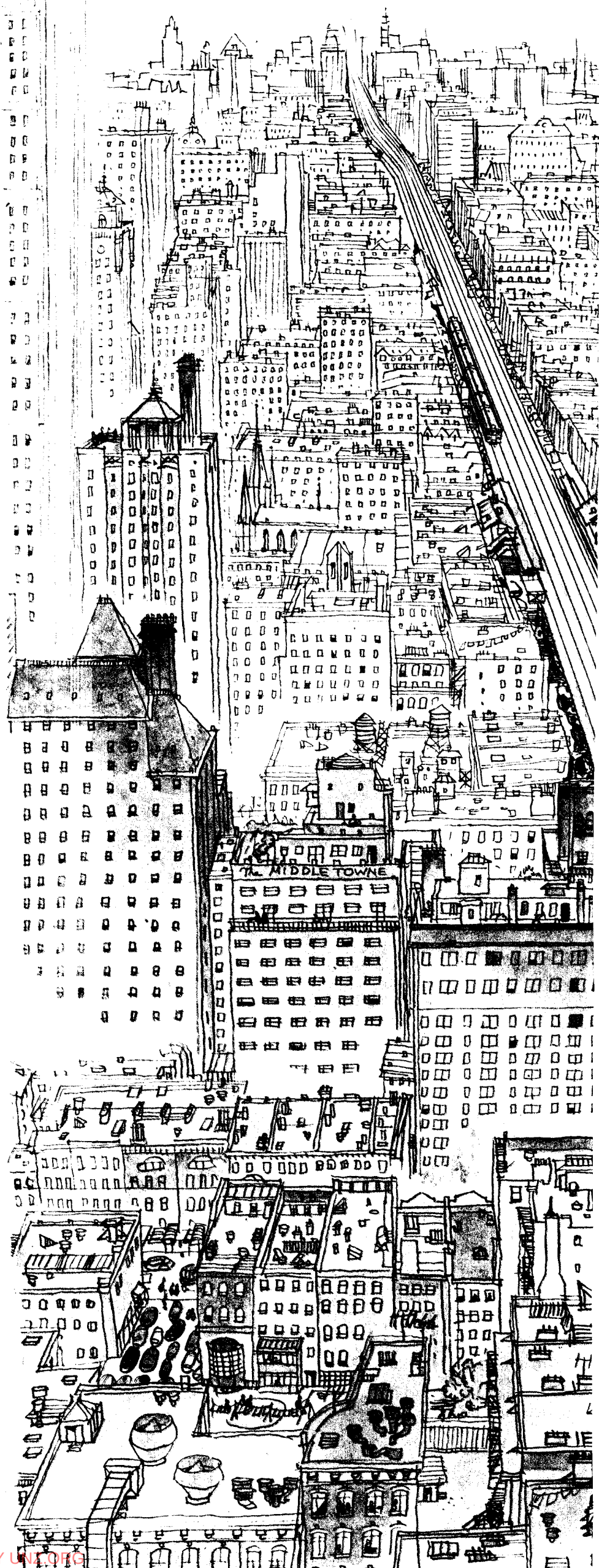


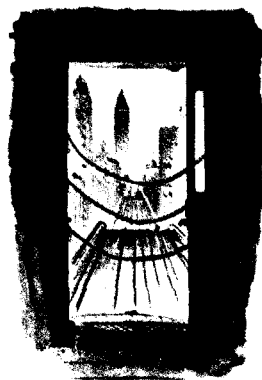
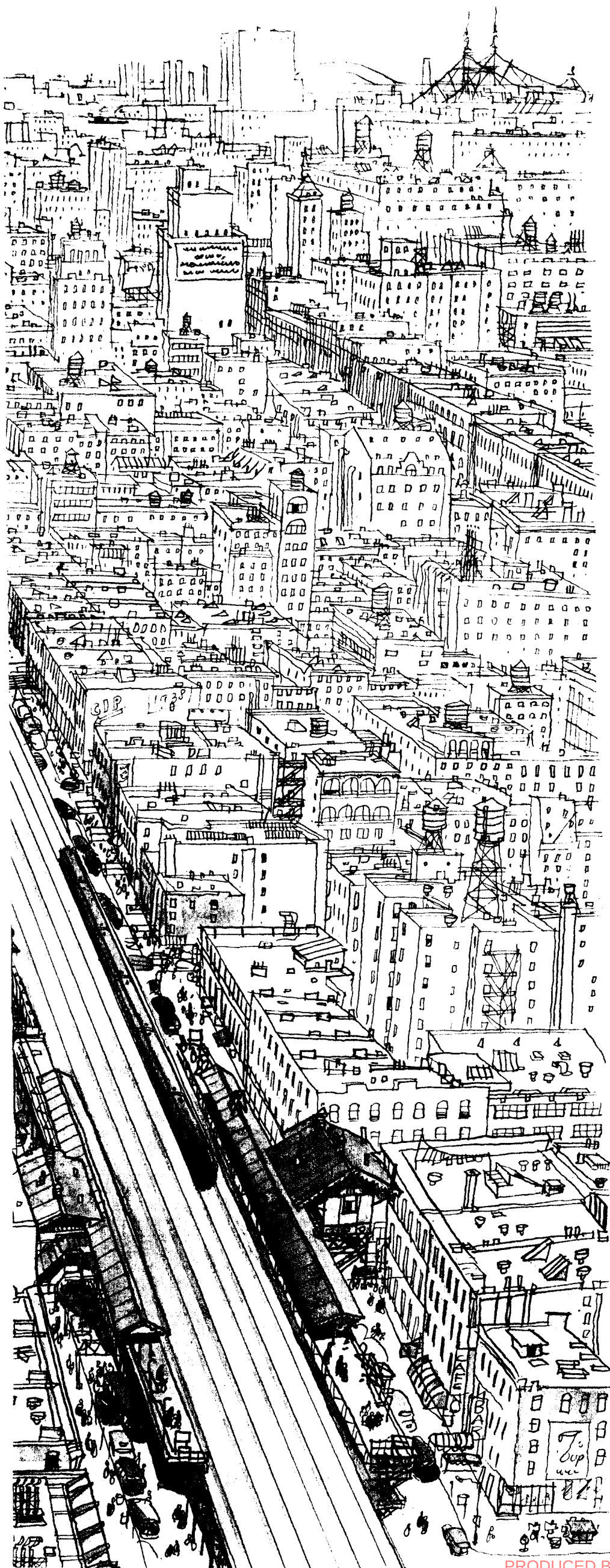
Artist Spier's first drawing of Third Avenue el captures inelegant charm of a station shed suspended over 59th Street

Farewell TO THE EL

A young artist has immortalized an old landmark which will soon be gone from New York City. Here's a last look at a way of life called the Third Avenue El

DRAWINGS BY PETER SPIER





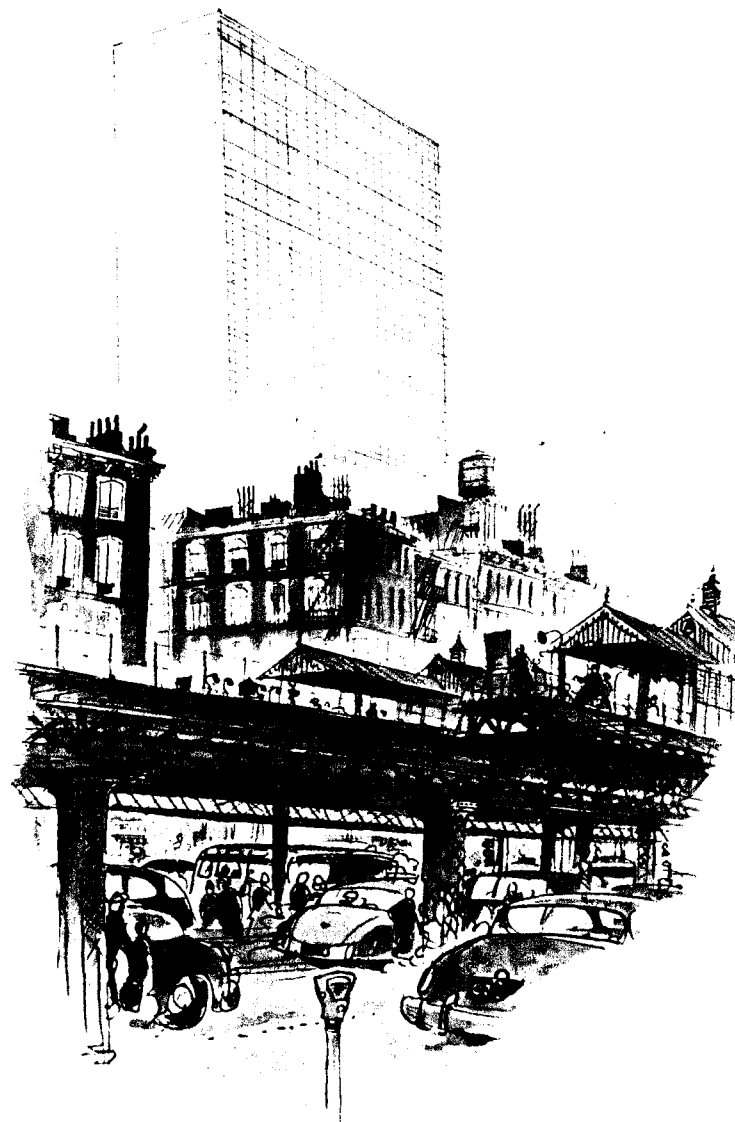
FOR fully three quarters of a century, Manhattan's famed Third Avenue has not seen the light of day. The street of taverns, tenements and antique shops lies in the constant shadow of a vast steel superstructure called the Third Avenue el, the last of Manhattan's elevated railway lines.

Extending 14 miles from lower Manhattan into the Bronx, the el is an awesomely ugly mass of pillars and rails. But for those who live and work nearby it is a lovable monster, the earth-shaking rumble of its trains signifying all is well within the dim little world of Third Avenue.

The el has its charms, too, for a twenty-seven-year-old artist named Peter Spier. Passing under its massive frame recently, Spier stopped idly to sketch the quaint old station shed which hovers over Third Avenue at 59th Street. A policeman peered over his shoulder. "Catch 'er while you can," he told Spier. "They're ripping 'er down in the spring."

Spier checked, found that they are indeed ripping 'er down soon. He began a feverish campaign to capture the el on paper, from every possible angle, before the wreckers moved in. He drew it from building roofs and street corners, from tenements and pawnshop doorways, and rode its picturesque course through the Bowery, mid-town, Harlem and the Bronx, sketching the view every mile of the way. The result, more than 100 sketches which may come out in book form this summer, is a whimsical tribute to one of the last bulwarks—inelegant but well-beloved—of Old Manhattan.

—MARTHA WEINMAN



Looking east from Third Avenue, the UN Building towers over the el and squalid tenements. Spier sketched building taller than it appeared from his vantage point, to sharpen new-old contrast

ENTRANCE

EXIT

The Problem of our MENTAL HOSPITALS

Too many people who need treatment
can't get it because our institutions are
overcrowded and understaffed.

Yet thousands of patients continue to
be confined after their recovery

By **ALBERT DEUTSCH**

Author of *MENTALLY ILL IN AMERICA*

TWO thrilling dramas—one a prize-winning stage play and the other a real-life tragedy—have recently stirred up smoldering fears that large numbers of sane people are being railroaded to insane asylums, while many dangerously insane patients are being released too soon, free to commit rape, mayhem and murder.

The play, *The Shrike*, which received the Pulitzer prize, depicts in shocking detail how a young man narrowly escapes being railroaded to a mental hospital by his evil wife, abetted by foolish psychiatrists. Highly praised for its indisputable technical excellence, the play was also widely hailed as a convincing exposé of the horrible practice.

The real-life drama occurred when a young veteran walked into the office of the American Physical Society in New York and shot dead a pretty eighteen-year-old clerk he had never seen before. The man, Bayard P. Peakes, told police he had intended to kill officials of the society who had failed to appreciate his "discovery" of an atomic key to everlasting life, and had shot the girl because nobody else was in at the time. Inquiry revealed that the crazed young man had been a mental hospital patient seven years earlier. The judge handling the Peakes case severely criticized mental hospital authorities, charging them with loosing many "dangerous lunatics," and listed a number of murders and other crimes of violence allegedly committed by former mental patients.

Lending force to the judge's charges was the occurrence of several other sensational murders by ex-patients immediately before and after the tragic Peakes incident. In Chicago, a young man in the audience at an outdoor symphony concert shouted, "I love Sally," and fatally shot a girl and wounded her companion—both strangers to him—then killed himself. He had been released from a veterans mental hospital three weeks earlier. In New York, a young girl recently discharged from a state mental hospital murdered her mother. In Dayton, a former patient of a veterans mental hospital was killed in a pistol duel with a policeman trying to disarm him. Several other sensational incidents involving ex-patients hit the press about the same time.

A public outcry was raised for tighter reins on mental hospital release procedures. The New York State Mental Health Council launched an intensive study of the problem.

If there are justifiable grounds for the fears of wholesale railroading of the sane and premature release of dangerous maniacs, the situation is grave indeed. Every year 300,000 patients are admitted to mental hospitals—one admission every two minutes around the clock. It is estimated that one in every 20 among us spends some time in a mental hospital as a patient; every fifth family has a member who is, was or will be such a patient. Directly or indirectly, we all have a stake in the goings and comings of mental hospital patients.

What are the actual facts about railroading the sane and releasing potentially murderous lunatics?

The first fact to stress is that the laws and regulations pertaining to commitment and discharge of mental patients are so outmoded, contradictory and loosely phrased that they provide little protection of the right kind—and too much of the wrong kind—to patient and public. In many states, for example, private mental hospitals, or sanitariums, are exempt from public inspection or supervision; railroading to such institutions is much easier, theoretically, than to public hospitals. Until the legal loopholes are filled and the contradictions straightened out, we cannot entirely rid ourselves of evils and abuses. Fortunately, a group of experts recently made available a model state commitment-and-discharge act that brings the hospitalization of mental patients in line with modern psychiatric knowledge, with benefit to both patient and the public.

Helpless Sick People Treated Like Criminals

We are a civilized people, justifiably proud of our special concern for the weak and the unfortunate. Yet in the admission and discharge of mental patients we tolerate brutal and degrading practices that involve many thousands of our fellow citizens annually. But the worst of these practices have nothing to do with railroading or premature discharge. They involve helpless sick people who are handled like criminals, then herded in institutions where their fate too often is to be forgotten and neglected and deprived of the treatment they need.

How often are sane people railroaded to asylums? Rarely, in the sense played up in the sensational press. There is, to be sure, the disgracefully common practice of sending to mental hospitals aged people who are not truly psychotic, though they may be somewhat mentally enfeebled. These people do not need mental hospital treatment but are sent to institutions because we do not provide suitable care for them elsewhere. But rare indeed in our day is a real railroading—where a sane man or woman is shanghaied to an insane asylum by villainous relatives, friends or business associates to satisfy motives of revenge, lust or greed.

As a long-time writer on mental health, I have received hundreds of urgent requests to investigate charges of alleged railroading of sane persons. Aside from the old folks already mentioned, my inquiries have never uncovered a successful, deliberate railroading. Recently a lawyer on the staff of the National Association for Mental Health studied intensively eight cases of allegedly wrongful commitment, screened from other complaints as meriting the most serious inquiry. Not a single case of railroading was verified.

Mistaken commitments to mental hospitals do occur occasionally, but they are usually quickly rectified. Sometimes these errors have an amusing overtone, as in the case of a Louisiana psychiatrist who was

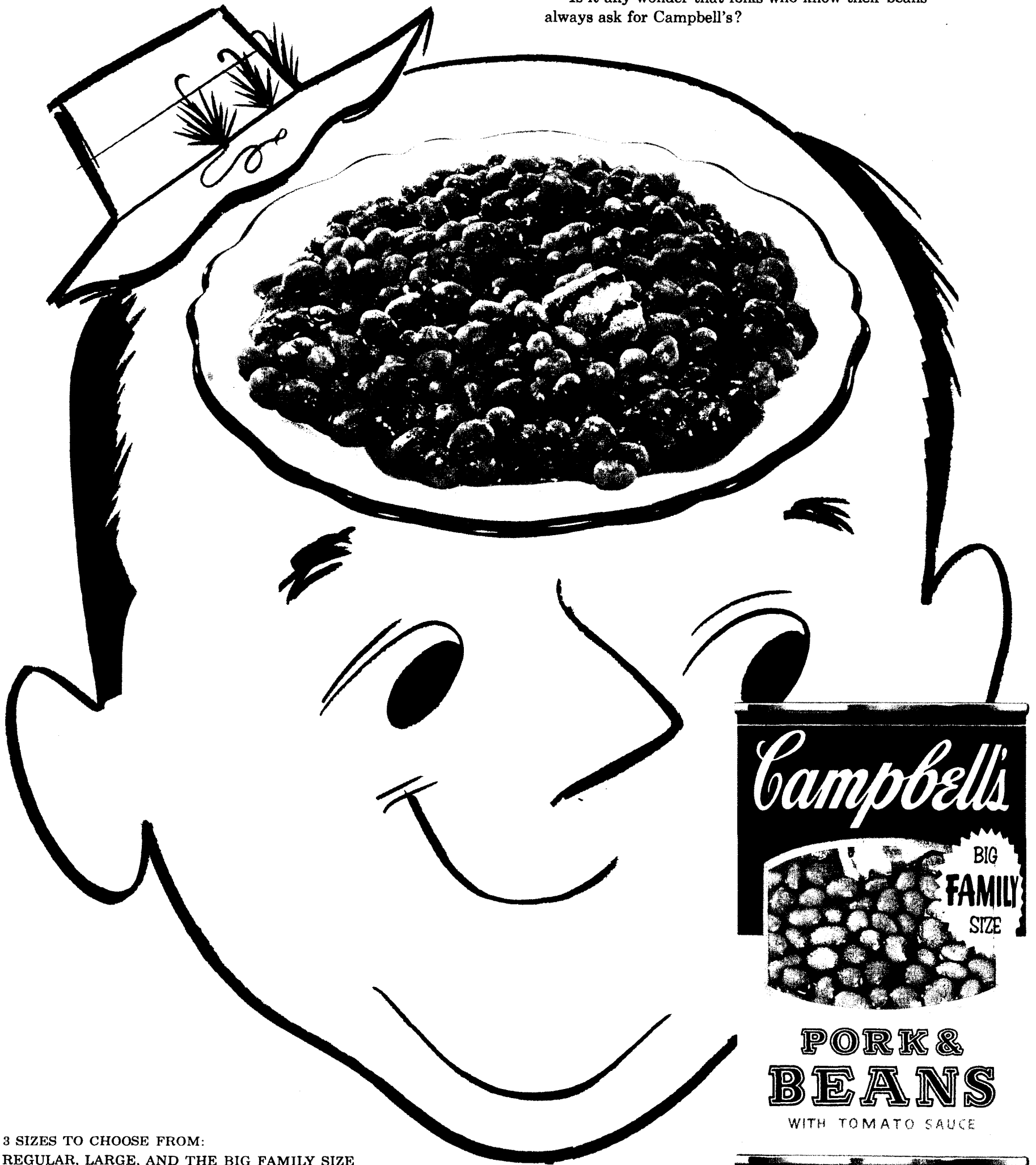
Collier's for April 15, 1955

Folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's

He may be an expert with a flyrod, but he knows you're the expert, Madam wife, when it comes to dishing up the "vittles." So when he comes home, good and hungry, with beans on his mind, give him the best. Give him Campbell's Pork & Beans, *because*—

1. Campbell's start with the best of beans, their famous tomato sauce, and lean bacon pork.
2. With this happy beginning, they cook their beans with matchless Campbell skill in the spotless Campbell kitchens.

Is it any wonder that folks who know their beans always ask for Campbell's?



3 SIZES TO CHOOSE FROM:
REGULAR, LARGE, AND THE BIG FAMILY SIZE

transporting a man to an institution when he stopped at a bar for a few drinks with his patient. The doctor got drunk, whereupon the patient switched identification papers. It was the psychiatrist who was brought to the hospital (to his acute embarrassment when he sobered up), but the mix-up was straightened out in short order.

In view of our weak laws, the wonder is not that so many sane people are railroaded to asylums, but that so few are. Contrary to popular notions, the real scandal is not that our commitment laws and procedures facilitate railroading but that they bar easy access to mental hospitals for mental patients who really need help. As for discharge procedures, the scandal there is not that too many dangerous lunatics are being let loose, but that too many patients are kept in confinement long after they should be sent home.

Let's examine these startling paradoxes. Generally speaking, the problem of hospitalizing mentally sick people is handled in a vastly different manner than that of the physically sick—say, those with pneumonia or appendicitis. In most cases today, the mental patient is taken to the hospital without his consent. He may be locked up indefinitely within the hospital, perhaps for the remainder of his life. He may be forced into strait jackets or handcuffs, or strapped to his bed—all without having violated a single law of the land. (We are dealing here, remember, with the so-called civil insane, not with the relatively few criminally insane.)

Obviously this deprivation of personal liberty must be carefully checked by legal procedures. The Constitution says that no person may be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law.

WE HAVE a plentitude of laws designed to protect the insane—and the public. Some of the laws are necessary. Too many are unsound, archaic and vicious in their operation. They are based generally on the outmoded notion that all insanity may lead to criminal violence. Methods of dealing with mental patients often reflect the outworn mumbo jumbo of laws whose phrasing is more applicable to criminal suspects than to sick people.

Here's what could happen under the laws of most states:

The mental patient is "suspected" of being insane. He (or she) is "apprehended" or "arrested" by a sheriff or other law-enforcement official. He is often lodged in jail while awaiting determination of his status. He is taken to court to have a judge or a jury decide whether he is "guilty" of the "charge" of insanity. If he is adjudged insane, he is committed by court order to a mental hospital, much as a criminal is committed to prison. He may be sent back to jail to await transportation to the hospital.

In most cases he is brought to the hospital by a police officer, sometimes in chains or handcuffs.

The combination of police, jail and the courts can do incalculable harm to the patient, gravely impeding his prospects of recovery. It often reinforces the delusions of persecution in some, and the morbid feelings of guilt in others. ("The world is against me; look how they are treating me." Or, "I must have committed a horrible crime; they are punishing me.") Psychiatrists generally are appalled by the cumbersome, callous and often brutal legal machinery that "processes" sick people as though they were criminals.

The effect on the patient's family may also be disastrous. Relatives are likely to feel ashamed and stunned at being parties to the degradation of their loved ones. No wonder many families hesitate to seek hospitalization for a mentally sick member. Since quick treatment makes recovery more likely, the family's delay may greatly dim the patient's chances for restoration to sanity.

"Too bad," a reader might comment, "but how else can maniacs be handled?"

THE fact is that only a very small proportion of the mentally sick belong to the "raving maniac" or "gibbering idiot" class. The great majority are quiet, passive, harmless, withdrawn into their own private worlds. Even the overactive or violent can be far better handled by people with special experience and skills than by police who often share the popular misconceptions and fears about the insane. Some time ago a New York City policeman was called to take a mentally sick young man to Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital. Drawing his pistol, he had the patient walk before him through a crowded street, with hundreds of persons following them. Tension mounted rapidly. At the end of the block the patient, in panic, drew a knife and was shot dead.

On another occasion, a mental patient was forcibly brought to Bellevue by four policemen. In the waiting room of the hospital, the patient suddenly grabbed a policeman's gun and seriously wounded two of his captors before he was disarmed.

Some of the larger cities, among them New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, have psychopathic wards or psychiatric buildings where mental patients can be sent for observation to decide whether they should be committed to mental hospitals. But in most places, a mental patient needing institutional care can be sent only to jail, to a private sanitarium (if he or his relatives can afford it), or directly to a state mental hospital.

Ninety-eight out of every hundred institutionalized mental patients are in public hospitals, mostly operated by the states.

Methods of committing mental patients to institutions vary widely. Usually a court order signed by a judge is needed to commit a patient. The judge acts upon a petition signed by friends or relatives, or on a physician's certificate. Generally, the judge then has the patient placed under observation in a mental hospital, or has him examined by one or more qualified doctors before deciding whether to commit him.

It often requires sharp and prolonged examination by experts to tell whether an individual is psychotic, or insane. Many psychotics can converse sensibly for hours; paranoids, suffering from a systematized chain of delusions with mixed feelings of persecution and grandeur, can appear witty and wise on all subjects excepting those about which they have delusions. These paranoids, who rank among the most dangerous types of mentally ill persons, often fool laymen, including judges and lawyers. Recently a psychiatrist testified in court that a patient was insane and should be hospitalized. The judge, impressed by the patient's superficial display of sanity, nevertheless released the man. Three days later the patient shot and killed his own attorney. Another man, similarly released as sane after an examining psychiatrist pro-

nounced him insane, committed suicide the next day.

Nobody in his right senses would think of letting a lay jury decide whether a man has pneumonia serious enough to require hospital treatment. Yet one state, Texas, requires trial by jury for every person for whom indefinite mental hospital commitment is sought. About half the other states sanction jury trials for insanity whenever the patient or his family demands it.

In some states a mental patient may be admitted into a psychiatric hospital without court order, on the certificate of one or more qualified doctors that he is mentally ill and requires hospital care. Where this procedure is used, the patient or his family may appeal for a court hearing to contest the medical opinion.

Many states provide for voluntary admission, enabling a person who knows he needs mental hospitalization to apply directly for admission, without legal red tape. Such a patient must be released after he gives written notice that he wants to leave. If the hospital authorities feel he's too sick to leave, they must get a court commitment order to retain him.

Most mental health experts endorse this form of admission as ideal. A great many psychotic persons know they are sick and would seek hospital treatment promptly if they felt they would be treated as patients, not as prisoners.

In England several years ago, I visited public mental hospitals where up to 90 per cent of all patients had been admitted on a voluntary basis, just as the physically sick would be.

Regrettably, voluntary admission is not common in this country. In most states, the hospitals are so overcrowded that they accept only legally committed patients. Patients seeking admission themselves must submit to the humiliation of court commitment.

So crowded are most of our hospitals, indeed, that in some states even those persons who have been legally committed have to wait months and even years before they actually get into hospitals. I've seen many patients held for long periods in jails, like common criminals, without any medical attention, deteriorating deeper and deeper into insanity while they wait for a vacant bed in a mental hospital. In Detroit, hundreds of mental patients, legally committed by court order, walk the streets of the city because there is no room for them in already overcrowded hospitals.

WITH hospitals so full that even the desperately insane sometimes can't get admitted, it is plain that harassed hospital officials are not eager to admit those who don't need treatment. The point is that it takes more than a scheming relative and an unscrupulous or foolish physician to railroad a sane person to a mental hospital—and to keep him there.

The difficulties of railroading are not quite so great with respect to private mental hospitals, which in most states are insufficiently supervised by public authorities. Even so, it is difficult to envisage a psychiatrist lending himself to a railroading conspiracy; if he were caught, the penalties would be ruinous—to his purse and to his reputation.

Not that improper commitment, even to a public institution, is impossible. But it certainly is rare. A few years ago a Kansas dentist accepted

an invitation to drive through Missouri with his brother, who lived there. When they crossed the Missouri border, the brother filed an insanity petition against the dentist, who was thereupon arrested by a sheriff, jailed and then committed to a state mental hospital without being given a hearing. The dentist promptly applied for a writ of habeas corpus, and was released by court order.

The right of habeas corpus, available to anyone who feels he is being unjustly deprived of his liberty, is an important safeguard against railroading. When a mental hospital patient applies for such a writ, the institutional head is required to show cause why involuntary confinement should be continued. The patient is released if the judge is not satisfied that he needs institutional care or custody.

EVEN this right can be abused, however. Not long ago a New York judge ordered that a man arrested for repeated beatings of his wife be sent to Bellevue for observation. Three days later, while still under observation, the man got a lawyer who applied for a habeas corpus writ. The judge ignored a psychiatric recommendation for further observation, and released the man. Within a week the man was standing with a smoking gun in his hand, his wife and infant child dead at his feet.

Some patients—especially paranoids suffering from delusions of having been railroaded—are constantly applying for habeas corpus writs, to the harassment of hospital and court officials alike. One severely disturbed patient in the District of Columbia has made 50 habeas corpus applications within a five-year period.

But the abuse of habeas should not blind us to the truly appalling fact that many—perhaps thousands—of properly committed patients are kept in mental hospitals for months, sometimes years, after they have recovered or at least improved sufficiently to go home. There are three main causes for this shocking situation:

1. The acute shortage of psychiatrists in most mental hospitals makes it impossible to keep a careful and continuous check on all patients. A quiet patient who causes no trouble may not be examined by a doctor for weeks, even months. Many times I've seen an anxious patient brushed aside as he tried to talk to a harassed doctor rushing through the wards. Patients who have made a "social recovery" (which means they're well enough to leave) may go unnoticed for long periods. Several years ago staff members of the Menninger Foundation, the famed psychiatric center in Topeka, Kansas, were invited to take over direction of the broken-down, demoralized Topeka State Mental Hospital. They quickly transformed the state hospital into one of the very best in the country. In the course of the cleanup, they found a number of patients who should have been released long since—including a middle-aged man who had been ready for discharge 18 years earlier, while he still was in the prime of life.

2. A system of virtual peonage prevails in too many state mental hospitals, also serving to keep mental patients beyond the proper discharge time. To an extent seldom realized by people on the outside, mental hospitals rely on patient-labor to keep in operation. Niggardly appropriations account in the main for a shameful condition that perverts occupational therapy—a

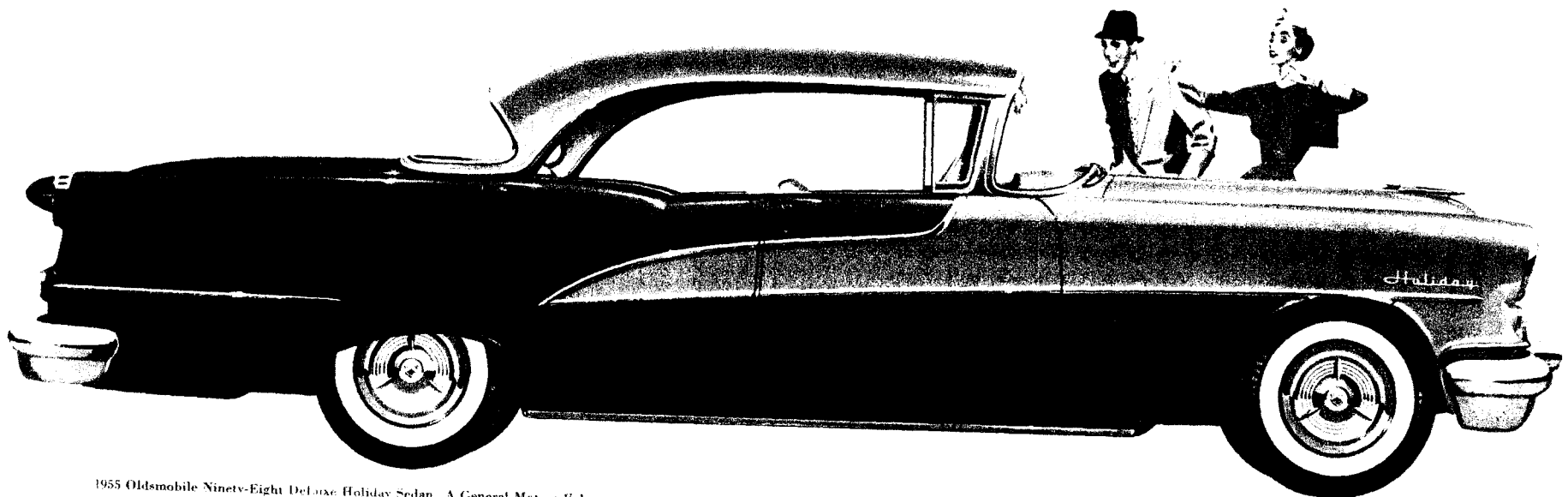
Collier's for April 15, 1955

OLDSMOBILE

39

presents a

A GREAT NEW COMPANION CAR TO
THE POPULAR HOLIDAY COUPÉ



1955 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Deluxe Holiday Sedan. A General Motors Value.

OLDSMOBILE HOLIDAY SEDAN... A Hardtop with 4 Doors!

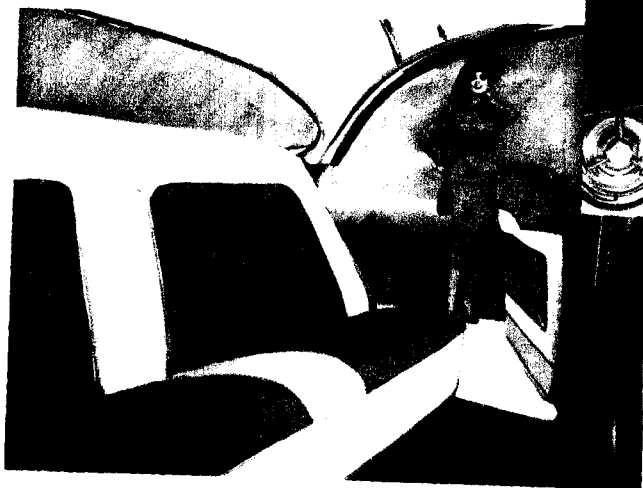
The Glamor of a Hardtop...

Fresh as tomorrow's sunrise... original as the newest Paris creation... yet so completely sensible! One glance tells you this is new, *completely new*... Holiday grace plus 4-door space!



The Comfort of a 4-Door Sedan

Enter in ease... *front compartment or rear!* Four full-size doors open wide, inviting you to a luxury lounge of charm and comfort. And there's no center post to mar the body lines!

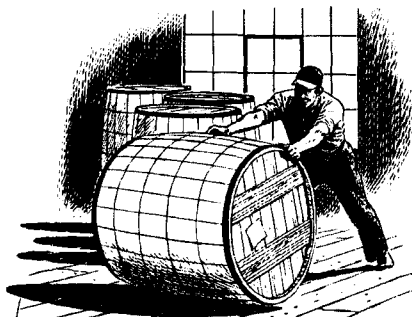


Here's the first completely new body type since the introduction of the hardtop coupé. And naturally it comes from Oldsmobile... pioneer in hardtop styling... producer of the famous Holidays. It's the entirely new Holiday Sedan—with all the long, smooth-flowing beauty of a Holiday Coupé plus the easy-in-easy-out spaciousness of a 4-door model! And just think—there's no need to compromise for one or the other! Because *now* you can have *both* in one glamorous new 1955 "Rocket" Oldsmobile! And, better still, it's available in *all* series—"88", Super "88" and Ninety-Eight! See your Oldsmobile dealer—*today!*

3 YEARS AGO...



THE UNITED STATES OLYMPIC TEAM WITH AN UNOFFICIAL SCORE OF 614 POINTS PLACED FIRST IN THE GAMES AT HELSINKI—



...AND 3 YEARS AGO, TODAY'S OLD BRIAR TOBACCOS WERE LAID AWAY TO MELLOW!

Before they were ripe for the Old Briar mixture, four great tobaccos slept through twelve full seasons.

Rich Burley—free-burning Southern Maryland—with Flue-Cured for sweetness and Latakia for character—were given this rest cure. And it gentled all tobacco harshness, coaxed away all tongue-bite, developed all the full-bodied enjoyment each tobacco held.

That's the secret of the fragrant aroma and joyous taste of the Old Briar Mixture you buy today. It's pipe enjoyment at its peak. Try Old Briar!



THE MASTER MIXTURE OF RARE FLAVOR AND AROMA

How dangerous are former mental patients?

very useful form of psychiatric treatment—into a nontherapeutic and sometimes harmful device for chiseling on labor costs. Many mental hospital superintendents frankly confess that the majority of their patient-workers are on jobs primarily to benefit the institution, not their health. Such patients often become so valuable as workers that budget-worried hospital authorities are reluctant to release them. This perverse practice, as I have observed it in action, keeps many recovered patients in mental hospitals, victims of a cruel penury that turns them into institutional peons.

3. Far more often than most people imagine possible, families refuse to take back mental patients who are ready to return. Many relatives share the common misconception that insanity is incurable and are afraid to live with an ex-mental hospital patient. Others fear that a later breakdown may result in repeating the agony and shame of court commitment proceedings.

Because His Wife Feared Him

Some time ago the release of a patient from the New York State mental hospital at Central Islip was held up when his wife objected that she feared harm at his hands. Hospital psychiatrists urged the man's release, stating that he was ready to resume his place in the community. The patient's brother was forced to apply for a writ of habeas corpus to free him from needless confinement. At the court hearing, a psychiatrist testified that from 25 to 50 patients ready for release were being held indefinitely because their next of kin didn't want to take them home. The same story can be duplicated in most state mental hospitals.

The plain truth is that the real scandal in the mental hospital discharge picture lies primarily not in the few patients who are prematurely released, but in the many who are confined too long.

What about the "dangerous maniacs" who are released from mental hospitals? Nobody can regard casually the murder of a single individual at the hands of an unrecovered ex-patient. But there is no reason to be panicked into unwise and unjust measures by a single incident or by a rare cluster of sensational incidents involving ex-patients. Here are the facts, briefly:

Last January the New York State Mental Health Council made public a report on its inquiry into release procedures. The report revealed the startling fact that the annual arrest rate for released mental patients is only one fourth that of the general population—and only one twelfth when limited to patients who had no arrest record prior to their mental hospital admission! Only a very small fraction of the crimes of violence committed in this country are perpetrated by ex-mental patients. Unfortunately they are usually of such a bizarre, senseless nature that they get the headlines.

Not even the greatest psychiatric expert can predict infallibly that any particular person will never commit an antisocial act. Nobody can guarantee forever the good behavior of any human, sane or insane. If hospital psychiatrists were to release only those patients whose lifelong good behavior could be guaranteed, mental institu-

tions would hold millions of inmates—not for treatment but for imprisonment. Psychiatrists, like penal officials, can at best take calculated risks in patrolling or discharging their wards.

To some extent, it remains true that there aren't enough safeguards to protect the public against potential acts of violence by former mental patients. But we'll never get that protection by keeping them all locked up and throwing the keys away. A major solution lies in increased supervision of patients after their release from mental hospitals. This fact is stressed in the recent New York State report. Lack of adequate follow-up constitutes one of the major weaknesses of our public mental hospitals today. If there were enough social workers and other trained personnel to keep in touch with former patients, help restore them to normal community living, and keep a constant check on those who are special risks, many more ex-patients could be spared further breakdowns—while those with antisocial tendencies could be returned to institutional care before they went on homicidal rampages.

The New York investigators also found that some ex-patients who commit murders or other crimes of violence have records of repeated hospitalizations and releases. This finding indicates that public safety could be better protected by particularly intensive supervision over those who have been hospitalized several times for mental disease.

A group of psychiatric and legal experts recently framed a model state act governing commitment and release that embodies the best modern thinking on the subject. The model act was sponsored jointly by the National Institute

of Mental Health and the National Association for Mental Health. These are its main features:

It encourages voluntary admission wherever possible. It cuts much of the legal red tape from commitment procedures while preserving maximum safeguards for civil rights. It forbids jailing of harmless mental patients. It substitutes trained experts for the police officers who now handle, to a large extent, the custody of the insane before hospitalization. It greatly reduces the humiliations and degradations suffered by the mentally sick being "processed" for hospital care. It provides for more humane treatment inside hospitals. It calls for regular inspection of public and private mental institutions, with periodic examinations of individual patients to see if they are well enough to return home. It calls for social workers and other trained personnel to follow up patients systematically after their release from hospitals, helping to rehabilitate them and keeping tabs on their progress for their own protection and for public safety. It harmonizes to a high degree the age-old conflicts of medicine and the law. It has been endorsed enthusiastically by leaders in both professions.

All States Should Adopt the Act

Two states—Utah and Nebraska—have already written the model act into their statute books. The act can serve as a model in all states, including your own. It offers a guide for concrete action to those concerned with personal liberty, mental health and public safety, who want to do more than talk loosely about railroading the sane and releasing the dangerously insane. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S

GEORGE DAVIS

Collier's for April 15, 1955

The Darkest Hour

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

"Sure," said Retnick. "I know how it is."

Moran smiled uncertainly. "Steve, this is none of my business, but have you been to see your wife yet?"

Retnick stared blankly at him for a moment, and then he said, "No," in a cold, tight voice. "Take it easy," he added and turned away from the bar.

"Hey, you didn't finish your drink," Hammy said.

"I don't want it," Retnick said.

HAMMY sauntered toward him, smiling. He was a ponderous bulk of a man. "I guess I'm a little slow. You're Steve Retnick, eh?"

"That's right," Retnick said.

"The big tough copper," Hammy said. "The big tough cop who got sent to jail for murder. How was it in jail?"

"It wasn't good, Hammy."

Hammy smiled slightly. "I guess they softened you up some. Better get going," he said. "I don't like ex-cops any better than I like cops."

Retnick paused, memorizing the look of Hammy's big, stupid face.

Outside, Retnick turned his collar up against the bitter wind that came off the river. He stood for a moment staring at the graceful bulk of a liner directly ahead of him, waiting for his anger to subside. This was a new anger, hot and impulsive, completely alien to the frozen, lifeless anger that had been locked inside him for five years. Finally he began to walk uptown.

He knew this area by heart: the river with its slow, booming traffic, the piers, the switching yards and the mean, tough streets of the West Side.

Retnick turned and walked east for three blocks, occasionally stopping to study the street behind him; nothing moved in the darkness. In the fourth block he passed St. Viator's and went up the steps of the rectory, which adjoined the church. He rang the bell.

Mrs. Simmons, the white-haired housekeeper, opened the door and let out a little cry of surprise and pleasure. "Steve, it's really you," she said. "Come in. Father Bristow's in his study."

Retnick removed his hat. Nothing had changed here. The Madonna, the crucifix, the faded carpet and old-fashioned hall-tree mirror—they were all the same, just five years older.

A door opened and Father Bristow came down the hall, a warm smile spreading on his round face. "Well, well, this is wonderful," he said. "Come into the study and we'll celebrate."

"I've got nothing to celebrate," Retnick said.

Glancing at him curiously, Father Bristow said quietly, "All right, Steve." "I'm looking for Frank Ragoni."

"I wish I could help you."

"When did you see him last?"

"About two weeks ago."

"Did he have any message for me?"

"No, he and his wife stopped by to talk after Mass. Their oldest boy is being confirmed pretty soon."

Retnick shrugged. "Well, it was a long shot. Thanks, anyway."

"What's all this about?"

"I got a message from Ragoni six

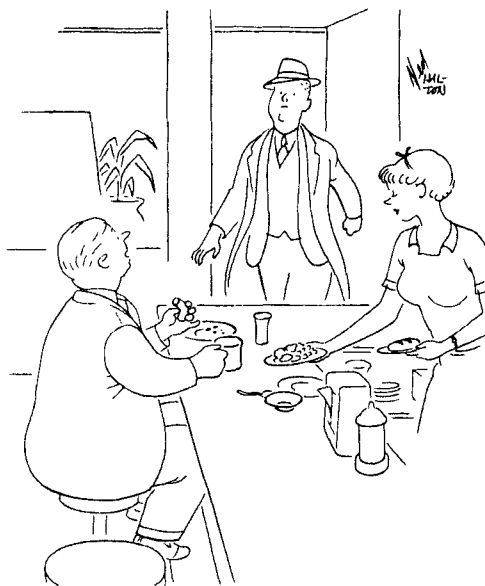
weeks ago," Retnick said. "From a new convict who'd known Ragoni outside. Ragoni saw him before this guy went up to Sing Sing. Ragoni told him to tell me he knew who killed Al Ventura."

"That's what I'm going to find out. If Ragoni's got legal proof, we'll drag the whole case back into court. If not—well, if he can convince me, that'll be enough. I'll save the jury a job."

"Steve, you're heading for trouble."

"I want trouble," Retnick said. "I need it." And then, because he owed the priest this much, he said, "Forget the guy you remember, Father, the guy who taught boxing to your boys' clubs. I'm somebody else."

"I doubt that," Father Bristow said. "But what about Marcia?" he asked.



"Sorry, Boss. I guess my second breakfast kind of stretched into my first lunch"

COLLIER'S

NED HILTON

"She'll get along. She's good at that."

"Aren't you going to see her?"

"Sure," Retnick said. "She knew Ragoni."

"Is that the only reason you're seeing her?"

"Tell me a better one," Retnick said.

A touch of color appeared in the priest's face. "I don't know all your problems, but I know your duty. And that's to treat her with compassion, no matter what mistakes she's made."

"And what about her duties?" Retnick said, staring at the priest. Then he turned away sharply. "Talking's no good," he said and went out.

Father Bristow shivered involuntarily, not from the cold draft, but from the memory of Retnick's eyes.

THE Gramercy was a supper club in the East Fifties, an intimate spot that featured excellent food and unobtrusive music. Retnick ordered a drink at the bar, then wrote his name on a bar coaster and stopped a waiter.

"Would you take this back to Marcia Kelly?"

The waiter looked at Retnick's cheap suit. "She's about ready to start playing," he said.

"We're old friends," Retnick said.

Something in Retnick's eyes put an end to the discussion, and when the waiter returned in a moment, he said, "She'll see you, sir. Just come with me."

Walking through the dining room,

Retnick noticed the small white piano against the wall, and remembered that a piano had figured in their first meeting. He had been looking for someone to give piano lessons to three kids in the boys' club. Father Bristow had suggested Marcia Kelly, a girl from the parish who had studied music in college.

They were married in the summer, six months or so after they had met. And a short while after that, a month before Christmas, he was in jail on a murder rap.

The waiter pointed to a door at the end of a short corridor. "Right there."

Retnick rapped on the door and heard a light, expectant voice say, "Come in, please."

His wife stood in the middle of the softly lighted dressing room, a small girl with close-cut, curly black hair. There was humor and intelligence in her delicate features, and her body was slimly elegant in a black evening gown.

RETNICK closed the door and stood watching her. She's twenty-eight now, he thought. The years had touched her; her features were defined more sharply and the look of gay and careless happiness was gone from her eyes. Her face was very pale.

"Steve," she said, and took a tentative step toward him.

"This isn't a social call."

"I waited at home for you yesterday," she said.

"Home?"

A touch of color came into her face. "The apartment, then. I—I hoped you'd come back. I had a steak, a bottle of wine—"

"A big welcome for the hero, eh?" he said. "The kind

GIs get, with all the neighbors coming in to—"

"Why didn't you come home?"

"What for?"

"I'm still your wife."

"That's your decision, not mine,"

Retnick said. "I told you to get a divorce."

"I didn't want a divorce. I wanted to wait for you."

"And did you wait?" Retnick asked evenly. "Like a pure and faithful wife in some medieval romance? Is that how you waited?"

"You left me with nothing," she said, shaking her head helplessly. "You told me not to visit you in jail. You wouldn't even see me when I went there. You told me to get a divorce the day the trial ended. And you acted as if you hated me. I couldn't understand it. I tried to wait for you. Steve, I tried. I—"

"Stop it," Retnick said. There was an undercurrent of pain in his voice, and he could feel the quickened beat of his heart. Memories crowded against the barrier of his anger, overwhelming that defense against mercy.

All his life he had searched for someone who would belong to him alone. His parents had died when he was young and he had been switched from one foster home to another, always looking for a warmth and intimacy that didn't seem to exist anywhere. And then he found Marcia, and he had felt like a person stepping for

Looking for Something?



RESTAURANTS



FROM CUTLERY
TO RESTAURANTS
WHATEVER YOU NEED





*Time for lunch already?
Where did the morning go?
The chores are done,
the house is tidy, the ironing's
finished and put away . . .
but it hasn't seemed like
a terribly tiring morning.
Let me see, now . . .*

First there was breakfast, and that was pleasant. We all got the news from "TODAY," and Dave Garroway had some fascinating guests. Bill wasn't jumpy about missing his bus because he could keep track of time, and Johnny was still laughing about J. Fred Muggs when he left for school. And it gave me a chance to catch up on the latest books, records and movies.



Then I sat Kathy down in front of "DING DONG SCHOOL" and I didn't have to worry about her while I tidied up. Miss Frances got her interested in finger-painting, and after the program Kathy just went on playing quietly.



"WAY OF THE WORLD" had the second installment of the new story, and I couldn't miss that. It's like a magazine serial — you keep looking forward to the next episode. And beautifully acted, with new stars for every new story.



I think I started the ironing while I watched "THE SHEILAH GRAHAM SHOW". First she discussed the latest Hollywood news and gossip. Then she interviewed William Holden, and showed parts of his exciting new movie.



And I finished the ironing while I watched "HOME". I couldn't *count* the good ideas I've had from Arlene Francis and her expert assistants on health, home decorating, gardening and food. I added a few things to my shopping list.



Any morning of any day, "THE TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD SHOW" can brighten things up for me. Tennessee Ernie and his talented friends joke, sing and share the fun with everyone . . . at the studio and at home.



And then "FEATHER YOUR NEST", where that lovely couple won a living room suite, and Bud Collyer and Janis Carter were so nice to them. And I think that it's a wonderful idea that viewers at home can win prizes, too.



The morning was a pleasure instead of drudgery. And yet I have everything done . . . I haven't really wasted a second. It's the way I like to have the morning go.

EXCITING THINGS ARE HAPPENING ON



TELEVISION

a service of 

the first time into the warmth and brightness of the sun. The miracle had made him humble and grateful; he didn't feel he deserved such a break. Everything about her became a symbol of his happiness—the perfume bottles on the dresser, a quilted robe hanging in the bathroom, the scar on her ankle, his absorbing need for her.

WHY did he hate her now? Was it guilt? He had smashed her life, too. She had shared his shame; her picture had been splashed across the papers as the wife of a sadistic cop. Or did he hate her because his anger had replaced all other values? Was he simply an unfeeling engine of destruction? Retnick didn't know. But he knew with a feeling that was close to terror that he couldn't help himself if he wanted to.

"There was a man, right?"
"Please, Steve. I wrote you everything. I needed help."

"Let's forget it," he said, steeling himself against the pain in her eyes. "When did you see Frank Ragoni last?"

"All right," she said wearily. "You think I'm a leper and that's that. So on to something important. Frank was in here about a month ago—with his wife. They were celebrating an anniversary."

"A month ago. Did he give you any message for me?"

"I don't know," she said. "What am I supposed to remember?"

"This would have to do with Al Ventura's murderer."

She shook her head. "No. All he said about that was that you'd been framed. He said that over and over."

"Did you see Ragoni often?"

"He asked me to come out for dinner every few months. And I had his family up to the apartment occasionally for breakfast after Mass." She smiled bitterly. "We got along fine. He used to tell me what a great fullback you were at Fordham."

Retnick turned abruptly to the door.

"Steve, wait," she said.

Without looking at her he said, "I've waited five years. I'm through waiting. So long."

It was ten o'clock when Retnick, a block from the Gramercy, called Jack Glencannon, the president of Ragoni's local. The old man's sister answered the telephone, but when Retnick said that he wanted to talk to Glencannon about Ragoni, she had seemed very nervous and said her brother was sick.

Steve knew Glencannon's local was running into trouble. It adjoined Nick Amato's area of operation, and Amato was preparing to expand in an obvious direction. Retnick had learned this much the day before when he'd talked to Frank Ragoni's wife. And if Amato were taking on Glencannon, it was a tribute of sorts to Amato's nerve and cunning. Union Jack, as Glencannon's boys had called him for thirty years now, was a tough and powerful old man. But Amato never started a fight if there was a chance of losing it.

Retnick went out to the street. There was nothing else to do tonight. Tomorrow he'd start to work. He had also learned from Ragoni's wife that Ragoni had almost been killed in an accident on the docks a week ago. Accident? That was one of the first angles to check. . . .

Lieutenant Neville arrived at the Gramercy Club shortly after ten o'clock. He was a slender, carefully groomed man in his late forties who looked competent and intelligent, and very little like the public's conception of a waterfront detective. He rapped

on Marcia's dressing-room door, and when she opened it, he said, "No need to ask if Steve's been here. I can see the battle scars."

"Come in. I—I know I look a mess."

"Now, now," he said gently.

"He wouldn't even talk to me."

"That's the way he feels now. But he'll get over it."

"You haven't seen him. He—he hates me."

"Get that idea out of your head."

"I can't. I saw the look in his eyes. He hates me."

"Listen to me," Neville said sharply. "That guy loves you. He always will. You were the break he never thought he'd get, the star on the top of the Christmas tree, everything. I know this, Marcia." He grasped her shoulders gently, forcing her to look directly into his eyes. "Before he met you he was a lone wolf, a guy who kept to himself. But you could tell he wanted the same life other men enjoyed. And you gave him that, Marcia. He was a changed guy. Why, we used to catch him smiling at nothing at all, and kid him about it." Neville shook his head impatiently. "Don't tell me he hates you. He loved you so much he wouldn't let you help him when

Retnick smiled. "I've never thought about it."

"I want a favor from you," Mrs. Cara said. "This cat slips out of my room whenever I have to open the door."

"How can I help?" Retnick asked.

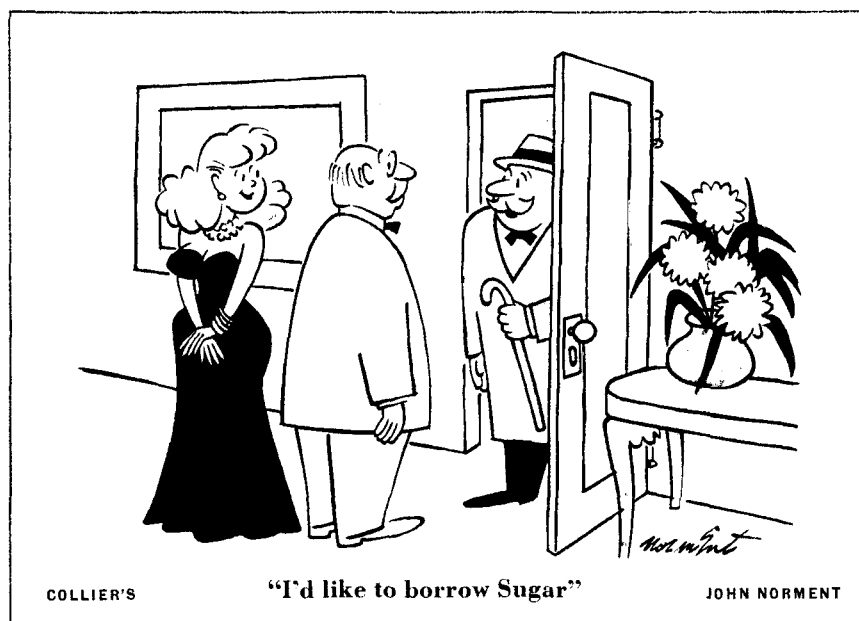
"Would you let me keep her in your room?" She smiled. "How about it? Silvy won't be no trouble."

"Okay," Retnick said. He didn't want to bother, but he liked Mrs. Cara. "Come on, Silvy," he said, and took the cat from her.

When he snapped on the light in his room the cat leaped from his arms and began to inspect the furnishings. Retnick smiled, and hung his coat in the closet. He stretched tiredly then; he was built like a weight lifter, with tremendous arms and shoulders, but there was nothing freakish or narcissistic about the development of his body. He was designed for function, not display.

He was lighting a cigarette when someone knocked on the door. No one had this address but the parole board. Retnick opened the door an inch.

"I'm Connors, Thirty-first Detectives." An open wallet appeared at the crack in the door and Retnick saw the police shield. "I want to talk to you."



he went to jail. That's the truth. He thought he'd ruined your life. He thought he was doing you a favor by cutting you away from him."

"No, it's more than that," she whispered. "It's worse than that."

Neville looked at her for a moment. Then he said, "I don't care what it is. He loves you. And you've got to roll with the punch for a while. He's not rational. He's a wild man. When he comes to, you be on hand."

"I want him back," Marcia sobbed.

"And I want him alive," Neville said.

Marcia grabbed his arm. "What can happen?"

Neville looked at her. "He can get himself killed—without half trying."

RETNICK'S room was on the first floor of a brownstone that had somehow preserved a remnant of dignity over the years. Frank Ragoni had found this place for him a month before, and it had been checked and approved by the parole authorities before Retnick had left Sing Sing.

As he was searching for his key a door across the hall opened and his landlady, Mrs. Cara, looked out. "Mr. Retnick. I want to ask you something," she said. She came out into the hall, carrying a lean, gray-and-white cat. "You like cats?"

"Come in." He opened the door.

Connors studied Retnick, and then he smiled slightly and came into the room. "Cozy little spot," he said, glancing around. Noticing the cat, he smiled ironically. "I didn't figure you as a benefactor of stray kittens."

"How did you figure me?"

Connors shrugged lightly. "You had quite a reputation at the Thirty-first," he said, with a trace of malice. "I believe I've heard Sergeant Kleyburg call you a cop's cop."

"How is Kleyburg?" Retnick asked, ignoring Connors' sarcasm.

"Fine, just fine." Connors sat down and crossed his legs. "What are your plans?" he asked casually.

"Nothing definite yet. Why?"

"I might help you get your bearings," Connors said.

"That would be nice."

The detective looked at Retnick, a small smile touching his smooth, handsome face. "Think of this as a briefing," he said. "The situation has changed since you went to jail. Specifically, the waterfront has changed. It will save you time and possibly trouble to keep that in mind. The unions and shippers are getting along, and the locals aren't squabbling among themselves any more. Nobody wants trouble. You understand?"

"I think so," Retnick said.

"Good. Got any plans for a job?"

"No."

Connors raised his eyebrows. "Did you tell that to the parole board?"

"I told them I wanted to look around for a few weeks. I'm no vagrant. I've got a bank account."

"I'm sure it's impressive," Connors said, smiling slightly. "How long can you live on what you've got saved?"

"It's enough for what I've got in mind," Retnick said.

"Look, maybe I can help you out."

Connors stretched his legs out comfortably. "When you killed Al Ventura you did Nick Amato a favor. And Amato is grateful, even though your efforts in his behalf were completely accidental."

"You're sure I killed Ventura?"

"I couldn't care less one way or another," Connors said, with an easy smile. "But the fact is, you hit Ventura in a bar and he went outside and died."

"Outside he was beaten to death with a blackjack," Retnick said, in a low, tense voice. The scene had haunted his mind for five years; he'd been alone at a bar, sipping a beer after work, when Al Ventura had staggered into him. Ventura, a bullying goon, had immediately become abusive, and Retnick shoved him away. The power in that shove had jarred something resembling respect into Ventura's face. He lurched outside, and an hour or so later was found dead in a nearby alley, his face battered and swollen, his lips black with blood.

THEY had picked Retnick up early in the morning, the detectives sheepish and apologetic about it. "What a stupid damn' business!" That's what Retnick said to Marcia as he kissed her good-by. She was sitting up in bed, very pale and frightened, and he'd patted her bare shoulder and added, "Have the coffee ready. This is a damned-fool mistake."

But it wasn't a mistake, not to the jurymen when the case came to trial. By then a damaging case had been built against Retnick. Witnesses testified that he had slugged Ventura a dozen times or so, then kicked him into the street—and only because Ventura had brushed against him. Some of the witnesses hadn't been near the bar at the time, but there was no way to prove that their testimony was bought and paid for. It stuck. No one spoke for Retnick. The bartender and the other men Retnick remembered as being present recalled nothing. Lieutenant Neville, Miles Kleyburg and a dozen other cops had worked round-the-clock to break the frame. But they couldn't prove what they knew to be true: that someone was making Retnick the patsy for a murder rap.

The newspapers had a field day with the trial. Police brutality was always a good, lively story, and here was a beautiful example of it: a sullen cop, half drunk perhaps, inflated with arrogance and authority. Nobody liked cops. Any guy who'd ever got a parking ticket would love the story.

Retnick took a deep breath, bringing himself under control. "I didn't kill Ventura," he said.

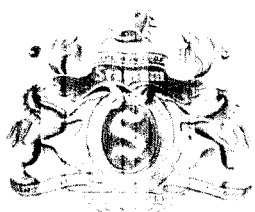
"I'll buy that," Connors said, still smiling. "If that's your story it's okay with me. So let's get back to the point: Ventura and Amato were fighting for control of Local Two Hundred at the time. With Ventura dead, Amato naturally took over. Whoever killed Ventura did Amato a favor, accidentally."

"Maybe Amato did himself a favor."

Connors looked thoughtful. "You're



Known by the Company it Keeps



Seagram's VO

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 86.8 PROOF, CANADIAN WHISKY—
A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

already forgetting what I told you. No one wants trouble."

Retnick said coldly, "Okay. What's your deal?"

"Amato's got a job for you. Chauffeur, bodyguard, something like that. The dough's good."

"You like it, I guess," Retnick said.

"Brother, you *are* stupid," Connors said, his face flushed. "You're an ex-cop, an ex-convict. You're all washed up. If you start any trouble you'll get your head knocked off."

"You punks all sound alike," Retnick said in a low, savage voice. "Messenger boys, carrier pigeons, doing dirty little jobs for hoodlums so you can dress like dudes and sneak a few weekends off in Miami or Atlantic City."

"Listen—"

"Shut up!" Retnick said, stepping toward Connors dangerously. "Who's going to knock my head off? You?"

Connors got to his feet, wetting his lips, clearly afraid. "I was just telling you what Amato is thinking."

"Tell Amato I've got a job. I'm going to find Frank Ragoni, and I'm going to find out who killed Ventra."

Connors shrugged. "I gave you good advice," he said. "You'll appreciate it eventually." Then, in the doorway, he smiled at Retnick, a new confidence in his manner. "Part of that job you mentioned won't be hard. Finding Ragoni, I mean. His body was pulled out of the river tonight. I saw the report on it before I came over here. Someone stuck a knife into him." Connors closed the door.

Retnick sat down slowly on the edge of the bed. Ragoni was dead. Connors wouldn't lie about it. For an instant he felt a curious surprise at his own lack of reaction. Ragoni had been a good friend of his, but he felt nothing but a certain selfish disappointment; this would make his job far more difficult. He swore bitterly and pounded his fist into his palm. It would have been so easy. Find Ragoni, listen to a name.

Now he was on his own. There would be no help, no friends.

AT MIDNIGHT Nick Amato sat behind his desk, slumped deep in the chair. The strong overhead light filled the small, barren office with harsh brilliance, revealing the chipped gilt of the lettering on the windows, which read: *Headquarters, Local 200.*

Joe Lye stood against a wall and watched the single door.

Amato yawned comfortably. He was a stockily built man of fifty, slightly below middle height, with a face as dark and hard as mahogany. Except for his eyes, which were cynical and pitiless, he could have passed for any sort of small businessman.

"How old is Glencannon?" he said, glancing at Joe Lye.

"I don't know. Seventy-five maybe."

Amato began to laugh.

"What's funny?" Joe Lye asked, not sure what to expect. You never knew what went on with Amato when he was in these dreamy moods.

"Glencannon is worried," Amato said. "He can't wait till morning. Has to see me tonight."

"I wish he'd wait till morning," Lye said. He was a thin man dressed in black, and his eyes were shifty in the unhealthy pallor of his small, lean face. A tic pulled his mouth into a tight grimace when he was nervous or worried. It looked like a grin at first glance but the illusion of humor was shattered by the dangerous tension in his face.

"You wish," Amato said. "What was you doing that was so important?"

"Getting ready to eat, if you want details."

"This late?"

"Sure." Lye gestured nervously with a slim, pale hand. "I didn't get to Kay's till nine. We had a few Martinis and she was just ready to put in the steak when you called."

"Martinis and steaks," Amato said. "Not like it was in jail, eh?"

Lye felt his mouth twisting painfully. "Why talk about jail?" he said.

"Because it's interesting," Amato said, watching Lye with a little grin. "Those guards up there used to tell me how you were going. They said you prayed every night. What were you praying for?"

"The place gets you," Lye said. He looked quickly around the room, his eyes like those of an animal in a trap. Since those two weeks he'd spent in the death cell, a nightmare the color of blood had plagued his sleep.

"You shouldn't have worried in jail," Amato said. "You knew I'd get you out, so you shouldn't have wasted time praying to anybody else. Well, what about Retnick?"

"Connors talked to him," Lye said,

The old man tried to put a suggestion of defiance into the thrust of his big jaw. But it was a futile effort. Everything about Glencannon was old and weary and beaten; the clothes hung loosely on his once-powerful frame, and there was a good inch of space between his collar and the withered skin of his throat. He had been drinking heavily that night, and for many nights in the past, but he hadn't numbed himself sufficiently for this showdown.

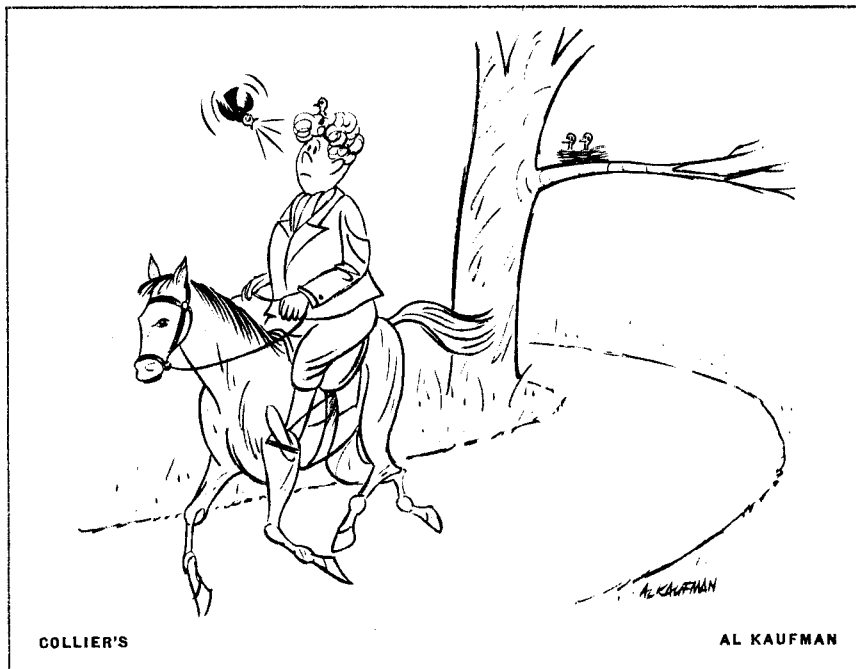
TRYING for a hearty tone, Glencannon said, "We need a frank talk, Nick. I guess you know what I mean."

"Keep talking," Amato said.

"We don't have to fight each other," Glencannon said, smiling with obvious effort. "Some of your boys are pressuring the men in my local—and I say it's got to stop."

Amato said gently, "You say it's got to stop. Okay. You stop it then."

"It's your men that need the stopping," Glencannon said. "I don't hire the likes of your hoodlums. You tell 'em to keep away from my local. The men are satisfied. They don't want killers with guns telling 'em how to vote."



feeling the tension easing in his lips. "Retnick doesn't want to play ball. He's looking for who killed Ventra."

Amato frowned slightly. "Stubborn kind," he said.

A step sounded on the stairs and then Hammy opened the door and sauntered into the room, a drunken grin on his big, red face.

"Where've you been?" Amato asked.

"Around. Here and there."

"I didn't say twelve o'clock just to be talking."

Amato's tone sobered Hammy. "Sure, boss. I—"

"Okay," Amato said. "Joe, you figure out something for Retnick."

Hammy was smiling. "Retnick? That guy couldn't lick his upper lip. I can take him, boss."

"You may get a chance."

A bell jangled, and Amato said, "Well, here's the old man. Go bring him up, Hammy."

A moment later the door opened and old Jack Glencannon came in.

"Take a seat," Amato said. "You don't look so chipper."

"The stairs get my wind these days," Glencannon muttered.

"Relax a second," Amato said, smiling. "You're no spring chicken. Maybe it's time to let somebody else run your local."

"Killers? That's a pretty strong word, old man."

Glencannon stared at Amato, his breathing loud and harsh. "Frank Ragoni didn't stab himself in the back and jump into the river," he said.

Amato said casually, "You think we killed Ragoni?"

"He was told to get off the docks by your men," Glencannon said, struggling to keep his voice steady. "He was told to stop talking about the elections. He didn't shut up and he got knifed."

Amato leaned forward, his face cold and ugly. "Now listen to me, you washed-out old slob. You want your local, you fight for it. I got nothing else to say to you."

"Wait a minute, Nick. I didn't come here to start a fight," Glencannon tried to smile, but his eyes were bright with fear. "We're union men, Nick. We shouldn't be squabbling—"

Amato stood up and stared with distaste at the old man's trembling lips. "Beat it. I'm sick of looking at you."

Glencannon fought to say something, anything, but no words would come. Thirty years ago, he thought, he had been able to shout down a hall full of workers, and if necessary enforce his orders with rock-hard fists.

"Take him home, Hammy," Amato said. "I'm sick of looking at him."

When they had gone, Amato said to Joe Lye, "He'd do himself a favor if he laid down and died. Well, you can drive me home."

"Look, Kay's waiting for me down front," Lye said.

"How come she's here?"

"She drove me down and I told her to wait," Lye said, his lips twitching. Amato was playing the puzzled peasant now, one of his most maddening roles. "I didn't think we'd be long."

"I see," Amato nodded. "You don't want to drive me, eh?"

"I will. I'll tell her to go on home."

"Where does she live?"

"On the East Side. Near Park." He knew damn well where she lived, Lye thought bitterly.

"Fancy neighborhood," Amato said.

"Well, it's her place, not mine."

Amato smiled. "What does she pay the bills with? She ain't been in a show in ten years. Well, let's go."

Lye went downstairs and crossed the street to the gray convertible that was parked in the darkness opposite union headquarters. The girl at the wheel rolled the car window down quickly.

"What's the matter, Joe?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said tensely. "Does there have to be something the matter?"

"Joe?" she said.

"I got to drive him home," he said. "I'll be up later."

"Sure, Joe." She was a pretty, blonde woman, expensively cared for. "Don't get excited," she said nervously. "Is he riding you again?"

Amato stood in the darkness across the street. Kay Talbot, he thought, savoring the name. He had seen her in a movie once, back in the late thirties. She wasn't a very good actress, but she was damned good-looking. She was thin and elegant, with shining blonde hair and very classy clothes. Nice for Joe, he thought, too nice for Joe.

The car started and Joe Lye crossed the street and joined Amato on the sidewalk. When the car was gone, Amato said, "I'll take myself home."

Lye turned and stared after the car.

"You can't catch her," Amato said. "Get a cab." He watched Lye hurry off into the darkness.

In a sour and bitter mood, Amato walked down the block to his sedan. He tried not to think of the home he was going to, the cluttered apartment with its profusion of holy pictures and expensive, tasteless furniture. Money meant nothing to his wife. If he gave her a hundred dollars she'd buy something for their nephew, or drop it in the poor box—nothing for herself but a black dress that looked just like every other black dress she'd bought in the last twenty years. Amato didn't want to be envious of Joe Lye. That could mean trouble.

AT SEVEN o'clock Mrs. Cara stopped Retnick as he was leaving for breakfast. "There's a telephone call for you; woman says she's your wife."

Retnick hesitated, and then went down the hall to the phone. "Hello?"

"Steve—I saw the story about Frank," Marcia said. "I'm sorry."

"Thanks. Where did you get this number?"

"From Lieutenant Neville. Steve, I want to go out to see Mrs. Ragoni this afternoon. Would you come with me?"

"I'm going to be busy," he said. He could tell she was close to tears. "Look, there's nothing to talk about," he said angrily. "Forget about me."

"I want to see you. Last night was so terribly wrong."

"All right," Retnick said, after a

REWARD YOURSELF

with the pleasure of smooth smoking

Smoke longer and finer and milder PALL MALL

For those pleasant moments—take it easy—reward yourself with the smooth smoking of a freshly-lit PALL MALL. Fine tobacco is its own best filter, and PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild.

No finer tobacco has ever been grown—and here it is blended to a flavor peak—distinctively PALL MALL. It's YOUR cigarette—every puff richly-flavorful, fragrant—and always so pleasingly mild.

Choose well—Smoke PALL MALL

Relax. Take it easy. Smoke PALL MALL. Cooler, sweeter, milder PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer you.

Reward yourself! Get fresh, new smoking satisfaction. Buy PALL MALL in the distinguished red package today.

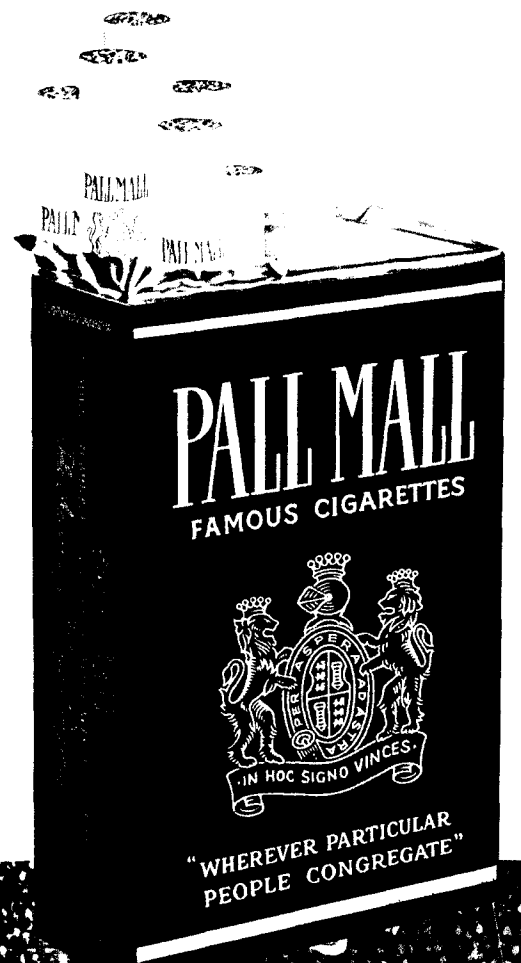
The finest quality money can buy

You get more than greater length
PALL MALL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure—an extra measure of cigarette goodness.

Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

OUTSTANDING...and they are MILD!

© A.T.Co. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES





THE FRENCH HAVE A PHRASE FOR IT:—"Concours d'Elegance"—a competition in automotive style and luxury. Here, against the background of a "concours" at California's fashionable Pebble Beach, is the new Chevrolet Convertible—a car that fully reflects, in line and spirit, the great tradition of custom car design.



BLUE-RIBBON BEAUTY

that's stealing the thunder

from the high-priced cars!

WHEREVER outstanding cars are judged . . . for elegance, for comfort and excellence of design . . . a surprising thing is happening. The spotlight is focusing on the new Chevrolets with Body by Fisher!

Surprising—because Chevrolet offers one of America's lowest-priced lines of cars. But not really astonishing when you consider that its team of internationally famous engineers and stylists spent three years creating the 1955 models, and that they had just one goal—to shatter all previous ideas about what a low-priced car could be and do.

The unparalleled manufacturing efficiency of Chevrolet and General Motors provided the *means*—and that's why you

have a low-priced car that looks like a custom creation. That's why you get the thistledown softness of Glide-Ride front suspension—but married to the sports-car stability of outrigger rear springs. That's why you can choose between a hyper-efficient 162-h.p. V8 engine, with the shortest stroke in the industry, or two brilliant new 6's. That's why Chevrolet's array of extra-cost options includes every luxury you might want—Powerglide, Overdrive, Power Brakes and Steering, even Air Conditioning on V8 models. And that's why you should try a Chevrolet for the biggest surprise of your motoring life! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

See and drive the motoramic Chevrolet at your Chevrolet dealer's!



moment. "I'll stop by Tim Moran's saloon—around ten."

From his rooming house Retnick took a cab to the terminal of the North Star Lines. There he talked with a man named Sam Enright, the loading superintendent's clerk. Retnick had known Enright fairly well in the past, and Enright was glad to see him.

AFTER talking for a while, Retnick said, "By the way, I guess you saw the news on Ragoni."

"Yeah, poor guy."

"Is Amato moving in on this pier?"

"Well, there's a lot of talk, Steve. But I try not to listen."

"Ragoni's wife told me yesterday that he was in some kind of an accident here last week," Retnick said.

"Well, it was a near miss," Enright said. "There was a mix-up in orders. Ragoni was standing on the platform in the hold and the winchman let a draft go. Ragoni saw it coming and got clear."

"Who was on the winch?"

"An extra man, fellow name of Red Evans. The regular winchman, Tom Grady, was off sick."

"Red Evans? I think I knew a friend of his in jail. As a matter of fact I've got a message for him." This was pure fabrication but Retnick didn't want his interest in Evans to be obvious. "Do you have his address?"

"Yeah, we took it because of the accident," Enright crossed the office to a filing cabinet. "Got a pencil?"

Retnick took down the address. "Thanks. When did Evans leave?"

"About a week ago, I guess."

Right after Ragoni disappeared, Retnick thought.

Outside, Retnick crossed the avenue and waited for a cab. The sun had gone under a bank of low, black clouds, and the day was stark and cold. Retnick's hunter's instinct told him he had struck a hot trail; it was hardly coincidence that Evans and Ragoni had disappeared at the same time. This was a lead the police might not have come across. There was no police report of the near accident, and the longshoremen, even Ragoni's friends, wouldn't mention it. The penalties for talking were too high; everyone would have conveniently forgotten Red Evans.

Retnick flagged a cab and gave the driver Evans' address. It was a run-down rooming house on Tenth Avenue. Retnick talked with the landlady, but she said Evans had been with her for only a month and had checked out a week ago. He kept mostly to himself, she said, but he kept his room neat, which wasn't surprising since he seldom slept there.

Retnick finally interrupted her recital of details to ask, "Did he send his laundry out in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, he took it around to the Chinaman's—middle of the next block."

The Chinese laundryman remembered Evans. Yes, he had work shirts and dress shirts, lots of them. He dropped them off himself, usually in the morning, and the laundryman's oldest boy delivered them. No, not down the block, but over on the East Side.

Retnick's fingers were trembling

slightly as he wrote down the address and apartment number. A hunch he'd had was working out—Evans had a girl. Outside, Retnick looked at his watch. It was almost ten o'clock, time to meet his wife at Tim Moran's. He hesitated, and then shrugged; the session with Marcia wouldn't take long.

WHEN Retnick walked into Tim Moran's saloon, the bar was crowded with longshoremen who had been skipped at the morning's shape-up. He sat in a booth at the rear of the big, noisy room. From there he could see the length of the bar, the front doors and the big plate-glass windows.

Retnick lighted a cigarette and settled back in the booth, isolated from the cheerful noises of the bar by the dark and bitter cast of his thoughts. He glanced up when his wife came in. Her cheeks were flushed from the wind and her short, curly black hair was tousled. The men at the bar turned and grinned appreciatively.

No wonder she looks good, Retnick thought, putting out his cigarette. She's had five good years. Anger rose in him. She hadn't missed anything, anything at all . . .

She smiled when she saw him, but the smile faded when she was close enough to see his face.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said, sliding into the booth. When he didn't answer she sighed and said, "Last night was all wrong, Steve. You didn't give me a chance."

"Did that surprise you?"

She stared at him, studying the lines

in his hard face. Then she said slowly, "Do you hate me so much that you won't even listen to me? Don't I deserve that much of a break?"

Retnick couldn't bear the anguish in her eyes. Turning his head sharply, he wet his lips. It tore him apart to see her like this. And there was nothing he could do about it. The love between them was dead, but he would never be free from the pain of his memories. This was the girl he had loved and married; he had waked up every morning to find her dark head on his shoulder, her face still and serene in sleep. This was the astonishing half girl, half woman who had charged the emptiness of his life with warmth and color. Let her be happy, he thought; and then, sick with pain and confusion, he added: let her go away and stop hurting me.

This was the split in him: half of his mind and soul could understand and forgive, but the other half of him was corroded with hate—hate for the men who had framed him, the woman who had betrayed him, the whole, fat, comfortable world that had lived it up while he rotted in jail. A break, she wanted. When did he get a break? "A break," he said, staring at her now. "That's very funny."

"It isn't funny," she said angrily. "Who says I'm dirt on the floor? You want to be the final judge, but you won't listen to my side of it."

Retnick rubbed his forehead. "Is that all you've got to say?"

She took one of his hands impulsively. "I want a break and I don't deserve one. Is that so terrible? You've

Miss Universe Said No

THE world is full of beauty-contest winners. Many of them strive toward the Hollywood jack pot, only to achieve obscurity. Miriam Stevenson, of Winnsboro, South Carolina, is one of the few who ever walked out on the jack pot, and won greater fame.

Miss Stevenson is Miss Universe of 1955. She is twenty-two, blonde and blue-eyed. Before her conquest of the Universe, which took place last fall at Long Beach, California, she had been a senior at Lander College, in Greenwood, South Carolina, and an indefatigable winner of



Miss Universe tackles text in dormitory at Lander College, S.C.

beauty contests: Miss Lander College, Miss Greenwood, Miss South Carolina and Miss U.S.A. (a title conferred at Long Beach before the Miss Universe finals). She won a seven-year contract with Universal Pictures at a starting salary of \$1,000 a month. She went to Hollywood. A month later, with no warning, she packed her bags, politely thanked everybody for everything and went back to Winnsboro.

Immediately, the press hailed Miriam as The Girl Who Said No to Hollywood. Why had she deserted? What was the mystery? Actually, she says, there was no mystery: she just hadn't liked Hollywood.

"I met other boys and girls," Miriam explained recently in Greenwood, "who were burning to be great stars. I wasn't. I kept thinking about school and my friends and the country I was raised in. Hollywood just didn't seem real to me. So I came home."

At school, Miriam dresses in simple sport clothes, wears flat heels, shows little of the glamor that one might expect of a Miss Universe. But she has a wholesome, refined, clear-eyed beauty. The judges may look at other girls first, but they look longer at Miriam. Still the titleholder, she is besieged with requests to ride in parades, visit other states, be at openings, appear in testimonial ads. "But these things are different," she says. "I can always come home."

When she finishes school, this June, she may try for a career in dress designing, her favorite subject. But she doubts that she will return to Hollywood. "Everyone was lovely to me. They can't seem to understand why I left. And it's really so simple: I like it better here." So speaks Miss Universe, of Winnsboro, South Carolina.

—SAM ROSENBERG



Miriam Stevenson in royal regalia after winning the Miss Universe 1955 contest

got to have some compassion left. Otherwise I'm wasting my time."

Retnick's hand burned from the touch of her cool fingers. "Sure, you're wasting your time."

She let go of his hand. "That's that, I guess," she said. "If you want to play it like the Great Stone Face, all right. What I wanted to talk to you about was this: while you were gone I saved about six thousand dollars. I'd like you to take it and go away. Go fishing or hunting, or get drunk for a year if you like. Then come back. Would you do that, Steve?"

He smiled bitterly. "You think I'm mixed up, eh? Like a GI with battle fatigue. Give him a few helpings of apple pie and let him loaf in the sun and he'll be okay."

"Then what is wrong with you?"

"Nothing's wrong with me! I'm going to find the men who killed Ventra and framed me. If you don't think that makes sense, then I suggest you take the dough and go on a therapeutic binge yourself. You need it."

As he was talking, Retnick became conscious of a strange silence in the room. Glancing up he saw Joe Lye and Hammy at the far end of the bar.

"Let's go," he said, standing. "I don't want to talk any more."

She slipped from the booth and walked quickly toward the front door, her high heels sounding sharply in the unnatural stillness. Retnick followed her, ignoring the cautious glances shot at him by the men at the bar.

Joe Lye said, "Don't hurry off because of us, Steve."

Retnick turned slowly. He knew it would be wise to clear out before there was trouble, but his control was slipping. "What do you want, Joe?" he said quietly.

LYE and Hammy stood together at the turn of the bar; the men nearest them had drifted casually away. Lye, tall and thin in black clothes, looked relaxed and easy, but his nervous little smile was flashing like a danger signal. Hammy was grinning expectantly.

"I hear you got dumb in jail," Lye said. "Maybe I ought to give you one of these IQ tests. Hammy here can ask the questions."

The little grin on Retnick's lips made his face ugly. "I've got questions too," he said. "Who killed Frank Ragoni? Who killed Al Ventra? Those are mine, Joe. Tell Amato I'll be around to try them on him one of these days."

"You still talk real big, Steve," Lye said. "I bet Hammy can fix that."

"He can try," said Retnick gently. "Steve, don't!" Marcia cried.

Hammy laughed. "You big clown," he said, and lunged toward Retnick. He loved this work; all he needed was a grip and then he could maul and batter any man to pieces.

But he never got his grip; Retnick slapped Hammy's arm away with a blow that spun him around. Then he hit him twice in the body, deliberately and cruelly, bringing the punches up with effortless, terrible power, and Hammy's breath left his body in an agonized gasp. He clutched at his stomach, fighting for breath. He stared at Retnick, his eyes bulging piteously, and Retnick hit him again, slugging the wide exposed jaw with all the strength in his body. Hammy fell in a lugubrious sprawl.

Retnick looked at Joe Lye. "Do you want to go on with your little question

game?" he asked softly. Already, the short, hot madness was gone, but the old anger was with him still, cold and lasting.

Lye shook his head. "It's your round."

"You're smart, Joe," Retnick said. Then he walked past his wife. "Tim will call you a cab," he said abruptly, and opened the door, moving with long strides. He heard her call his name and heard her footsteps behind him, but he kept walking.

She caught up with him finally and took his arm in both her hands. "Steve, stop," she said.

He looked down at her. Her face was pale. "Why did you do it?" she cried. "What's wrong with you?"

"They asked for it, they got it," Retnick said.

"You wanted to kill him," Marcia said. "Oh, Steve, you've got to stop. You're—you're just like an animal."

"I'm not stopping," he said. "I haven't started yet."

She stared at him. "It's not just me—you hate everybody. You'll go on hating until you're killed."

"That shouldn't bother you," he said, and pulled his arm away from her and walked up the avenue. . . .

The apartment number was 2B, and the name on the card beneath the buzzer was Dixie Davis. This was where Red Evans had had his shirts delivered. Retnick rang the bell, knowing he could only push ahead and pray for luck. Everything else was gone from his mind: his wife, Hammy, Joe Lye. A tiny scratching noise sounded, and a girl's voice said, "Hello?"

"I'm a friend of Red Evans'," Retnick said.

There was a pause. "Where'd you know him?"

"On the docks."

Another pause, and then the lock on the door clicked.

She stood in the doorway of her apartment, a small redhead who studied him cautiously with cold blue eyes.

No, she hadn't seen Red Evans for a couple of weeks. There was no interest or friendliness in her face, and her voice sounded as if it hadn't registered any emotion but boredom for a long, long time. Evans had moved in on her, then moved out—like that. After a lot of big talk about taking her to Canada with him to live the good life in the open, he'd simply disappeared one morning, along with a little stake of cash she'd kept hidden.

"You think he went to Canada alone?" Retnick asked.

"Mister, I couldn't care less."

"Would you let me know if he shows up again?"

She shrugged. "Any reason why I should?"

"I can think of a few hundred reasons. All green."

"It's that important, huh? How'd you find me?"

"His landlady said this was his forwarding address."

Dixie sighed. "That's my old red-head. Uses everybody for something. First he takes over, then he takes off. Okay, Buster. I'll wave if he shows up. Where can I reach you?"

Retnick wrote his telephone number on the back of a book of matches, and then gave them to her. "I'll be there for a couple of weeks, I guess."

"Fair enough. So long, big boy."

When she closed the door, Retnick went down a flight of stairs and stopped. He listened to the silence for

a moment or so, then returned quietly to her landing and put his ear against the door. She was speaking to someone in a low, urgent voice. Occasionally she paused, but there was no answering voice; evidently she was using the telephone. Retnick went quickly down to the street and hailed a cab. "This is a tail job," he said to the driver. "That okay with you?"

The driver looked unenthusiastic. "You a cop?"

"I'm a husband. Okay?"

"Get in," the driver said wearily.

RETNICK got in and lighted a cigarette. He was reasonably certain Dixie Davis was still in contact with Red Evans; her version of their relationship didn't fit a hard-shelled little operator like Dixie.

She came out in a few minutes and turned toward Park.

"That's her," Retnick said.

They idled along until Dixie found a cab, and then followed her across town to Pennsylvania Station. Retnick paid his driver and trailed her into the station. He signaled a porter and gave him a five-dollar bill. Pointing out Dixie, he said, "Find out where she buys a ticket to. I'll wait right here."

The porter returned in a moment or so. "She's going to Trenton, sir. At least she bought a ticket there."

Trenton, Retnick thought, as he walked through the crowd to the telephone booths. Was that where Evans was staying? If so, one part of the problem was solved. But if Evans had killed Ragoni, the greater part of the problem remained: to establish who had paid Evans to do the job. And even then he might not get any closer to the men who had killed Ventra. For an instant Retnick was swept with a sense of futility. When he proved he'd been framed, what would it mean? Where would he be? Still sitting in a cheap bedroom with the wreckage of his life at his feet.

Finally he shrugged and stepped into a telephone booth. He called his old friend Miles Kleyburg, at the Thirty-first. Kleyburg's voice went up in happy surprise. "Steve, where the devil are you? We've been hoping you'd stop by. Neville wants to see you. Hell, we all want to see you, boy."

"I've been busy," Retnick said. "Look, Miles, I need a favor."

"You name it, anything. But let's get together for dinner. How about tonight?"

"Let me take a rain check on it," Retnick said. "Would you look up a girl named Dixie Davis for me?" He gave Kleyburg her address. "I want everything on her you can get."

"I'll get a fix on her," Kleyburg said, and then added, "Steve, I'm sorry, but I'll have to cut this short. We're busy here this morning. They found old Jack Glencannon's body this morning on a siding near Twelfth Avenue. Everybody's going mildly nuts."

"Was it a homicide?"

"Looks like it. So long, boy. I'll get that dope for you."

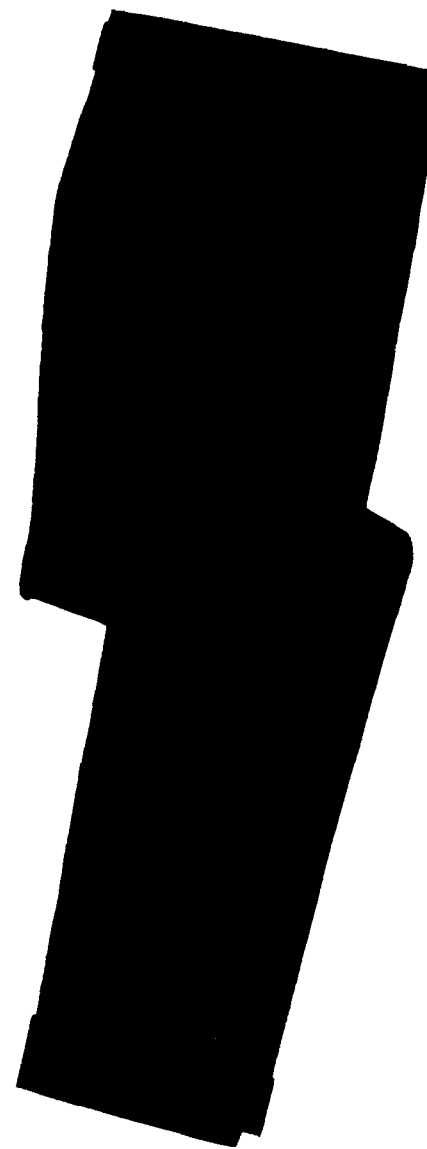
Retnick sat in the booth for a moment, staring at the bustle and commotion in the cavernous station. There was a hard little smile on his lips. This would tighten the screws on Nick Amato, whether he was responsible for the old man's death or not. The newspapers would set fires under the cops and unions now. The pot would boil and the public would want a victim or two tossed into it. That was fine, Retnick thought. Let them all burn.

—WILLIAM P. MCGIVERN



Mickey Mantle,
Star New York Yankee
Outfielder, says:

"You can't beat Hagggar Slacks for good looks and comfort"



HAGGAR

Imperial Tropicals

Hagggar All-Wool Imperial Tropicals are beautifully tailored for better fit and drape. They hold a crease, resist wrinkles, are wonderful for warm weather wear.

About \$10⁹⁵

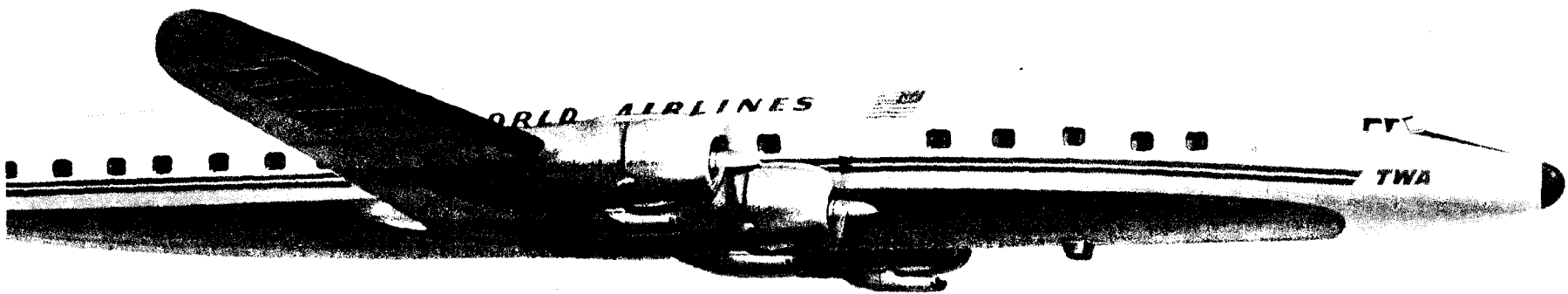
Get Hagggar Slacks at better stores everywhere, \$6.95-\$14.95



HAGGAR COMPANY • DALLAS

(This is the first of three parts)





DISCOVER A NEW HIGH IN AIR TRAVEL...

TWA's great new SUPER-G CONSTELLATIONS

LARGEST, MOST LUXURIOUS AIRLINERS IN THE SKIES TODAY!

- Created by Lockheed especially for TWA!
- Powered by Curtiss-Wright's newest Turbo-compound engines!
- Styled by Henry Dreyfuss, world-famous designer!

Step aboard and enjoy the most delightful *non-stop* service you've ever experienced between major cities coast to coast. For TWA's great, new Super-G Constellation is a perfect combination of outstanding speed and supreme luxury—a combination never before dreamed possible aloft!

Every feature of this giant of the skyways is a tribute to painstaking planning and engineering — such scientific advances as a nose equipped for radar to “see” weather a hundred miles ahead — such luxuries as the glare-free picture windows that give you a better view of the world below. You can sit back and relax in one of the four spacious cabins (yes, four!)... or sleep away the miles in your own full-length berth. Special soundproofing quiets the four mighty Turbo-compound engines to a reassuring hum.

Scores of other features will delight you, too... the richly decorated lounge where you can enjoy pleasant conversation with fellow passengers, three beautifully appointed lavatories, adjustable reading lights, handy baggage racks, wood-paneled interiors, much more. And TWA's traditionally superb service matches the smart, luxurious setting every moment you're aboard.

Plan to be one of the first to fly TWA's luxurious new Super-G Constellations. For information and reservations, see your TWA travel agent or call your nearest Trans World Airlines ticket office today.



Sleep away the miles in a wide, full-length sleeper berth that is even roomier than rail berths! In the morning, awaken to a piping-hot breakfast served right in bed by your TWA hostess. It's the only air sleeper service between New York and California.



Finest food in flight! Enjoy superb full-course meals right at your seat. Order your favorite drink from TWA's full selection of beverages. Select a perfect snack from TWA's bountiful variety of canapés, rare cheese and fresh fruits. All complimentary, naturally!

Fly the finest... **FLY TWA**
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES



Joan Weber recorded *Let Me Go, Lover* six times before company approved it

POPULAR records are the only branch of the lively arts in which a performer may emerge in a hurry from splendid anonymity to faceless notoriety—like Athena springing full-armed from the forehead of Zeus, with a bag over her head. Unlike other entertainers who have to be seen, sometimes for years, to be believed, a popular singer may, with one recording, reproduce a success pattern as classic and unvarying as the Greek myth. First it is the voice crying out in a wilderness of jukeboxes and radio stations that makes the foolish heart constrict and the reluctant hand open to part with 89 cents for a record. The record becomes a hit; a clatter of approbation arises for the voice. Hundreds of thousands of music lovers, most of them under twenty-one, ask what the singer looks like and prefers for breakfast, and, if a woman, whether she is married, where she lives and what she wears. In a matter of weeks the singer is booked into night clubs and theaters and onto television shows. She may even endure.

The newest and, in some ways, the most spectacular beneficiary of what one music-business executive with an eye for the Big Picture likes to think of as really just another, if slightly peripheral, triumph of communications is a singer named Joan Weber, herself a less bookish type who prefers to string along with Providence in the matter. Miss Weber is a slight but wiry girl of nineteen, with large brown eyes and a large, murky voice freighted with all manner of spiritual unrest and a South Jersey inflection. As it happens, she has a pretty face

and good legs; eats like a bird; is married and gave birth to a daughter eight days after the aforementioned triumph of communications; and lives with her husband, a telephone-equipment installer and saxophone player (now on leave from both, to be her road manager), in her parents' properly modest home in Paulsboro, New Jersey, a town of 7,842 given over mainly to oil refining.

She had been elected Halloween Queen during her senior year in high school and best-looking girl upon her graduation in June, 1953. She had sung on weekends in a number of small, family-type night clubs, none of them more than 20 miles or so from her home, with a five-piece band organized by her husband, a stolid, agreeable man of twenty-four named George (Harry) Verfaillie. These developments evoked no more than familial and local interest. Then Miss Weber recorded a song, a lorn, neurotic ballad called *Let Me Go, Lover*, which became a hit so fast that she barely had time to have her baby delivered (by Caesarean section) before struggling happily to her feet to fulfill all the bookings that were thrust, sight unseen, upon her. The realization that none of the people booking her had any idea what she looked like, and didn't much care, induced a medium amount of shock in her. "I asked myself," she said not long ago, "what it was they liked about me. They hadn't seen my face and they hadn't seen me present a number."

While Miss Weber's life will never again be the same, a condition she has accepted with a becoming mixture of reluctance and alacrity, her state of shock has since been mitigated by large sums of money, although her weight has gone down from

105 pounds to 90 and she has taken to eating yeast tablets and vitamin pills. She has begun to travel what the trade, with its flair for a bromide, calls "The Glory Road"—that is, singing in a series of ballrooms and theaters, and in night clubs known as "record rooms" for the reason that they attract the kind of people who want to see the singers whose records they buy. Everywhere she goes, she submits gladly to interviews with disc jockeys, who are probably the most important single item in the promotion of a singer, making little set speeches, the burden of which is "Wonderful!" and "Thank you!" to which the disc jockeys almost always reply, "Wonderful!" and "Thank you!" She also autographs photographs of herself for their personal collections, usually signing herself "Sincerely" or "Thanks a million!" She has shown herself to be very fast on her feet, in an untutored way.

Setting Her Feet on the Road to Glory

A vast complex of felicitous circumstances operated to set Miss Weber's tiny feet on the road to success, however ephemeral. (In the business, it is estimated that one hit record will keep a singer working steadily anywhere from six months to two years.) Last July 21st, a publicity man named Murray Martin, who is hired by the McCann-Erickson advertising agency to publicize Westinghouse Electric Corporation's Studio One, a television drama program, received the synopsis of a story the program was contemplating buying and dramatizing. Written by Charlotte Armstrong and called *Who's Been Sitting in My Chair?*, it had run in a national magazine and had to do with some



Teen-age fans cluster around Joan Weber outside stage door of Montreal's Seville Theater while her husband, Harry Verfaillie (left), stands by. He acts as her road manager—at \$125 a week



Joan makes guest appearance on New York radio station WNEW with disc jockey Jerry Marshall. Another disc jockey—in Connecticut—once played her rendition of *Let Me Go, Lover* continuously for two hours

Collier's for April 15, 1955

Lover”

singer a \$3,000-a-week star?

complicated shenanigans concerning an escaped murderer, his ailing girl friend, a Los Angeles disc jockey and *his* girl friend.

Five days later, Studio One bought the story and, in its inscrutable wisdom, changed the name to *Yesterday's Shadow*. By August 15th a script had been ground out, and by August 25th the title had been changed again, this time to *A Ghost Came Calling*. In the meantime, Martin, a nimble-minded Southerner of fifty-one with a rich Mississippi accent that 28 years in New York have failed to coarsen, was casting about for some means of exploiting the show. On his synopsis, he had jotted down, "Top jockey? Hit record?", which meant that he was toying with the idea of getting either a real disc jockey to enact the leading role, or, failing that, of using a new recording as a musical background. The show's producer rejected the disc-jockey notion on the ground that, after all, Studio One had certain standards of acting to maintain. He told Martin to go ahead and see what he could come up with in the way of a recording. "I was thinking," Martin has since said, "of getting the hottest songbird in the business."

With the air of a man reconstructing apotheosis, Martin continued, "I went back to my office, picked up the phone and called Mitch Miller. I knew, of course, he was pop artists and repertoire man for Columbia Records, and Columbia is owned by CBS, which broadcasts Studio One, and besides Mitch is a man who entertains ideas anyway." Martin said to Miller, "Mitch, we've got a show coming up that calls for a disc jockey and a record that is the favorite of a boy and a girl in the play. It's a mystery story and this record is played a number of times. My idea is to get it recorded in advance, use it on the show, expose it to twenty-five million people and see what happens."

Miller, a fat man who wears a goatee and is perhaps the most successful artists and repertoire man



GUY GILLETTE

Joan Weber, now 19, belts out a song during personal-appearance tour of theaters, night clubs and cabarets. Before she recorded *Let Me Go, Lover*, she had sung only weekends with her husband's small orchestra in and around her New Jersey home town



GUY GILLETTE

After her record became a hit, Joan made her first public appearance on Ed Sullivan's TV show. It was the start of a golden harvest

in the popular-music field, to say nothing of being one of the two or three finest oboists in the world, will, when the mood is upon him, respond like a jazz musician. "Crazy, man," he told Martin. "Wild. Leave it to me." Lapsing abruptly into standard business jargon, he added, "I'll get back to you." He already had the song, which at the time, however, was called *Let Me Go, Devil*, and was a melancholy thing dealing with the evils of drink. Miller got the publishers to have the lyrics rewritten so that it could be made into a melancholy thing dealing with love, on the theory that love is at least as stimulating as and unquestionably more universal than liquor. As for Miss Weber, he had had her under contract, but unrecorded since August 20th, or roughly during the period when Studio One was searching its soul and changing its titles.

In about a week, Miller got back to Martin and said to him over the telephone, "Listen to this." "Mitch turned on this demonstration record so loud," Martin remembers, "that it blasted the hell out of my ears. It was a man singing *Let Me Go, Lover*, with piano and guitar. I know that *now*."

After the assault on his eardrums had subsided, Martin says, Miller demanded: "How do you like that?" "I don't know," Martin shouted back. "I can't tell what it's all about. Send it over and I'll take it home and play it." That night Martin exposed the record to his sixteen-year-old daughter, Lucy, and her current boy friend, an Andover senior, who approved it—thus demonstrating one way in which momentous business decisions are made. The song was then approved by the McCann-Erickson people and finally by Felix Jackson, the producer of Studio One.

Martin next got back to Miller and wanted to know who was going to record the song. "I wanted a big name," he says. "I was thinking in terms of pulling some audience in. Mitch said, 'This, you don't want.' He said he had a sort of female Johnnie Ray in mind, with sympathy or empathy or something. He talks so fast, I never did get her name down at the time. 'Let me cut the record,' he said. 'You listen to it; if you don't like it, I'll get you anyone you want.' He sold me."

Miller, who is not without nonmusical cunning,



"I COULDN'T BEAR IT..."

if I had to go back to all that rigmarole!"

"You can talk all you want about the advantages of Tampax—no odor, easy disposability and so on. But for my money, its big contribution to the world of women is the way it's gotten rid of so much unnecessary bulk! It's bad enough to have to struggle into a girdle on 'those days' without worrying about a belt-pin-pad harness. I couldn't bear it, if I didn't have Tampax!"

Are Tampax users that vehement, that intense, that fervent about Tampax? They certainly are! If you haven't spoken to a user yet about your "time-of-the-month" problems, by all means do so. She might tell you how comfortable Tampax internal sanitary protection is—or she might talk about the fact it's invisible when in place. She might even dwell on its smallness (a whole month's supply can go into the purse). But whatever she says, she's bound to be enthusiastic. All Tampax users are!

Choice of 3 absorbencies are at drug or notion counters—Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association
TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The song was originally titled Let Me Go, Devil

also suggested to Martin that the title of the play be changed to Let Me Go, Lover, a stroke of acumen that appealed to the Studio One people, who made the change officially on September 9th, the day before Miss Weber recorded the song. "I made it sound as though I'm doing them a big favor," Miller has said. "I said they could have it for nothing. Put it this way: if they had commissioned a song, it would have cost them money. As for the song, I picked this one because I wanted a tune that wouldn't be busy behind dialogue. Otherwise, they'd play it at the beginning and the end and that'd have been all. This song, even though it's a rangy one, has intervals that fall in naturally."

Torch Appeal Is Universal

Although he had his pick of unknown singers to choose from, Miller bestowed the accolade on Miss Weber, because, as he put it, "We had no one on the label who could sing that type of song. It's got real universal torment. It's the kind of thing that's true in Café Society or Thomas Hardy. As a cold business proposition, if the song did nothing else but portray a woman hopelessly in love with the man of today who takes her for granted, it's typifying half the women in America and we can't lose. There's nothing like identifying yourself with misery. And I'll never forget, when this girl auditioned for me, how all that emotion came out and not a muscle moved. It was like being at a funeral. You know what she is? She's Libby Holman in a coonskin hat."

So far as can be determined from both her public and private utterances, there is a wide, dark streak of the romantic in Miss Weber (she professes to have read only one novel in her life, Jane Eyre, and that because it was, as she says, "sad," just as she likes movies that are "sad" and songs that "touch people's hearts"), but nothing in the life of her mind, not even the gloom-drenched days of Jane Eyre, or around her could be said to have prepared her for her entry into the world of art and commerce. She had, it is true, done a singing commercial, at the age of fifteen, for the Paul Whiteman television show in Philadelphia, and had been to New York City twice to sing on Whiteman's radio program. But, not having been called again, she considered herself a failure, and, on the whole, in retirement from show business, except for the weekend engagements with her husband's band.

In any case, on a Saturday night late in January, 1954, some six months before the mills of Studio One began to grind, the Providence in which Miss Weber so firmly puts her trust had intervened in the person of a heavy-set clothing manufacturer and sporting man from Camden, New Jersey, named Charles Robinson, who aspired to be a patron of the arts. "He had a lot of money," Miss Weber says, "and wanted to invest it." Robinson wandered into a place called the Rathskeller in Gloucester, New Jersey, where Miss Weber was singing, listened critically, but said nothing. He returned a week later with a song writer named Frank Capano, who lives in Westville, New Jersey. The two men listened even more critically this time and then introduced

themselves to Miss Weber via the drummer, unaware that the saxophone player was her husband. Capano asked her to sing a ballad, Too Young, which she did. "There's something in her voice that will record," he reported authoritatively to Robinson. The two men asked her whether she would like to go to New York to make her fortune and Miss Weber replied that she didn't think so, that she didn't think she had that much of a voice, and besides she had heard so much about marriages breaking up over careers.

"Luckily, Harry overheard us," Miss Weber recalled some time ago. "He said, 'Yes, she'll go to New York.' They asked, 'Will you stick?' and I said yes, but for them not to get up their hopes and dreams right away. They didn't waste any time." On February 9th, Robinson signed Miss Weber to a contract, whereby he undertook to be her personal manager for ten years and to get 25 per cent of everything she earned. Capano took her to Philadelphia, where she cut a demonstration record of a song he had written, Marionette, which ultimately turned out to be the "B" or "flip" side of Let Me Go, Lover. He then brought the record to Eddie Joy, a New York music publisher and manager of such talent as his wife (Mindy Carson), Guy Mitchell and Jimmy Boyd, hoping to make a double coup by selling both singer and song.

Joy, a fresh-faced, dark-haired man of thirty-nine, whose father founded the firm, liked the song well enough, but says now that he was "bowled over" by the girl singing it. He had Capano bring her in to audition for him and was enchanted. "She was a cool one," Joy says. "She just looked around and everything that went in one ear didn't come out the other side. She wrapped you up by just being quiet. I told her she'd have to work for a couple of months, get cleaned up vocally and have something to present to a record company. So, she just said, 'I think that would be an awfully good idea.' No rah, rah, rah, sis boom bah. This is the first artist didn't cost me any money. I guarantee you this summer this girl makes a screen test."

Joy's ecstasies subsided somewhat when he learned that Miss Weber had already signed a contract with Robinson. Robinson was called in, however,

and Joy made it plain to him that unless he was given full management of Miss Weber he wanted no part of her. Robinson struggled briefly and gave in. On June 15th, Miss Weber signed a ten-year contract with Joy, under the terms of which Joy was to receive a 10-per-cent piece of her, and Robinson, who was to "act in an advisory capacity," was to get 15. In September, Robinson turned over a third of his 15 to Capano, for services rendered. Other singers have been sliced finer. "I felt a deep obligation to Mr. Robinson," Miss Weber says. "He put up about \$500 for me in expenses."

It is characteristic of the industry that as disembodied as she had been called to Joy's attention—through the medium of a demonstration record—so was Miss Weber brought to that of Mitch Miller. Joy, who enjoys excellent personal relations with Miller, played the record of Marionette for him, and only after that was Miss Weber auditioned in the flesh by Miller. Aside from being confirmed in the impression the record had made on him, Miller's only other observation, which he voiced without cynicism, was that the girl, then in the middle stages of her pregnancy, looked "sort of content and passive," and that he "ought to give husbands of singers a bounty for keeping their wives pregnant" because he felt it made them sing better. He said both Rosemary Clooney and Jo Stafford proved his case.

Scene in a Recording Studio

The night of September 10th, on which Miss Weber recorded Let Me Go, Lover, had an appropriately apocalyptic air about it: there was a heavy storm. Clad in a gray corduroy maternity smock, a black and gray skirt and a black turtle-neck sweater, Miss Weber sat, passive and nervous, in Columbia's bleak recording studios on the East Side of Manhattan, while Mindy Carson recorded. Miss Weber's turn came shortly before 10:00 P.M. For acoustical reasons, singers are placed behind a screen when they record, and they wear earphones to receive instructions from the control room. The pervading irony of her facelessness was not lost on Miss Weber. She made Marionette three times before Miller declared himself satisfied with it, and



"I'll say one thing: The taxpayers are certainly getting their money's worth out of the FBI"

COLLIER'S

AL ROSS

Collier's for April 15, 1955



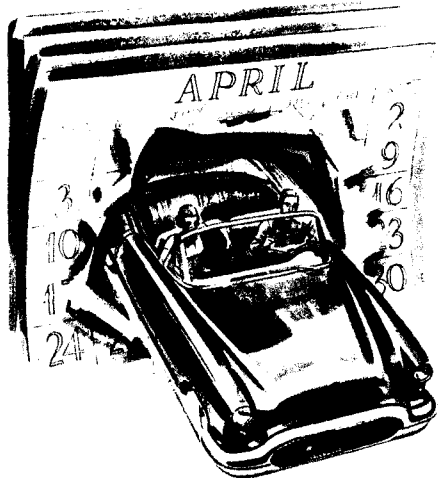
"SHOWING OFF THE NEW KITCHEN," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 106 in the series, "Home Life in America"

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours . . . *Beer Belongs—Enjoy It!*

BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION
Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862



NOW-change oil and Oil Filter...



IT'S NATION-WIDE OIL FILTER CHECK TIME!

**Tell your service man
to put in a new Purolator
when he changes your oil**

A Purolator Micronic filter and fresh summer-weight oil will put your car in shape for miles of trouble-free driving.

Insist on Purolator protection all year long to help prevent destructive engine wear. Tell your service man to install a new Purolator Micronic every 5,000 miles. *There's one engineered for every make of car.* Costs as little as \$1.60.



PurOlator

America's No. 1 OIL FILTER

"Purolator," "Micronic," Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Purolator Products, Inc., Rahway, N. J.; Toronto, Canada

After Joan Weber was signed for personal appearances.

Let Me Go, Lover half a dozen times.

"We went through that song," she says, "until I just couldn't sing any longer. And finally—no one knows this—when Mitch said, 'Let's run it through just once more,' my back was aching, the baby was kicking around and I was just plain exhausted. So, I braced myself in the back with my hands and made a little prayer to myself. I felt God was there and I could reach out to Him. I said, 'Oh, God, I'm so tired, but I have to do it again because they know best. I can't, I can't sing it any more. So, will You please sing it for me?' and that's the tape they chose."

It was well after midnight when the recording session ended. "If she was scared," Miller says, "she didn't show it. She kept getting better and better." He then informed Miss Weber for the first time that the record was to be used on Studio One and also had her telephone her mother in Paulsboro. He got on the phone himself to say, "Aren't you pleased with your daughter? She's going to be a big star."

A Poetic Tribute to Her Family

Miss Weber returned to Paulsboro to await the birth of her daughter. Some inkling of what she might expect professionally now began to dawn on her and moved her to write a poem on September 25th. It read, in part:

*Dear Mom, Dad and Freddie—
Whatever glory may attach
To anything I do—
Whatever credit I receive—
It all belongs to you.*

*And when you meet with others
and—
Speak of me with pride—
I know how loyally you are—the
Loved ones at my side.*

*And that is why I thank you all
For everything I do
And for each conquest—
Great or small
I pass the praise to you!*

Freddie is the older of Miss Weber's two brothers. He is the principal of a grade school. The other brother is Jack, whom, possibly for metric reasons, possibly for others, she neglected to mention in the poem. "Mom" is her mother, the former Inez Aschenbrenner. Her father, also named Frederick, was a German immigrant; both he and Jack work in a Du Pont chemical plant in nearby Gibbstown.

Columbia Records sent out some 2,000 advance copies of the record to disc jockeys in October. They either lost it, did not play it or received it indifferently. Neither Columbia's nor the Studio One publicity campaign was out of the ordinary, aside from the fact that both stressed the gimmick value of a new record being heard on a dramatic show. In the week preceding the Studio One broadcast, the record was reviewed by both The Billboard and Variety, the trade journals of show business. Neither singled it out for special mention. The Billboard found that Miss Weber had given Let Me Go, Lover a "fair reading" and said curtly of Marionette: "The thrush tries too hard on this piece of special material." Variety said she "debuts auspiciously" and let it go pretty much at that. Between November 1st, when

the record was released and November 15th, the night of the broadcast, it sold 7,972 copies. (Obviously anticipating no ground swell, Columbia had shipped only 20,000 to its distributors.)

Let Me Go, Lover was heard entirely or in snatches, mentioned and seen 10 times on a Monday-night telecast that reached an estimated 25,000,000 people. (Two days later, Variety said of the show itself that it had had "one of its off nights," but noted that the "title tune was woven into the yarn and received an unusually concentrated plug.") Miss Weber's fortune was made, although, pent in Paulsboro watching the show, she had no idea of its extent. Even before the broadcast was over, CBS received hundreds of telephone calls asking for the identity of the singer and where the record could be purchased.

The following morning, the records remaining in the hands of the distributors were sold within hours. Columbia's plants in Bridgeport, Terre Haute and Hollywood were put on extra shifts and many dealers showed up to take hot discs away in private automobiles. By November 19th, sales of the record had reached 230,327. A week later, the figure was 600,352. It passed the million mark on December 30th. On January 21st, it was 1,217,265 and had begun to taper off.

While the record sales were soaring, Miss Weber had her daughter, whom she named Terry Lynn, delivered on November 23d; signed a contract in the first week of December with the General Artists Corporation (with which Joy also enjoys excellent relations) for personal-appearance bookings (at 10 per cent), and celebrated her nineteenth birthday on December 12th, more appalled by than secure in the knowledge that royalties from her record (at three cents each) would undoubtedly pass \$40,000. A disc jockey in New Haven played the record for two hours, interrupting it only for commercials. Another, in Chester, Pennsylvania, gave it as his opinion that all the publicity about Miss Weber being

so young was nonsense. This remark so upset her that she had her husband telephone the man and tell him that it was, indeed, so. He apologized.

The usual gold- or near-gold-plated record that is given to a singer when one of his or her hits passes the million mark was prepared by Columbia for Miss Weber, but was withheld until such time as the publicity auspices might be at their greatest. More important were the golden bookings made for her by the General Artists Corporation. She was placed on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town TV show on December 26th (the booking would have been made earlier had it not been for the birth of her daughter) at \$1,250.

On a Highly Successful Tour

Her first fleshly appearance was set for January 1st and 2d at the State Theatre in Hartford, Connecticut, an enormous auditorium seating 4,250 people, which is open only on weekends. (The minimum guarantee was \$2,500, with the option of a 50-50 split; Miss Weber beat the minimum and cleared almost \$4,000 for herself.) She was on the Perry Como TV show on January 5th at \$1,000. She also beat the guarantee at the Casa-Loma Ballroom in St. Louis, from January 12th through 16th; received \$2,500 at the Casino Royal in Washington from January 17th to 23d; and the same figure at Chubby's in Camden, New Jersey (which is near Paulsboro), Blinstrub's in Boston, and a theater in Montreal, between January 24th and the end of February. (Midway in the tour, she fell ill with a virus and had to cancel a scheduled theater appearance in Toronto; she spent six days in Miami recovering.) By March she was getting about \$3,000 a week for personal appearances. Meantime, at the end of January, she recorded two more songs, It May Sound Silly and Call Me Careless.

Miss Weber's expenses were correspondingly heavy. Exactly two weeks after she had had her baby in a hospital



she spent \$3,800 for a new wardrobe

in Woodbury, New Jersey, she had been taken to New York and the task of grooming her for public appearances had begun. It cost almost \$5,000. She was placed by Eddie Joy in the charge of an elegant lady designer named Audre Nethercott, who was paid \$75 a day to take her shopping. (The shopping tours occupied the better part of two weeks in December and January.) Her face and hair were reworked at Elizabeth Arden's for \$50. On clothes alone, she spent more than \$3,800. (Her new wardrobe included four working gowns, designed by Miss Nethercott, at \$500 apiece, as well as two special trunks at \$12.50 each.)

Her husband, whom Joy had Miss Weber hire at \$125 a week to be her road manager, was dispatched to a men's clothier, there to spend \$500 on a number of outfits that, as a member of the Joy office explained, would make him look neither too flashy nor too conservative. Up to that point, he had looked neither flashy nor conservative. Joy obtained an accompanist for Miss Weber and she now pays him \$250 a week when on the road and \$125 when not.

On the Sullivan show, Miss Weber displayed a surprising and gratifying degree of professionalism. For the presentation of her song, she was made to act out a kind of rigmarole in a Western setting and she did it to perfection. Before she went on, her husband, who has a big fund of small homilies, said to her, "Be humble—don't stumble." Miss Weber sang not only Let Me Go, Lover, but I'm Sitting on Top of the World, into the lyrics of which she had interpolated references to her newborn daughter.

Definitely the Retiring Type

Four days later, she was in New Haven making her first disc-jockey tour in the company of the promotion manager for Columbia's southern New England distributor. That evening, she was given a cocktail party at the Hotel Statler in Hartford and excused herself reasonably early with the disarming but accurate bit of information that she had to wash her hair and get a night's sleep. She spent the next day being interviewed by another gaggle of disc jockeys in Hartford, all of whom loved her, as they say in the business, and most of whom called her husband "Mr. Weber." On New Year's Eve, she did not stir out of her hotel room; she and her husband, more or less clutching each other like lost children, watched the Times Square celebration on television.

For her debut on New Year's Day at Hartford's State Theatre, Miss Weber was chaperoned, coached, adjured and reassured by her husband; Eddie Joy; a man from Joy's office named Marty Horstman, who was breaking in Miss Weber's husband in the intricacies of road managing (including standing at the box office and counting the house); and a vice-president of General Artists Corporation named Harry Anger. (Both Anger and Joy made much of what was apparently an old joke to them: the antonymic nature of their names.) Anger quickly taught Miss Weber how to make curtain calls and milk an audience for applause. (A couple of days before, Miss Weber had dreamed that she was alone on a dark

stage with a single spotlight on her. "I wasn't a success," she remembers. "They didn't like me. It ended where I was crying, walking off stage.")

Miss Weber's debut was, for a cold New Year's afternoon, thunderous. She sang her hit song and Dim Dim the Lights, Teach Me Tonight, Make Yourself Comfortable, and Muskrat Ramble, and she made a pretty little speech of gratitude to her audiences. She was growing steadily more tired, though, and that night, toward the end of the third show, inexplicably forgot the words of Muskrat Ramble. She remained self-possessed enough to retrieve herself, but when she came off stage she was crying silently and her head was bowed. An hour or so later, in her hotel room, she embarked on what was for her a rather remarkable monologue, which she interrupted now and then with new freshets of tears.

A Scared Little Girl Confesses

"My mind was so blank," she said. "I was so scared. I was numb. I thought, 'I'm so stiff. I'll just walk off gracefully if I can, but I can't.' When I was a little girl, I wasn't very happy. I was very scared of the other kids, what they thought of me. If I laughed too loud, I was a show-off. If I started going out with boys, I was boy-crazy. I had such good posture they'd say I was stuck-up, thought a lot of myself. I was just taught to walk and sit correctly. In class, I started slouching purposely at the desk and the teacher would holler at me. I was licked on all sides. Until the eighth grade, I'd be running home to my mother and crying. I've always tried to please people. I always wanted to get them on my side, but that's also why I was always scared of show business. I never knew if I could do it. I'm not very intelligent. I'm not the brightest thing. I've always envied people who can use long words, like my brother Freddie."

Another thought struck her. "I'm glad I know the value and meaning of money," she went on, "because I didn't have money at all. And yet there's something that isn't there now. It's hard to explain. I can spend it when I want to now, but before when you got five dollars together, you could compare it with fifty cents and think, 'I finally hit the five-dollar mark' and it was a thrill. When Mitch said, 'You'll be getting \$40,000 on your record,' I thought, 'I can't compare it with the fifty cents any more.' I knew he was speaking the truth, but it just wasn't getting to me."

"I'm still an amateur, not a professional. I hope I stay that way. To me, money doesn't mean that much, if it's going to change me. I love to sing and I want to interpret a song, because that's my biggest aim, but if it ever comes to where I have to decide between my husband and baby and show business, you can bet your life I'll turn my back on show business before I turn my back on the dearest things in my heart." She looked across the room at her husband. "And I want them to pat Harry, pat him on the back and tell him he's done a good job and he's not just a chauffeur."

Her husband walked over to her, put an arm across her shoulders, kissed her and said, "Joanie, don't you worry about anything."

Collier's for April 15, 1955



Meals are more fun with ROMA WINE

Food tastes so good, and fun holds sway, when you brighten the occasion with ROMA Wine. Like ROMA California Vin Rosé, for instance, the gay pink wine that goes so wonderfully with most any menu... particularly with Spring-holiday dinners. If you prefer a red dinner wine, choose ROMA California Burgundy... if a white wine, ROMA California Sauterne. Any one of the fine dinner wines of ROMA, all so inexpensive, will bring cheer and glamor to your table and your party.

Like other wines in the ROMA family, these dinner wines come in the amazing ROMA Dripless Bottle. No more ruinous wine stains and messy dripping... the Dripless Bottle positively prevents dripping when you pour!

Roma Wine Co., Fresno, California



THE FINE WINES OF

ROMA

Who wants to marry Money?

No wonder Link and Roger were battling over Mimi: she offered both love and security—gift-edged

By GLYNN HARVEY

IT WAS around ten o'clock on a Friday morning and I was hurrying around the corner of the clubhouse, head down, when I ran square into Roger Bartholdy. I mumbled an apology and was about to go on when I realized who it was.

"Tallyho!" I said. "I didn't recognize you without your horse."

This was a logical observation. The sight of Roger Bartholdy patrolling the terrace of the Pinehurst Country Club in golfing clothes was worth at least a notice in the Pinehurst newspaper. After all, Roger was master of the Moore County hounds and went around with the horsy set. You could put it down as a fairly accurate rule of thumb that the fox-chasing mob regarded golf as a footling pur-

suit, followed by idlers with overlapping arteries and interlocking brain cells.

In fairness, you might also put down that the Pinehurst golf crowd regarded the county cavalry—if at all—as a gang of eccentric stable swipes who dressed up in pink coats two mornings a week to go chasing foxes before breakfast. In short, never were two worlds farther apart.

When I barged into him, Roger reared back, nostrils flaring and eyes rolling wildly. For a moment I thought he might drop the putter he was

holding and start pawing the air with his forelegs. Skittish was the word.

"Whoa," I said softly. Roger began to quiet down and even managed a cold smile.

"Oh," he said. "It's you."

I backed off and studied his haberdashery. Roger Bartholdy was certainly dressed to the nines, whatever that means. He was wearing a fancy red cap, and his golf shoes were so new they creaked even when he was standing still.

"You're beautiful this morning," I said, nodding approval. "But I think we ought to remove the price tag from the putter."

Roger flushed and peeled off the marker and muttered something I didn't quite get. I thought I detected a general air of petulance and, as he glanced toward the door of the ladies' locker, a faint suggestion of impatience.

"Well," I said after a decent pause. I made a show of looking at my wrist watch. "I've got to get into town and back before our foursome tees off at noon, but I have time to listen to any kind of plausible explanation."

There's something about old Yale crewmen that annoys the hell out of me, and Roger Bartholdy was a real prototype. They have a generic tendency to be brusque and opinionated. That isn't just my own private observation; other Harvard men have remarked on it.

Roger was in one of his Napoleonic moods. He stared me up and down with a gaze that can only be described as steely. Then he pushed past me and strutted off. At the putting green he was joined by Mimi Elverson, and together they headed for the first tee.

I continued to watch, bemused by the scene, while Mimi teed off. As befits the perennial cham-

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH



"For your information," Mimi said, "I don't like being the subject of a common brawl!"



When you get 'em hot and fast

...you have Inco Nickel in the
heating units of your electric range

Here's a Family that knows the secret of speed cooking: an electric range and Inco Nickel.

On this range — for quick, clean, steady heat — Inco Nickel is in the heating units, the parts that get red hot on the double-quick when the range is turned on.

**It's in the heating units
in two forms and two places**

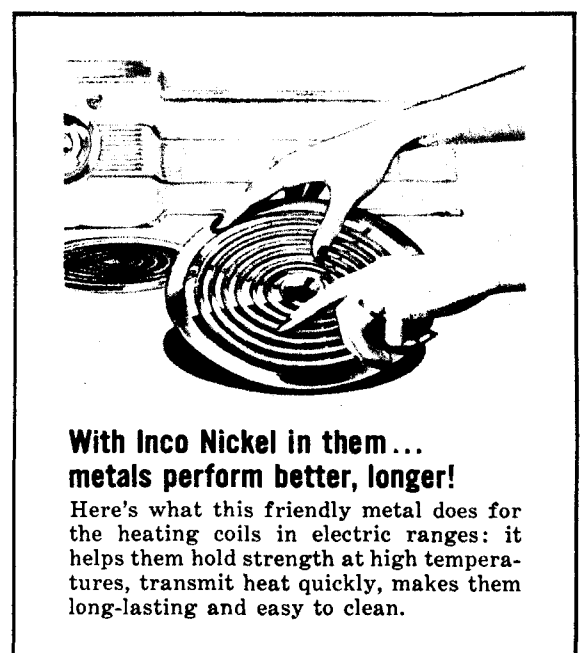
The heating element inside these units, the hidden wire that turns electricity into heat, is a Nickel Chromium alloy. This metal heats up fast and resists high temperature corrosion.

And the protective sheathings for this wire — these are other Nickel Alloys, such as Inconel and Incoloy.

Thanks to these Nickel Alloys, the sheathing (the coils that glow a bright, cherry red)

can be made thin — so thin that it transmits heat instantaneously. Yet, thin as it is, the sheathing withstands intense heat, without warping, without burning out. Your assurance of trouble-free speed cooking over the years!

Whether you're interested in speed cooking or not, you'll enjoy reading "The Romance of Nickel." This take-you-behind-the-scenes, 65-page booklet will show you why Inco Nickel has come to be called "Your Unseen Friend." Write for a free copy. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 88d, New York 5, N. Y.



**With Inco Nickel in them...
metals perform better, longer!**

Here's what this friendly metal does for the heating coils in electric ranges: it helps them hold strength at high temperatures, transmit heat quickly, makes them long-lasting and easy to clean.

© 1955, T. I. N. Co.



Inco Nickel . . . Your Unseen Friend
The **INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.**

Get there in a *HUSH* with
SCOTT-ATWATER ...the
 outboard that bails your boat!

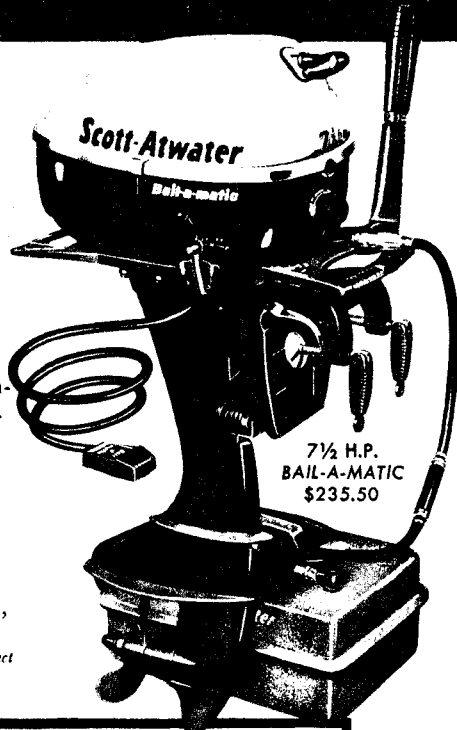


THERE'S A NEW SENSATION waiting for you when you take to the water with the super-quiet Scott-Atwater. You'll enjoy a new smoothness, new relaxation with this incredibly soft-spoken motor. *Hush-Spring* Mount and exclusive *Aquamute* Exhaust let you glide through the water with a quietness that's a revelation.

You'll like Scott-Atwater's other big features, too: *Bail-a-matic* power bailing, remote fuel tank, complete shift, snap-off hood, twist-grip speed control, built-in remote control connections.

See all five super-quiet models—5, 7½, 10, 16, 30 h.p.—plus the husky 3.6 h.p. model at your Scott-Atwater dealer's now. His name is in your phone book classified section.

FREE! 16-page color booklet on full line. Write Scott-Atwater Mfg. Co., Minneapolis 13, Minn., Dept. C-45. Horsepower certified by OBC. Prices FOB factory and subject to change. Convenient terms available at most dealers.



Choose from FIVE Super-Quiet
SCOTT-ATWATER
 outboards...all with Bail-a-matic!



pion of the Pinehurst Women's Open, she whipped one well down the fairway. Then the master of the hounds, after nearly decapitating himself with his first effort, plopped one neatly onto the bowling green.

"View halloo!" I shouted and pointed to the bowling lawn. Mimi waved in reply, but Roger Bartholdy only glared and then trudged off behind his caddie. I noticed that the razor-sharp crease in his slacks was already losing its edge.

I sighed for Mimi. If Roger was going to trail the ball through bush and bracken without his horse, it would be a long afternoon for her. Just watching that kind of game can be pretty tiring for a good golfer, and Mimi shot in the low eighties. There are those who argue that she ought to—she has nothing else to do since her father passed on and left her his millions.

AS I turned back toward the clubhouse I saw Link Dreyer standing on the porch, watching Mimi and Bartholdy with a faint suggestion of a frown on his brow.

Dreyer was a big, easygoing guy who might have been a great golfer if his life hadn't been complicated by the fact that he had to earn a living. He might have been a good salesman too, if his craving for golf hadn't brought him in off the road like a homing pigeon every Thursday. As it was, he couldn't perfect his golf game; he had to waste too much time working. And he put in too many days playing golf to make any serious dent in the Carolina sales market.

Under the circumstances, of course, we all felt that the ends of justice and humanity would best be served if Mimi Elverson and Link Dreyer would quietly pair off and withdraw to some convenient rectory for the wedding. Then Link wouldn't have to waste Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday on the road. And Mimi could go about her golf with a high heart and a clear conscience, serene in the knowledge that she was serving society and not just reaping the fruits of compound-interest accounts.

Some astute observers of the social scene were inclined to believe that all this would one day come to pass. And certainly Link Dreyer was in there pitching to the pin; he was sensible enough to realize that he was missing a

lot of fine golfing days. Mimi, on the other hand, was inclined to practice evasive tactics—but it was the consensus in the village that she just wanted to be chased a little bit. Women, I'm told, are like that.

Consequently, the sight of Link Dreyer watching his social security tack off down the fairway with Roger Bartholdy was most interesting. "It looks like somebody is playing your ball," I said gently.

Link turned to face me. A dark flush started up from his collar line. Perhaps that's why everyone was so genuinely fond of Link; he was such a total oaf; he even could blush.

"Isn't that Roger Bartholdy, the horse guy?" he said. Behind his horn-rimmed glasses, his eyes blinked in disbelief.

"Uh-huh."

Link turned this piece of intelligence over in his mind. "But he doesn't play golf," he said at length and rather suspiciously, as if testing the statement for a secret loophole.

I looked off down the fairway where Roger was emerging from the brush for the fourth time. "No," I said, "he sure doesn't."

Link frowned and pursed his lips. "Then," he went on stubbornly, "what's he doing out there with Mimi?"

"Well," I said airily, "he's not playing golf. We both agree on that point."

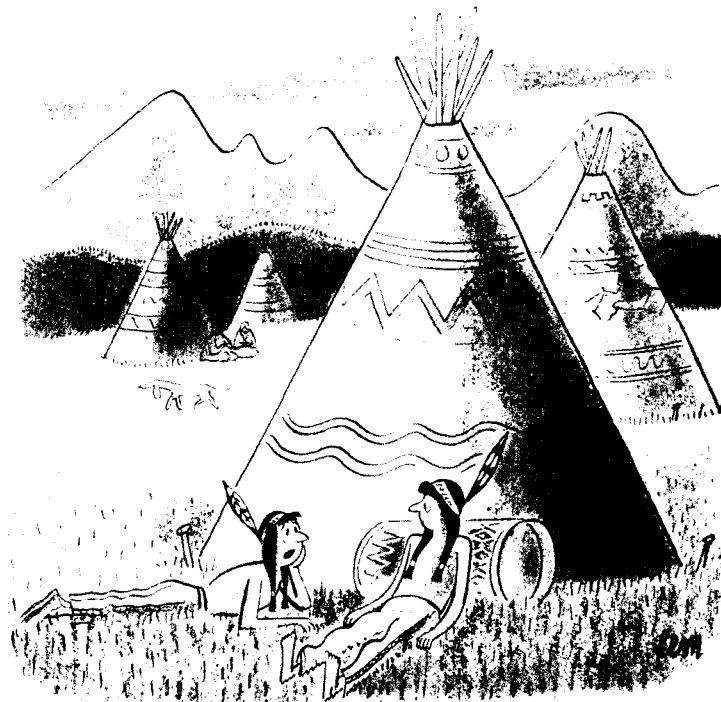
Link stared hard at me, and as he began to get the point his jaw dropped in astonishment. But I'll say this for Link Dreyer: Once he comes to grips with the subject he goes right to the mat. He looked quickly over his shoulder and then pulled me aside behind a pillar. "But Bartholdy's got lots of dough," he said hoarsely. Then, a bit anxiously, he added, "Hasn't he?"

I nodded. "They tell me his stable-boys make mops out of dirty old twenty-dollar bills and use 'em to clean the stalls," I said. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Well—" Link gestured weakly down the distant fairway.

I tapped him confidentially on the arm. "Don't let this get around town," I whispered, "but out there, in the world, people are still marrying for love."

Link stiffened and clenched his jaws. Poor guy. All his life he had either



"No oil, uranium or other royalties in our tribe. Why, we might as well be palefaces"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES E. MARTIN

Your thirst can "feel" the difference!

When your thirst cries out for a soothing, cooling glass of finest beer, there's no refreshment like Schlitz! For here is a beer with a difference your taste can actually "feel" all the way down.

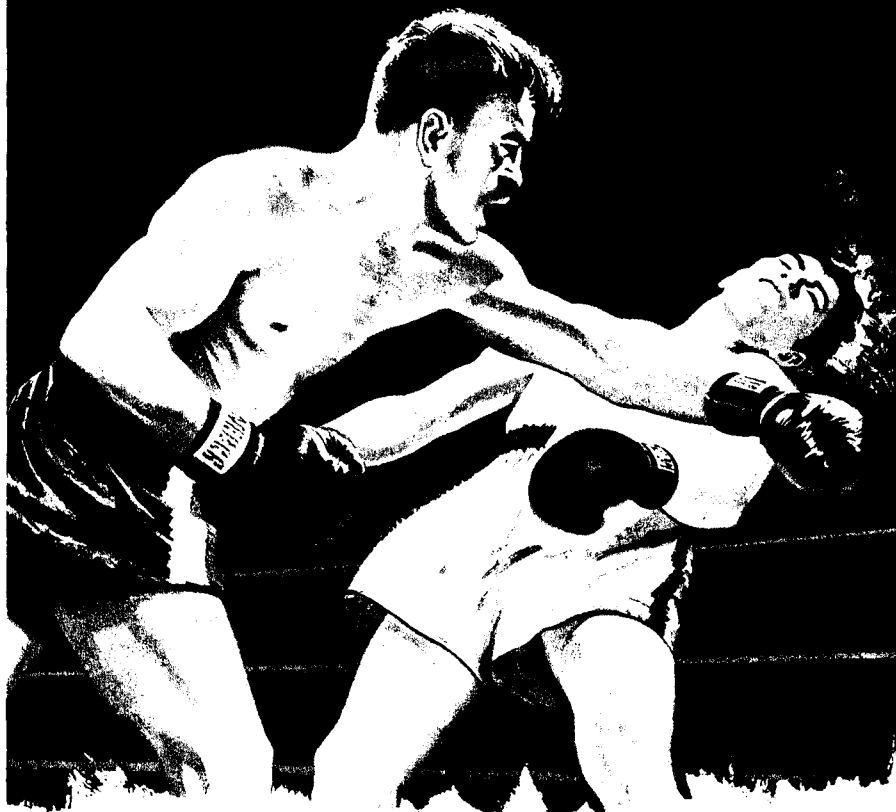
No harsh bitterness! No disappointing sweetness! Let your thirst "feel" the light, smooth, dry refreshment that really hits the spot. If you like beer, you'll love Schlitz . . . The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous.

*Schlitz always brews
for quality . . . never
for price!*



THAT EXTRA WALLOP...

makes the big difference!



THAT'S WHY GABRIEL is the Greatest Name in Ride Control

In Shock Absorbers, just as in the Prize Ring, it's the extra punch that makes The "Champ". Gabriel is the Greatest Name in Ride Control because Gabriel alone delivers the extra quality, the extra stamina and the extra feats of performance that have made Gabriel Shock Absorbers preferred above all others for more than a quarter of a century.

Gabriel Shock Absorbers alone possess the famous patented "O-Ring" seal. Much of the extra smoothness and velvety action of Gabriel Shock Absorbers is due directly to this all-important "exclusive"

Just like any other working part of your automobile, shock absorbers do wear out and should be replaced. Have your shocks inspected every 10,000 miles by your favorite service man. If your shocks have lost their punch, be sure to replace them with . . .

Gabriel — the Greatest Name in Ride Control

THE GABRIEL COMPANY
CLEVELAND 15, OHIO

been in a bunker or under a shower when Dan Cupid posted the starting times. He recognized the word "romance" when he saw it, but he associated it vaguely with perfume advertisements.

"Love?" he said. And then he repeated it softly, over and over. I backed him to a wicker chair and gave a slight push. Then I shrugged and started off for town. Empires might totter and dynasties fall, but if I wasn't back by tee time, I'd have to spend the afternoon at gin rummy.

AS LUCK would have it, whom do I meet on Broad Street but Victoria Nelson, the editor of the Pinehurst Pilot. After exploring the customary conversational gambits, I casually passed along the bulletin about Bartholdy and his new diversion. Victoria took it standing up.

"I'm not surprised," she said. "I heard he was selling his horses."

"How come?" I asked. "Did he bow a tendon or something?"

Victoria looked at me quercly. "He's broke," she said flatly. "And the government's put a plaster on his paint business up North until he kicks through with two years' back taxes."

I tipped my hat to her, accomplished my errand and hurried back out to the country club.

I found Link Dreyer there hovering weakly on the fringe of a gin game, still convalescing from the effects of the blockbuster. I dragged him out onto the porch and fed him the 11:00 A.M. newscast.

Righteous anger is beautiful to behold. Link gripped his hamlike hands into fists and the muscles of his forearms twitched convulsively. His normally cherubic face seemed to harden strangely. I was hoping that a small vein in his forehead would begin to throb, like it does in the movies, but nothing developed there except a few beads of perspiration. "Why, the lousy—" he began.

I cut him off. "Ah-ah." I chided him. "Temper never won the match. We've got to be cold and calculating, like Ben Hogan . . ."

Hogan's name worked magic. For a moment I thought the mention of Link's personal golfing deity would bring him to his knees. Instead he simply bowed his head momentarily. When he looked up again, the fury of the moment was gone. Gone, too, was the coiled-spring tenseness, though his eyes, behind the spectacles, were still glacier-cold.

He took my hand in a firm grip.

"Thank you, Kelsey," he said humbly. "You're right. We must think." Then a look of panic came over his face. "But I'm not very good at that."

I poked his shoulder reassuringly. "Leave it to Kelsey," I said. . . .

Some people practice perfidy; others have conspiracy thrust upon them. I can't take full credit for what followed. The scheme was tossed into my lap, smoking hot, almost as soon as I got home: Jane, my wife, reported that her sister Margaret was en route for a visit.

Now, normally, a visit from Margaret fills me with the same sense of exhilaration as a ball out of bounds. Margaret is a schoolmarm of fairly formidable spirit who toils at her educational forge in distant Texas, hammering out sturdy little minds that someday will complete the winning of the West. That is, if Margaret doesn't get impatient and decide to finish up the job herself.

"Margaret?" I said blankly. "What happened? Did she flunk out?"

My spouse seared me with a look. "It's spring vacation," she said. "She's flying here for the week."

She waited for me to return to the attack, but a nasty little idea was seeping into a dark corner of my brain. I carried it gingerly out to the porch, where I sat quietly with it through the full incubation period. Ten minutes later, the plot fully hatched and scratching, I went to the telephone.

WITH my helpmeet eavesdropping, I unfolded my scheme to Link Dreyer. When I hung up she was standing in the doorway, staring at me as if I were something that had just wriggled out of the kitchen faucet.

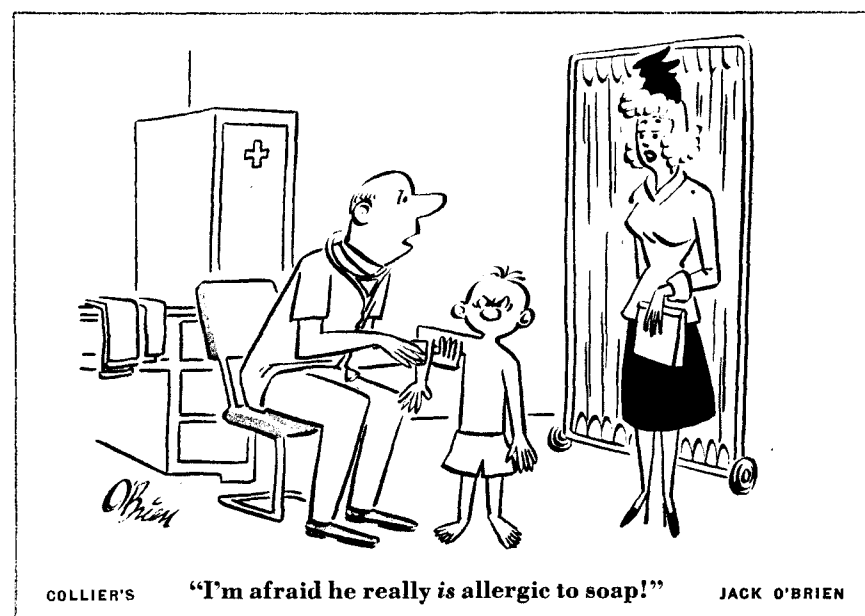
"You're insane," she announced without any preamble. "Do you think Margaret is going to stand for such nonsense? Imagine! Masquerading as the widow of a wealthy Texas oilman, looking for a place to settle in the Sandhills . . ."

She snorted. "And a horsewoman, at that," she went on. "Why, the idea! Margaret probably thinks a snaffle is the past tense of snifle."

Under Jane's withering barrage my bold project began to look shabbier and shabbier. "You don't think she'd go along with the gag, huh?" I asked glumly.

To my surprise Jane began to laugh. "Go along with it?" she exclaimed. "If I know Margaret, she'll dress it up so even you won't recognize it!"

It just goes to show you about women. Like I say, they're balky as jennies ordinarily, but rig up a scheme



COLLIER'S

"I'm afraid he really is allergic to soap!"

JACK O'BRIEN

Collier's for April 15, 1955

WITH ORDINARY HEADLAMPS:
man changing
tire on road
ahead is almost
invisible in fog

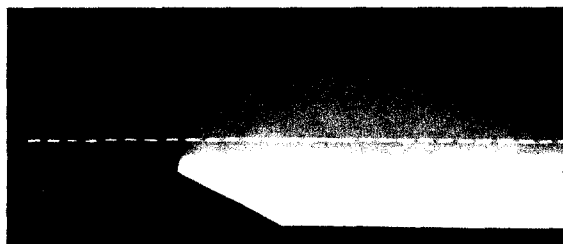
**IDENTICAL SCENE
WITH NEW G-E
HEADLAMPS:**
man changing tire
is clearly seen
through the fog

3 WAYS G-E *All-Weather* HEADLAMPS MAKE NIGHT DRIVING SAFER THAN EVER BEFORE!

1. Help you see through fog, rain, snow
2. Give 25% more light
3. Make it easier to see the road against oncoming headlamps



ORDINARY HEADLAMPS: uncontrolled upward light from filament shines in front of windshield, reflects back from fog, causes kick-back glare. Driver's vision is obscured.



G-E *All-Weather* HEADLAMPS: built-in filament shield blocks the uncontrolled upward light. Helps driver see through fog, rain, snow. Does not affect main beam.

General Electric brings you a revolutionary advance in night-driving safety. It's the greatest improvement since the first sealed beam headlamp — G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps.

SAFER IN FOG, RAIN, SNOW

The photos above, taken in simulated fog, show one difference they make. Obstacles almost invisible in fog, rain or snow with ordinary headlamps can be clearly seen with General Electric *All-Weather* Headlamps. The reason is something new in headlamps: a built-in filament shield. The diagrams at left show how it improves visibility.

MORE LIGHT MAKES SEEING EASIER

5 extra watts have been added to each beam. New filaments are more efficient. Result: 25% more light. It shows up curves, parked cars and pedestrians that are out of range of ordinary headlamps.

SAFER IN NIGHT TRAFFIC

A new-design reflector and lens focus the light more effectively. The low beam, in particular, hits the road farther ahead and to the right. A big help in seeing against oncoming headlamps, it extends your seeing distance along the side and shoulder of the road by as much as 80 feet!

You can't stop in time if you can't see in time. Why take chances? Replace ordinary headlamps with G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps today. They're already approved in 44 of the 48 states. Most garages and service stations have them now or will very soon.



NEW G-E *All-Weather* HEADLAMPS
6-VOLT FOR ONLY **\$360 PAIR** 12-V. \$3.80 PAIR
plus nominal installation charge

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



*there's no gin
like Gordon's*

BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF (94.4)
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

to ease some poor goof into matrimony and no piece of knavery is too foul, no plot too diabolical.

And Margaret, sure enough, went along with the idea. She sniffed suspiciously at first, but with Jane and me both working at her, she began to thaw. Then a formidable glitter crept into her eye and she began to embroider on her role with growing enthusiasm.

"And you want me to lead the hounds off on another scent," she said finally. "Is that it?"

"Just the one hound—Roger Bartholdy," I explained. "A pretty mangy cur, if you ask me. But if you can get him baying after you, just for a few days, Link will move in and win the championship by default."

A strange little smile softened the strong line of Margaret's mouth. "Sounds like it might be fun," she said dreamily.

I'll say this for Margaret: she isn't bad looking. I came to the conclusion that it was just those steel-rimmed spectacles that gave her the appearance of a drill sergeant.

IN FACT, when she arrived at the Moultons' cocktail party the next evening, squired by Link Dreyer, I began to think I had misjudged her—either that, or else Texas does something for women.

Jane had done a good job of planting her propaganda stories. When Margaret entered the room the clatter of tongues stopped as if somebody had snapped off a switch. There's something about a million dollars when it walks into a room that seems to focus attention. Everyone at the party looked Margaret over as though she were a six-foot sidehill putt.

Me, I was watching Roger Bartholdy—who was there, of course, with Mimi Elverson. When Margaret came in, he lifted his head like a hound catching the scent of a fox. I noticed he lingered over their introduction—getting quite a brisk run out of it, as we say around the tackroom.

Bartholdy would like to have carried on the conversation the rest of the evening, but Link broke it up by dragging Margaret off just as Mimi, a trifle grim, reminded Bartholdy that her glass

was empty again. I caught Link's eye in passing and winked. He grinned happily. . . .

Sure enough, on Sunday afternoon there was a telephone call for Margaret—from Bartholdy. But Margaret wasn't there to receive the call. She had driven up to Chapel Hill with Link Dreyer to see the state university and they didn't get home until rather late. In fact, Jane and I had gone to bed when Link's old sedan turned into the drive.

"Say," I said to Jane, "don't you think you'd better tell your sister to concentrate a little more on Roger Bartholdy?"

She muttered something I couldn't make out. "What?" I said.

Jane's voice was muffled and fuzzy when she spoke again, but I'm pretty sure I understood her clearly. "Don't forget," she said, "that the backswing is just as important as the follow-through."

I didn't see Link during the next three days. He was rocketing around the Carolinas, selling just enough kitchen crockery to pay for his weekend golf losses. But on Thursday, when he showed up at the country club, I was able to announce important advances all along the front.

"Bartholdy had Margaret up to look at his farm Monday," I told him.

Link tugged reflectively at his ear.

"And he took her to the hunt breakfast Tuesday," I added, a little disappointed by his lukewarm reaction.

Link took off his glasses, held them up to the light, and then began polishing the lenses thoughtfully.

"And they went up to his farm again yesterday," I said peevishly. The guy's total lack of response irked me. We were standing in front of the pro shop and I turned away and strode over to the putting green, where I dropped a couple of balls and began batting them furiously around and about.

I suppose that's why I didn't notice when Roger Bartholdy came up. The first inkling I got was when I heard Link's voice, choking with anger: "Bartholdy, I want to see you."

I looked up as Link charged past me and I turned my head in time to see



COLLIER'S

"Of all days to come for me with the car!"

STAN FINE



"I've written a hymn. Plug it this Sunday, will you?"

COLLIER'S

BOB SCHROETER

Roger advancing with a dark gleam in his eyes.

It was a pretty pallid battle and both principals would have been thrown out of the ring at the Garden. I don't know who opened fire first. Link threw a right over Roger's head and then Roger retaliated with a right hook that missed by two feet. Link jabbed twice with his left and didn't connect, and Bartholdy uncorked a haymaker that tore a gaping hole in thin air. After that they grappled and began to roll around on the lawn.

BY THE time we bystanders had got the warriors separated, unhurt but breathing hard, the affair had attracted quite a gathering from the club and the pro shop. It was the first time anything of the sort had ever happened in the staid purlieus of the Pinehurst Country Club, and oldsters who interpreted all disputes in the light of the rules of golf were shaking their heads and clucking their dismay.

It was Link Dreyer who first recovered his breath. "That'll teach you," he gasped, "to play around with other men's women."

Bartholdy glared venomously at him, but before he could reply Mimi Elverson pushed her way through the spectators and stepped up beside him. She stared coldly at Link. "For your information, Mr. Dreyer," she said, "I don't appreciate being made the subject of a common street brawl."

Dreyer blinked and readjusted his spectacles.

"And for your further information," Mimi went on, turning to wipe a tiny smudge of dirt off Roger's cheek. "Mr. Bartholdy and I have reached an understanding. Your brutal attack has only confirmed my judgment." She leaned forward and planted a light kiss on Roger's cheek.

Link gaped at her, and then he glanced at Roger and back to Mimi again. "You mean"—he pointed from one to the other, his forefinger swinging like a metronome—"you and him? You mean, you and he are—"

Suddenly Link lunged toward them. Roger Bartholdy, in alarm, started to assume the appropriate Marquis of Queensberry defense, but Link merely seized his hand and shook it excitedly. Then, before Mimi could fend him off, he swept her up and kissed her loudly on the cheek.

"Congratulations," he cried. "Congratulations to both of you. I didn't realize. I thought—" he stopped and turned abruptly to me.

"Where's Margaret?" he said.

"Home, I suppose," I said, puzzled by his giddy behavior.

Without another word, Link darted through the ring of spectators and ran toward the parking area. In a few moments his old sedan careened down the driveway like a hot rod. I turned to Doc Kerrins.

"What do you make of it, Watson?" I asked.

Doc shrugged. "A clear case of a mixed foursome," he said as he drew me off toward the cardroom. "Anyone for gin rummy?"

IT WAS a quiet wedding, Margaret and Link's—nothing as elaborate as the one Mimi Elverson and Roger Bartholdy staged the following week. And Margaret made a handsome bride. She left her steel-rimmed spectacles at home.

She and Link are living now at the old Bartholdy place, which they bought from Roger. Margaret has opened a private school. Of course, we don't see much of Link these days. He's just a Saturday-afternoon golfer and his iron shots lack that old crispness; but they say he's a crackajack salesman—he's even taken on a couple of new lines.

We miss Link in the regular foursome. But Roger Bartholdy plays with us quite a lot, and he's not too bad if you give him a couple of strokes a side. He can't putt, though. Personally, I think those bowlegs of his have something to do with it.

But he's turning out to be a pretty fair gin player—for a Yale man.

—GLYNN HARVEY

San
plac
between
Chicago and
Los Angeles...

Turquoise Room Suite

all-room streamlined train daily
between Chicago and Los Angeles

Santa Fe





Looking like an Old Testament patriarch, Father Elias pauses during trip up Mount Sinai. He and 23 other bearded monks

live in ancient Greek Orthodox monastery at the foot of the mountain. They have no doubt it is the Sinai of Moses' day



The road to Sinai has changed little through the years. Only the nomadic peoples of the region, and a small—but steadily

increasing—number of tourists cross the plains in northeast Egypt to the mountain sacred to Christians, Moslems and Jews

Collier's for April 15, 1955

MOUNT SINAI TODAY

**A handful of Greek Orthodox monks live in isolated austerity by the mountain
where, tradition has it, Moses received the Ten Commandments from the Lord**

SINCE earliest times, man has looked to the mountains for God. The ancient Greeks revered Mount Olympus. The Aztecs of Mexico held volcanic Mount Popocatepetl sacred. Mount Fuji is still considered holy by the Japanese. And deep in the wasteland of Egypt's Sinai Peninsula, between the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, stands a granite mountain called Sinai, held sacred by Christian, Moslem and Jew. Mount Sinai rises some 8,000 feet above the plain of Rahab where, it is said, the children of Israel waited for Moses to descend with the Word of the Lord.

But was it really on this desolate mountaintop that Moses received the Tablets of the Law? Did this granite bulwark once command a view of the Israelites' worship of the golden calf? Did Moses, some 3,000 years ago, smite this mountainside and cause the water to flow so that his people might quench their burning thirst?

No one knows for sure. The evidence is not clear, and scholars are divided as to whether this is actually the Holy Mount. But tradition

and faith, stronger than logic, hold firmly that it is.

Impressive testimony to this tradition and faith is the monastery of St. Catherine, which has stood in the shadow of Mount Sinai since the sixth century. Travelers who visit the lonely spot on the Sinai Peninsula today are met by the hospitable Greek Orthodox monks who work and worship at the monastery, as their predecessors have done since the time of Justinian the Great. The monastery itself is reminiscent of a medieval fortress and its chapel is a storehouse of Christian antiquity.

The monks of St. Catherine once numbered in the hundreds, but there are only 24 in residence now. All wear beards and keep their long hair in buns. Some remain at Mount Sinai until they die, and they are buried in the Charnel House alongside earlier monks of St. Catherine. Others stay only temporarily and then move on to other monasteries in Romania, Syria or Egypt.

While at St. Catherine, monks and lay brothers observe the rules of poverty and austerity formulated long ago by St. Basil the Great. They share,

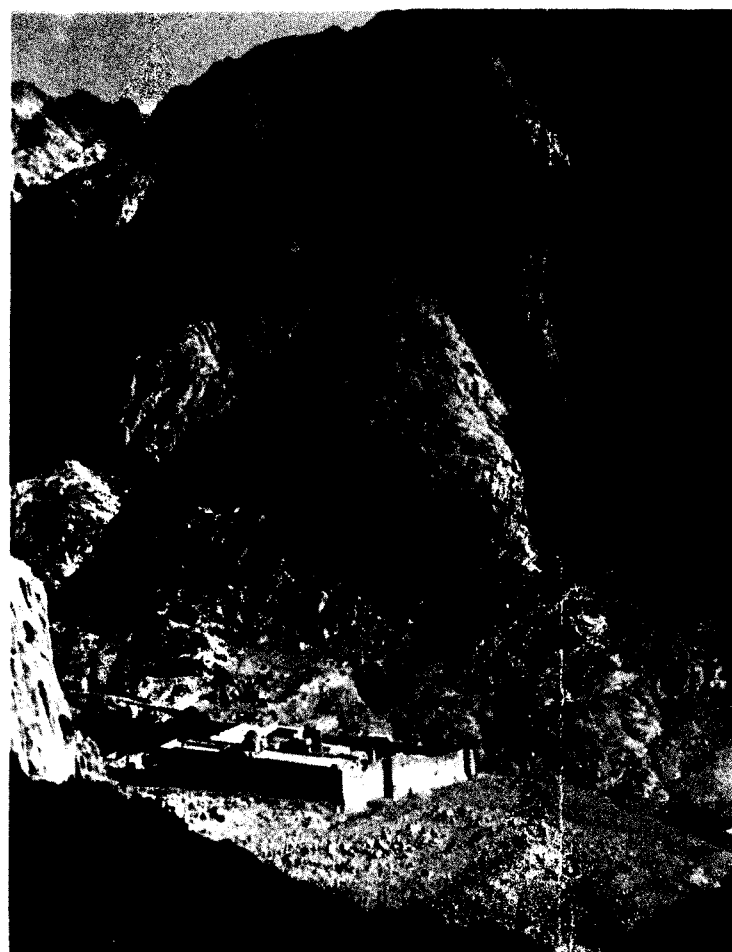
to the best of their abilities, in the maintenance of the monastery, its well-cultivated fields, olive groves and orchards, and its magnificent library, which contains some 3,000 ancient volumes of manuscripts (there are 2,000,000 pages in all), ranging from illuminated Bibles covered with gold and precious stones to simple parchment edicts in Greek and Latin dating back to the fourth century. They also serve as guides for the infrequent tourists and pilgrims who make the rough desert trip to the mountain.

Visitors are always welcome, of course, but the outside world from which they come means little to the monks as they prepare themselves for the inevitability of death. Someday the Egyptian government may build highways across the peninsula to Mount Sinai, and the ancient monastery may be crowded with comings and goings of many curious and devout strangers; but the monks will remain as they have for more than 600 years—devoted to the guardianship of what they believe to be one of the most sacred spots on earth.

—SIDNEY FURST



Dean Theoclitos, head monk at St. Catherine's, reads in priceless chapel. A priest did paintings of Jesus and St. Catherine in 1612

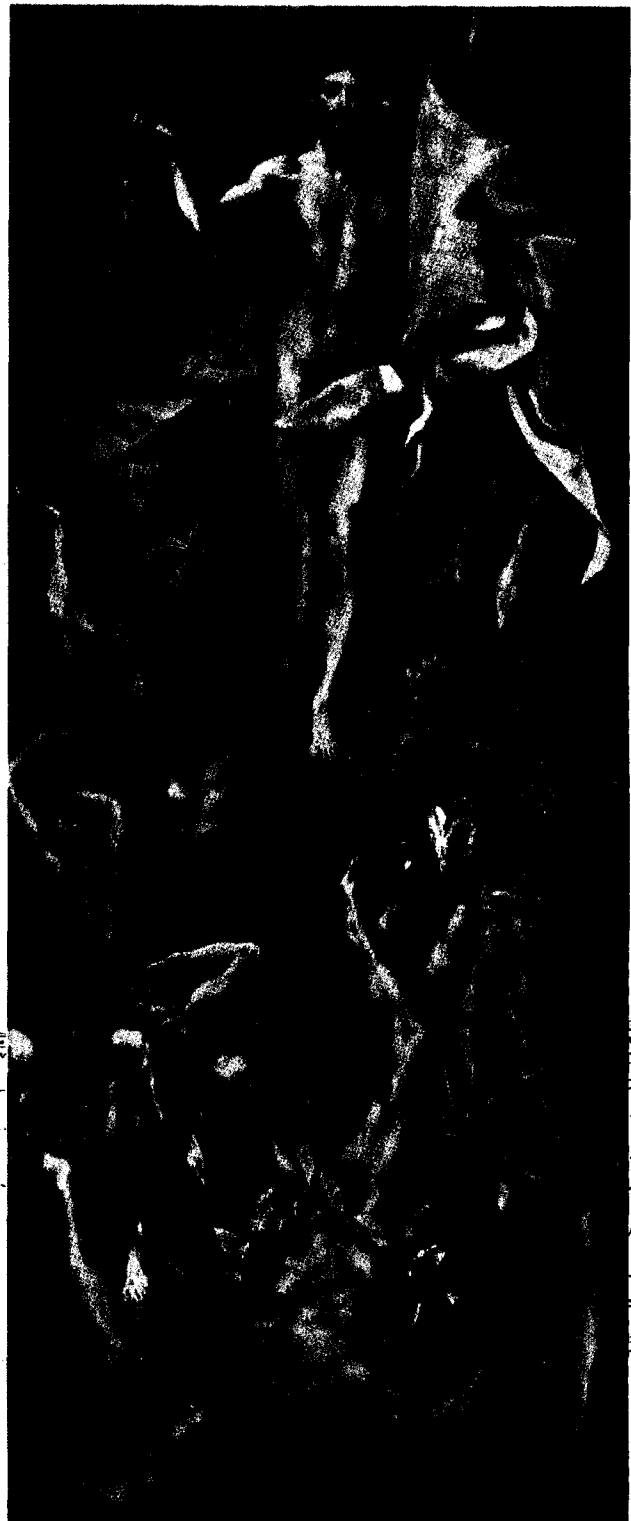


The fortresslike monastery, seen here from high on Mount Sinai, was built in 527 A.D. to protect monks from invasion

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARJORY COLLINS

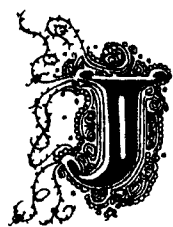
A CROWN of THORNS

By FRANK G. SLAUGHTER



EL GRECO The Resurrection. The Prado, Madrid

America's most distinguished writer of Biblical fiction marks this Easter season with a beautiful and moving story of the Crucifixion



ONAS heard the shouting as he was gathering wood on the hillside, but he didn't bother to look down into the valley where the road ran from Jericho to Jerusalem. Bands of zealots and the followers of local prophets were always pouring into the Holy City for the Passover season. For the most part they were noisy radicals who kept the city in a ferment and interfered with the work of honest men—men who paid the temple tribute when it was due and cheated the Roman tax collectors no more than was right.

Grumbling to himself, Jonas poked about the thorny burnet bushes for dry branches. Springtime was a bad season for gathering wood. The bushes were already putting out their leaves, and soon the entire hillside would be blanketed with the small red blossoms that looked like drops of blood. The lime burners demanded burnet wood because its

flame was hotter than that of other woods; and the women liked it too, because small amounts gave a lot of fire for cooking. And so Jonas, the hunchbacked wood gatherer of Jerusalem, scrabbled about on the ground for the dried branches, grumbling to himself as he filled the panniers on the back of his patient old mule, Eleazar. It was already past noon and unless he finished his load and hurried into the city, he knew he would not be able to sell the wood before night fell. And that meant storing it in the hovel inside the wall where he and Eleazar lived, for the thieves who thronged the city at the holiday season would steal anything.

The shouting was louder now and, looking down into the valley, Jonas could see a great crowd of people jamming the road from Jericho. Those at the front were foraging along the roadside, cutting palm leaves and dropping them in the road before one who seemed to be the leader.

Jonas grinned mirthlessly. He was a small gnome of a man whose giant hump made him look constantly at the ground. Once his back had been straight, but that was a long time ago, when he was a child. For a whole year he had lain on a pallet in the hut where his family lived. And when he walked again the hump had been there. It still hurt him sometimes, when the weather was damp and cold or when he had to bend over, as he did now. So Jonas was hardly to be blamed if his temper was short and he spoke but rarely.

No one cared about a hunchback, except to cheat him when he sold his wood; no one, that is, except the beggars among whom he lived in a corner of the wall—the lame, the halt and the leprous, whose ill fortune made them brothers. And since he did not speak often, who could know the fierce pride that burned within the warped body of Jonas, the hunchback, a pride that sent him to the hills daily

Collier's for April 15, 1955

Thousands find new thrill in auto radio! **Delco's**

Signal-Seeking Tuner tunes itself and finds all stations...electronically!



Never before have you seen *anything* like the Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner!

All *you* have to do is touch the Station Selector Bar—as gently as you would touch a piano key. Instantly, the magic of electronics takes over, does the tuning *for* you—automatically . . . with greater accuracy than the human hand or push-buttons ever could do it. Touch it again, and another station comes in, tuned with hair-line precision for fullest listening enjoyment.

The Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner seeks out and tunes perfectly *every* station your car's radio can receive. And



does all this *while you keep your eyes on the road ahead*. Wherever you drive, in crowded city streets or through open country, you'll want the added convenience, pleasure and safety of the Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner. And once you've seen it in action, you'll agree that it's the greatest advance in auto radio since the push-button.

The Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner is available *now* on many of the 1955 automobiles. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

DELCO AUTO RADIO

DELCO RADIO • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS
KOKOMO, INDIANA



Another Engineering First from General Motors . . . the Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner, an Entirely New and Advanced Concept in Auto Radio Design and Performance.

HERE'S YOUR Fishin' Light

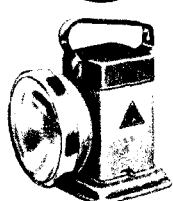
POWERlite
\$495
less battery



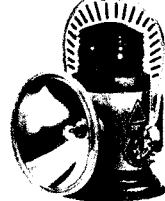
Take a good look at America's favorite electric lantern—the famous Delta 6V POWERlite. Now better than ever with a great new Delta feature—non-tarnishing reflectors. They stay bright for life! It's made fishin' more fun for thousands of anglers. See that side light? It shoots a brilliant 800 foot beam. Great for spotting a distant dock or camp site. And look at the top unit! It spreads a big blanket of light to help you unhook a fish or change a lure. Handy around camp too ... Don't be without a POWERlite. See your Dealer!



POWER-KING
Shoots light ¼ mile. 12 volts. Only 5¼ lbs. Adjustable head. Less two 6V batteries \$6.50



DELTA-RAY
Low cost, high quality Sealed Beam electric lantern. Less one 6 volt battery, only \$5.50



FLASHING POWERlite
Brilliant flashing red light from top. Spotlight from side. Less one 6 volt battery, only \$6.75

All Delta lighting devices now have non-tarnishing reflectors.

Don't forget those bicycling youngsters. Delta, the world's leading manufacturer of electrical bicycle accessories, offers dozens of great bike lights to choose from.



JET-ROCKET
Sensational jet-design bike light. Less 2-1¼" batteries \$3.29



SUPER ROCKET-RAY
Colorful, unique, bright bike light. Less 2-1¼" batteries \$2.40

Delta ELECTRIC COMPANY
Marion, Ind.

ORIGINATOR AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF ELECTRIC LANTERNS AND ELECTRICAL BICYCLE ACCESSORIES

to gather wood and sell it, instead of begging alms in the streets.

Especially did it seem foolish not to beg at Passover time, for then rich Jews were in Jerusalem. They came from the far-off cities governed by Rome to make their sacrifices in the temple—and to be cheated by the merchants, the innkeepers, and the money-changers.

HIS basket finally loaded with dry wood, Jonas led Eleazar slowly down the hillside. But when he approached the road he saw that the group who had been dropping palm leaves in the way still jammed it for more than a mile. Grumbling, Jonas sat down on a rock, and with the best patience he could muster, waited for them to pass.

He would be lucky if he even got into the city with his load by sunset, he thought dourly. And that would mean all of tomorrow morning would be taken up selling the load, leaving no time to gather and sell another. And a day lost meant a day of hunger, for food prices doubled at the Passover season, and he was barely able to keep alive anyway.

"Hosanna!" the crowd shouted as it marched along, laughing joyously and singing. "Blessed be he who comes in the name of the Lord." When there were no more palm branches to cast upon the road, those who went before the leader tore off their cloaks and threw them upon the ground, so that the donkey on which the tall man with the strangely gentle face rode need not walk on the dusty path.

Studying the leader, Jonas decided that he was not like the ordinary local prophets who always came to Jerusalem at Passover time, each with his noisy band of followers. Burning-eyed, often cadaverous, their hair usually long and stringy and their robes flapping about skinny limbs as they walked, these fanatics were always causing trouble. But this man's face had a gentle majesty about it, like a king in the robes of a commoner. He was not such a king as Herod, of course, who was the spawn of an evil sire, but a real king, the kind spoken about by the old prophets, perhaps even the long-awaited Messiah who was to lead the Jews to their ultimate destiny.

But that was absurd, Jonas reminded himself. Even the hated Romans and the haughty priests and Sadducees of the temple would bow down before the magnificence of the Messiah. And certainly he would come in all the glory of godhood, not as a gentle-faced man in a dusty robe followed by a crowd of Galilean farmers and fishermen.

When the leader had passed beyond where Jonas sat, the hunchback called to one of the followers and asked the prophet's name.

"He is Jesus of Nazareth," the man replied. "Surely you have heard of him, even here in Jerusalem."

Jonas now remembered hearing tales about a Prophet of Nazareth who was said to perform miraculous deeds. Tales of such men were always filtering into Jerusalem. There was hardly a Passover season that at least one of them did not appear at the head of his screaming followers, announcing himself as the expected Messiah. But when the festival was over and the life of the city had once more returned to its even tenor, these prophets, like their claims, always faded away. Jerusalem was accustomed to seeing them come and go. The temple guards knew how to handle them so that the Roman garrison was not disturbed. The Romans did not al-



"Could I have the afternoon off?
My grandfather just died and left
me his ticket to the opening game"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

ways understand these occurrences, and made more of them than they deserved, so the temple guards and the priests tried to keep the local prophets from coming to the Romans' notice.

This Prophet of Nazareth's following was the largest Jonas had ever seen, however. If they should choose to make trouble at the Passover, the temple guards would be hard put to keep order without calling upon the Romans.

The crowd was thinner now and Jonas led Eleazar down onto the path and joined them. The big panniers upon the mule's back swayed in an easy rhythm as the animal plodded along; but the load was not too heavy, for the wood was dry and Jonas was always careful not to overload the aging mule. . . .

As Jonas had feared, it was dark before he could get into the city. Grumbling at the Nazarene prophet whose followers had cluttered up the road and kept honest tradesmen from their work, the wood gatherer led his mule to the mud-walled hovel shared by man and beast and lifted the baskets from the patient animal's back.

Zadok, the leper, whose mud-and-wattled hut adjoined that of Jonas, was late in getting home that night. But he was in high good spirits when he came, dragging his shriveled limbs across the hard-packed earth from the well.

"You should have been begging today, hunchback," he called to Jonas. "The pickings were good."

"Vulture!" Jonas said, but he was not really angry. It was just that a man who earned his keep should not put himself on the same level as a beggar.

"There was much excitement in the city," Zadok prattled on, munching bread and dates as he squatted in the narrow doorway of his hut. "The Nazarene prophet, Jesus, has come to Jerusalem."

"I saw him on the road. His followers kept me from getting through the gates until it was almost dark."

"They are many," Zadok agreed. "And being Galileans, they make a lot of noise. What did you think of the one called Jesus of Nazareth?"

Jonas shrugged. "Another prophet, although better behaved than most."

"Better?" Zadok cried. "Then you don't know what happened." Without waiting for Jonas to answer, he said: "He went straight to the temple and started overturning the tables of the

money-changers. And he drove out the sellers of pigeons, doves and kids for the sacrifice."

"Why?"

"Because they are a pack of thieves."

"But the priests—"

"The Nazarene acted as if he owned the temple itself. He told the sellers, 'It is written, "My house shall be called a house of prayer," but you make it a den of robbers.'"

Remembering the gentle-faced man who had led the procession from Jericho that day, Jonas could hardly believe what he heard. "Are you sure someone did not tell you a tale?" he asked. "I saw this man and he did not look like a troublemaker to me."

"I saw it myself. I was begging at the foot of the temple steps," Zadok assured him. "They say in the streets that Caiaphas has sworn to kill him for it."

"I still don't understand. He did not seem like that kind of man to me."

IN THE morning Jonas learned that everything Zadok had said was true. The name of the Nazarene prophet was on every lip. And worst of all for Jonas, people left their homes and their work, flocking to the temple when word came that Jesus of Nazareth had left Bethany, where he had gone for the night, and was entering the city once more.

Everybody expected trouble and no one wanted to miss it. As for Jonas, he wished heartily that there were no such persons as prophets. Most of the lime kilns and cooking hearths were untended, and it took him all day to sell his load of burnet wood. Even then he was forced to cut the price in order to get rid of it and thus be ready to cut another load on the hillside tomorrow.

As he led Eleazar through the narrow streets below the temple hill—which was across the Vale of Kedron from the mighty fortress of Antonia, where the Roman garrison was housed—Jonas saw a great mass of people thronging the steps of the temple. It was there that teachers were allowed to address the multitudes. As Jonas stopped to see the cause of the commotion, a voice came to him across the heads of the crowd, as if speaking to him alone.

"But woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because you shut the kingdom of heaven against men; for you neither enter yourselves, nor allow those who would enter to go in,"

Collier's for April 15, 1955

the voice said. The speaker did not seem angry though, only sad. "Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for you traverse sea and land to make a single proselyte, and when he becomes a proselyte, you make him twice as much a child of hell as yourselves."

"Ha! Jonas." Zadok was sitting a few yards away. In their eagerness to listen to the speaker, the people had crowded around the leper, something they would not have done unless strongly excited.

"The Nazarene is making it hot for the priests and Pharisees," Zadok said, chuckling to himself. "I would give a shekel to know what Abiziah is saying now." Abiziah, the captain of the temple guards, was the avowed enemy of the beggars, who always sought to crowd close to the temple so that they might accost the crowds entering and leaving the holy place. Once, when Jonas had been selling wood for the sacrificial fires, Abiziah had mistaken him for a beggar and had sent him rolling down the steps with a heavy blow.

"Let Abiziah have the Galilean," Jonas said angrily. "He has cost me a day's work already by taking people from their homes and shops."

As he was turning away a voice seemed to follow him: "Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for you tithe the mint and dill and cummin, and have neglected the weightier matters of the law, justice and mercy and faith; these you ought to have done, without neglecting the others. You blind guides, straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel!"

All prophets were alike. Jonas thought with disgust. They railed at the Pharisees and the priests, who paid them little mind; they stirred up excitable people and gave the burly temple guards an excuse to break a few heads and show the Romans how well they could keep order. And the Romans, for all their talk about justice, did nothing. It was always the poor who suffered in the end. . . .

All that week the city was in an uproar over the doings of the Nazarene prophet. Many were now saying openly that he was really the Messiah and that Caiaphas was afraid to do anything about him. There was even a rumor that his followers would take over the city and proclaim him king. But Jonas, hungry because there was no market for wood when the lime kilns were cold, knew better. Rome ruled here

through the priests and would tolerate no kings except its own puppets. This Nazarene was no different from the rest—a lot of talk and much excitement, but nothing else. When the Passover was finished, he would fade away like the others before him.

Still, Jonas could not entirely remove the feeling that there was something different about the man called Jesus of Nazareth. And the nagging of this inner voice only made Jonas angrier, for it was all because of this prophet and his troublemakers that he could not sell his wood, and so had nothing to eat.

LATE one afternoon toward the end of Passover week, Jonas was sitting in the doorway of his hut, fighting a losing battle with his pride against going out to beg in order to fill his empty stomach, when the sound of jingling harness attracted his attention. To his surprise, he saw Abiziah, the captain of the temple guards, striding across the open space around the well from which the beggars and the poor obtained their water. And, wonder of wonders, he seemed to be coming toward Jonas' own hovel.

For a moment the wood gatherer was tempted to hide inside his hut, for Abiziah was a burly man with cold, pitiless eyes and a notoriously bad temper. But Jonas' pride, the same pride that kept him from begging, also would not let him hide, even if Abiziah might strike him again. He was an honest man, Jonas assured himself. And he paid the temple tribute faithfully. It could not be for him that the chief of the guards had come here today.

"You, there, the hunchback!" Abiziah called.

"Me?" Jonas asked, startled.

"Are you not the seller of wood? The one who gathers the thornbushes on the hillside?"

"Yes," Jonas admitted, getting to his feet. "But I have paid the trib—"

"Be silent and listen. I have no time to bandy words with beggars."

"But—"

"Silence." Abiziah raised his fist as if to strike the little man. Jonas tried hard not to cringe, but he still remembered the pain of that blow on the temple steps and shrank back against the mud wall. "I want you to go to the hillside and gather an armful of green thorn branches for me," Abiziah told him.

(Continued on page 79)

"Yes, I was Afraid of Father Drake!"



It was not physical fear, of course, that had kept Dave Smith from calling on the Catholic priest. Just timidity.

"I would have come sooner, Father," he said, "but I know so little about the Catholic Faith...and I hated to show my ignorance."

People like Dave Smith are beginning to call on Catholic priests more and more. Some of them know little or nothing about Catholicism. A few are quite well informed. Unfortunately, some others are possessed of a good deal of information concerning the Church...but it isn't correct.

Dave Smith, for example, thought the important things he had to learn had to do with prayer beads, medals, statues and what he called "fancy" ceremonies. He was surprised to hear that these are what the Church calls externals, and that they are significant only because of the profound truths behind them which are found in the Catholic Creed.

"All people," Father Drake told Dave, "need to understand the moral principles which Catholics are instructed to observe. These are the moral principles of the Ten Commandments which, when rightly applied, reach into everyone's conscience as standards of right or wrong in everyday life."

As Father Drake talked on, Dave began to understand Christ's seven Sacraments as an aid to Christian living and a preparation for eternal salvation. He began to realize that the Mass, in Catholic eyes, is not merely a religious ceremony but a true and holy sacrifice. If he had felt the need of Catholic instruction before he had entered the parish

house, Dave felt the need to be greater and more urgent now.

There are lots of people in the same predicament as Dave Smith was. They want to learn more about the Catholic Faith, but hesitate to visit a priest. And some live in areas that are not convenient to a Catholic Church. If you are one of these, just fill in the coupon below and mail it in today. We will send you... without charge, and in a plain wrapper... an interesting pamphlet explaining the essentials of the Catholic Faith. It covers such important things as the Creed, the Commandments, the Sacraments, the Mass, the history of the Church and its world-wide organization. Don't hesitate to write...nobody will call on you. Just fill in the coupon—now! Ask for Pamphlet C-50.

FREE 
MAIL COUPON TODAY

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.
Please send me Free Pamphlet entitled: "This Is The Catholic Church" C-50

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 LINDELL BLVD.  ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

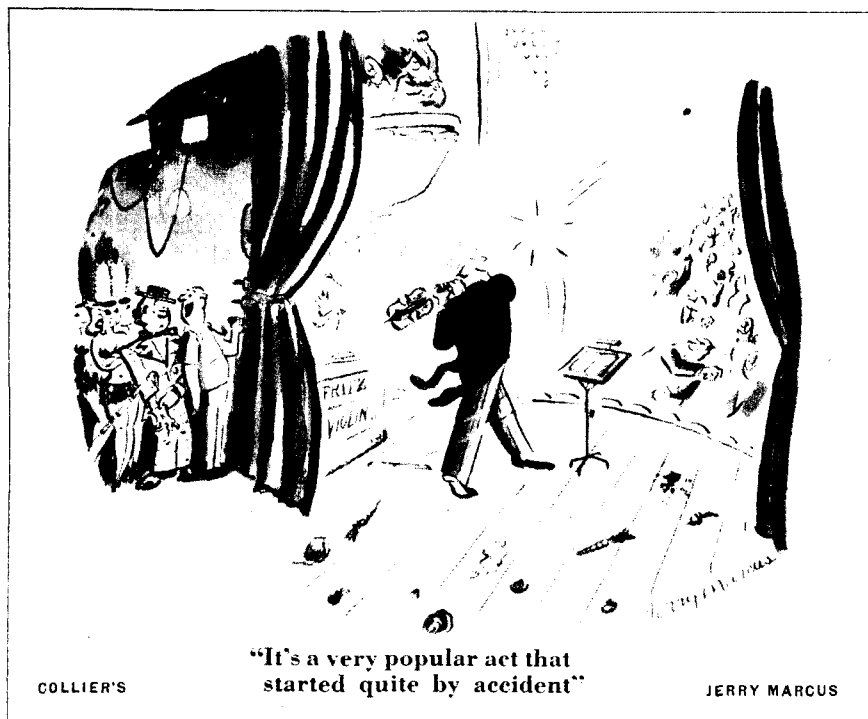
Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

Hot, Tired, Tender, Perspiring FEET?

You'll marvel how quickly Dr. Scholl's soothing, refreshing Foot Powder relieves sore, tired, burning, sensitive, perspiring, odorous feet... how it eases new or tight shoes... helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Start using it today.

Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER



"It's a very popular act that started quite by accident"

JERRY MARCUS

Collier's for April 15, 1955

EACH AND EVERY ITEM IN THIS SALE

**REXALL
RUBBING ALCOHOL**

For quick relief from minor muscular aches and pains, soreness caused by over-exertion. Finest quality available.

Pint
Reg. 69¢ **2 for 70¢****REXALL PRO-CAP
PLASTIC ADHESIVE TAPE**

The new plastic tape that needs no cutter. Waterproof, flesh-color, flexible. Famous Pro-Cap adhesive — sticks better, stays put! 1/2 inch by 5 yards.

Reg. 29¢
2 for 30¢**REXALL Mi-31
ANTISEPTIC**

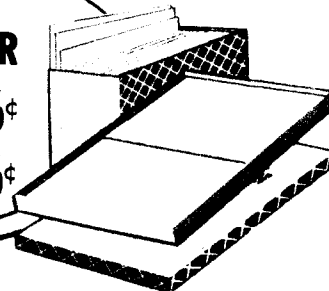
Amber-color mouthwash, gargle, breath deodorant. Both refreshing and effective.

Pint
Reg. 79¢
2 for 80¢**SALE DAYS****Wednesday . April 13**
Thursday . . April 14
Friday April 15
Saturday . . April 16

Use this ad as your shopping list and order in advance if you wish. Your Rexall Druggist will gladly lay away your order, to be picked up any time during the Rexall 1¢ Sale.

YOU GET TWICE AS MUCH FOR
REXALL 1¢**AT REXALL DRUG STORES IN THE****REXALL ASPIRIN**

No faster-acting aspirin made. 100 5-grain tablets.

Reg. 54¢ **2 for 55¢****ELITE LINEN
POUND PAPER**50-sheet box of paper
Regularly 85¢ **2 for 86¢**Box of 50 envelopes
Regularly 85¢ **2 for 86¢****REXALL
KLENZO ANTISEPTIC**Pint
Reg. 79¢
2 for 80¢

Ruby-red antiseptic mouthwash, gargle, and breath sweetener. Kills contacted germs quickly.

**SUPER SPECIAL MONEY SAVERS .**

- ☐ Aerosol Air Refresher. . . . 2 for \$1.29
- ☐ Rexall Epsom Salts. Lb. Now 2 for 46¢
- ☐ Camphorated Oil, two 4-oz. bottles, 60¢
- ☐ Rexall Mineral Oil. Ideal for relieving sluggishness. Odorless, tasteless. Quart, now, 2 for \$1.26. Pint, now, 2 for 86¢
- ☐ Milk of Magnesia Tablets, 2 of 36, 29¢
- ☐ Aga-Rex Laxative. Pint. . . 2 for \$1.11
- ☐ Rex-Seltzer Tablets. 2 of 25. . . . 59¢
- ☐ White Shoe Polish. 6 oz. . . . 2 for 29¢
- ☐ Rexall Zinc Oxide Ointment. 1-oz. tube, 2 for 30¢; economy 2-oz. tube, 2 for 46¢
- ☐ Tiny Tot Baby Cream, Antiseptic Lotion or Oil. Your choice. . . . 2 for 58¢
- ☐ Dental Floss, 100-yd. vial. . . 2 for 76¢
- ☐ Nail Polish Remover, now. . . 2 for 40¢
- ☐ Scout Flashlight Batteries. . . 2 for 21¢
- ☐ Golden Wand Lint Brush. . . 2 for \$1.51
- ☐ Filler Paper. 5-hole punched. . 2 for 79¢
- ☐ Deb Shower Cap. Rubber. . . 2 for 60¢
- ☐ Cannon Turkish Towel. . . . 2 for 77¢
- ☐ Cannon Wash Cloth. 2 for 29¢
- ☐ B-Complex Capsules. 100. . . 2 for \$2.60
- ☐ Boric Acid Ointment. 1 oz. . . 2 for 32¢
- ☐ Men's Handkerchief. Now. . . 2 for 21¢
- ☐ Milk of Magnesia Toothpaste, 2 for 56¢
- ☐ Moth Fume Crystals, Pound, 2 for 80¢
- ☐ Bridge, Poker, Pinochle Cards, Lord Baltimore. Single decks. . . . 2 for 96¢
- ☐ Household Rubber Gloves. 2 Pairs 66¢

**SPUNTEX NYLON HOSIERY**

In newest fashion-keyed shades. Glamorous, sheer 60 gauge, 15 denier. Now 2 pairs for . . . \$1.76

**REXALL PLASTIC
QUICK-BANDS**

Flexible, waterproof bandages stay on even in water, are comfortable even on knuckles. Plain or Mercurochrome.

Boxes of 47
2 for 79¢**LORIE BUBBLE BATH**

20-packet box, 5 fragrances. Makes luxurious bubbles.

**MEDFORD FACIAL TISSUES**

Soft yet strong. Better stock up now while sale is on.

Boxes of 300 Now **2 for 39¢****REXALL pH7 TOOTHPASTE**

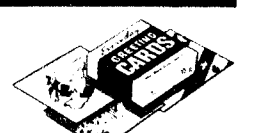
Anti-enzyme — neither acid nor alkaline, fights tooth decay.

3 tubes for 89¢**HOMEMAID
CHOCOLATES**

Delicious assortment of creams and chewies. Choice of milk or dark.

2 lbs. Only **\$1.39****McGARRY'S
TOAST-O-NUTS**Now only **57¢**

Delicious butter toffee. 1-lb. box.

McGarry's Brit-L-Nut, 1-lb. box, 47¢
Asstd. Hard Candies, Boxes, 2 for 59¢
Chocolate Covered Patties. Choice of 3 flavors. 7-oz. box. Now. . . . 2 for 76¢
Tiny Tot Lollipops, 6 asstd., 2 for 11¢**EVERYDAY Now 59¢
GREETING CARDS**

16 all-occasion cards and matching envelopes. You'll use them all year 'round.

**WHITE
SPLENDOR
WRITING
PAPER**

Watermarked design. 120 sheets, 60 envelopes. A real bargain!

Now only **98¢****ELKAYS
IMPROVED
FORMULA
INSECT KILLER
AEROSOL**Harmless to humans. 12 oz. Now **79¢****ADRIENNE AEROSOL
HAIR SPRAY**

Lanolin-enriched mist keeps hair in soft, perfect order — even in wind, dampness.

11 oz. Now **89¢****REXALL
READY-SHAVE**

Just push button for billows of whisker-wilting lather. 10 oz.

Now Only **61¢****Rexall Drug Products are Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Your Money Back**

IS REGULAR, GUARANTEED MERCHANDISE

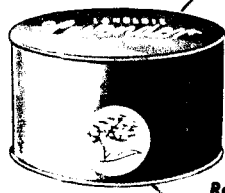


GIFT WRAP PAPER

Cascade style for everyday. 2 sheets, 20" x 30" in eight attractive designs.

For special occasions—showers, weddings, anniversaries.

Reg. 15¢ pkg.
2 for 16¢



**BATH POWDER—
ADRIENNE, LAVENDER
OR GARDEN SPICE**

Choose your favorite fragrance! Three delightful after-bath refreshers.

Reg. \$1.50
2 for \$1.51



REXALL SHAMPOO

The family shampoo. Floats away dirt and dandruff, leaving hair sparkling-clean and lustrous.

5 oz.
Reg. 59¢ **2 for 60¢**



SACCHARIN TABLETS

Sweetens coffee, tea, all beverages. Has no unpleasant after-taste.

100 tab., 1/4 gr. Reg. 35¢ **2 for 36¢**
1000 tab., 1/4 gr. Reg. \$1.08 **2 for \$1.09**
100 tab., 1/2 gr. Reg. 45¢ **2 for 46¢**
1000 tab., 1/2 gr. Reg. \$1.26 **2 for \$1.27**



**ADRIENNE
INDELO
LIPSTICKS**

New "Magic Red" adapts to your lips! Or choose from 6 other glamorous shades to complement your complexion, hair shade, wardrobe colors.

Reg. \$1.00 **2 for \$1.01**



**REXALL
PANOVITE
VITAMINS**

This multi-vitamin capsule, taken once a day, provides 2 1/2 times your minimum requirement of vitamins B1 and D, 1 1/4 times the vitamins A and B2, plus 1 1/3 times your minimum requirement of vitamin C; plus B6, niacinamide and calcium pantothenate. Save during sale!

Bottle of 100
Reg. \$3.10 **2 for \$3.11**

ONLY A PENNY MORE

SALE

UNITED STATES & CANADA

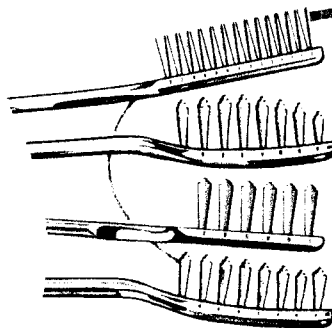


**LAVENDER
SHAVE CREAM**

3 1/4 oz. Brushless
or 3 1/2 oz. Lather
Reg. 59¢

Refreshing Mentholated Shave Cream that softens beard and leaves face cool and smooth.

2 for 60¢



**KLENZO
TOOTHBRUSHES**

Fine quality nylon-bristled brushes in medically-approved styles. In medium, hard, or fine textures.

Reg. 39¢
Now **2 for 40¢**

STOCK UP AND SAVE ON THESE FAMILY REMEDIES...



☐ **Alco Rex Rubbing Alcohol Compound.** A cooling, invigorating refresher for all rubdown purposes. Helps reduce skin temperature. Full pt., 49¢, **2 for 50¢**

☐ **Aspirex Cough Drops.** Better than a gargle for throat irritation. 15¢, **2 for 16¢**

☐ **Rexall Spirit of Camphor.** Helps relieve cold-sore discomfort. 1 oz., 35¢, **2 for 36¢**

☐ **Rex-Rub.** Helps relieve muscular aches and pains. Stimulating, greaseless solution. 6-oz. bottle, regularly 89¢, now, **2 for 90¢**

☐ **Rexall Corn Solvent.** Painless corn remover. 1/2 oz., reg. 35¢, now, **2 for 36¢**

☐ **Monacet APC Tablets.** Time-tested formula of aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine. Helps relieve discomforts of colds. Reg. bottle of 100 for 79¢, **2 for 80¢**

☐ **Rexall Cold Sore Lotion.** Relieves and helps dry out cold sores. Soothing and protective. 1/4 oz., reg. 29¢, now, **2 for 30¢**



☐ **Rexall Petrofol** mineral oil laxative. Gentle, tasteless and non-habit forming; mechanical action relieves constipation quickly. Pint, reg. 59¢, now, **2 for 60¢**

☐ **Rexall Ascorbic Acid.** Vitamin C. 100 mgs. 100-tablet bottle, \$1.98, **2 for \$1.99**

☐ **Rexall Analgesic Balm,** for quick relief from minor muscular soreness; or minor bronchial irritations due to colds. 1 oz., regularly 65¢, now, during sale, **2 for 66¢**

☐ **Rexall Little Pills.** Gentle action for relief of temporary or occasional constipation and headache or biliousness when due to constipation. Bottle of 100, 45¢, **2 for 46¢**

☐ **Rexall Witch Hazel.** An excellent facial astringent and after-shave lotion. Makes a soothing application for sprains and bruises. Full pint, regularly 57¢, now, **2 for 58¢**

☐ **Rexall Beef, Wine & Iron Tonic.** An appetite stimulant for simple or nutritional anemia. Pint, \$1.50, now, **2 for \$1.51**

☐ **Rexall Antacid Gas Tablets** neutralize excess stomach acidity, ease gastric distress, flatulence. Bottle of 40, 39¢, **2 for 40¢**

☐ **Rexillana Cough Syrup.** Soothes coughs due to colds. Safe, pleasant, effective. 4-ounce bottle, reg. 59¢, now, **2 for 60¢**

☐ **Rexall Cold Tablets.** Relieve symptoms, discomfort. Bottle of 30, 39¢, **2 for 40¢**

☐ **Rexall Antihistamine Tablets** for colds. Give prompt relief from the symptoms and discomfort of common colds. Bottle of 15, reg. 49¢, now, **2 for 50¢**

☐ **Rexall Diuretic Pills,** 60, 69¢, **2 for 70¢**

☐ **Rexall Boric Acid.** Powder or Crystals, 4 ounce, regularly 33¢, now, **2 for 34¢**

☐ **Rexall Peroxide of Hydrogen.** 3% solution. Pint, regularly 45¢, now, **2 for 46¢**

☐ **Toothache Drops,** reg. 35¢, **2 for 36¢**

☐ **Rexall Calamine Lotion.** Relieves heat rash, skin irritations. Latest formula; U.S.P. purity, strength, 4 oz., 35¢, **2 for 36¢**

☐ **Rexall Pabizol.** Pleasant-tasting liquid for relief of simple diarrhea and upset stomach due to dietary indiscretion. Not habit-forming. 4-oz. bottle, reg. 55¢, **2 for 56¢**



☐ **Fungi-Rex, Greaseless.** Gives fast and effective relief from the itching and other discomforts of Athlete's Foot. 1 1/2-oz. tube, reg. 75¢, now, **2 for 76¢**

☐ **Rexall Pile Ointment.** Soothing and astringent ointment. 1-oz. tube with plastic applicator, reg. 75¢, now, **2 for 76¢**

☐ **Rex Salvine.** An antiseptic salve for soothing minor burns, scalds, scratches, and cuts. Relieves surface pain and inhibits germ growth. Excellent for simple skin irritations. 1 1/2-oz. tube, reg. 57¢, **2 for 58¢**

☐ **Rexall Tincture Iodine.** Antiseptic and germicidal when applied to minor wounds and insect bites. 1-oz. bottle with applicator, reg. 33¢, now, **2 for 34¢**

☐ **Rexall Eyelo** eye lotion. Soothes, cools and cleanses. Reduces irritation caused by wind, dust and bright sun. With eye cup. 1/2 pint, regularly 69¢, now, **2 for 70¢**

☐ **Rexall Mercurochrome,** 2%, 1/2-oz. bottle with applicator, reg. 25¢, now, **2 for 26¢**

TURN THE PAGE
FOR MORE

1¢ SALE
BARGAINS

YOUR
Rexall

DRUG STORE

You Can Depend on Any Drug Product that Bears the Name Rexall

STATIONERY SAVINGS



- **Pink 'N' Charcoal Writing Paper.** 36 daintily embossed pink vellum sheets; 24 envelopes, reg. \$1.00 box. 2 for \$1.01
- **Tradition Linen.** Rich, extra-heavy white paper—60 sheets; 36 env. \$1.50, 2 for \$1.51
- **Dainty Bouquet.** 30 sheets with dainty white engraved design; 30 plain; 30 gray vellum env. \$1.50 gift box. 2 for \$1.51
- **Rainbow Ripple.** 40 sheets embossed "ripple" paper; 24 env. Includes pink, gray, green and white. Reg. \$1.25 box, 2 for \$1.26
- **Shadowline Paper.** New "shadowline" effect on white paper. 40 popular large flat sheets with 20 env. \$1.00 box. 2 for \$1.01
- **Fantasy Writing Paper.** 36 rich suede finish, gray vellum sheets with white watermark. 24 env. \$1.00 box. 2 for \$1.01
- **Speedlines, Air Mail.** 80 white sheets; 30 env. and stickers. \$1.00 box, 2 for \$1.01
- **Royalton Writing Paper.** Distinctive white paper with faint watermark. 24 sheets, 20 env., reg. 85¢ box, now. 2 for 86¢
- **Elite Linen Envelopes.** Package of 25 envelopes, regularly 25¢. 2 for 26¢
- **Air Mail Tablet, Lord Baltimore.** Cockle finish, onion skin. Reg. 25¢. 2 for 26¢
- **Commercial Envelopes.** White, cello-wrapped, jumbo pack. 6 3/4. 25¢, 2 for 26¢
- **French Watercolor Notes.** Full-color "Time 'N' Tide" paintings in French-fold notes. 16 with env. \$1.00 box, 2 for \$1.01
- **Fashion Notes.** New tall size. 20 embossed notes in six colors with popular flower and bird designs, env. \$1.00 box. 2 for \$1.01
- **Continental Notes.** New, original! Drawings of countries with captions. 18 French-fold notes and env. \$1.00 box. 2 for \$1.01
- **Photo Print Notes.** Kodachrome reproductions of popular rose designs. 10 notes, postcard weight; 10 env., 60¢ box. 2 for 61¢
- **Thank-You Notes.** 10 white vellum notes, folded, with "Many Thanks" engraved in gold. 10 env., regularly 50¢, now. 2 for 51¢
- **Retractable Ball Pen.** Ass't'd. colors; uses BB refill. Reg. \$1.29. 2 for \$1.30
- **Fountain Pen, Lord Baltimore.** Gold colored trim. Reg. \$1.00, now. 2 for \$1.01

MEN'S TOILETRIES & SHAVING AIDS

- **Lavender Aerated Shaving Creams,** regular or mentholated, in convenient push-button Aerosol cans. Less than a penny a shave. 10 oz., reg. \$1.25, 2 for \$1.26
- **Lavender After-Shave Lotion.** Pleasant, brisk fragrance. 4 oz., reg. \$1.20, 2 for \$1.01
- **Rexall Shave Cream.** 2 3/4-oz. regular or 2 1/2-oz. brushless. Reg. 43¢. 2 for 44¢
- **Rexall Styptic Pencil,** reg. 15¢, 2 for 16¢
- **Rexall Bay Rum.** Bracing after-shave lotion. Pint, regularly 59¢. 2 for 60¢
- **Klenzo Lather Shaving Brush.** Long-lasting bristles. \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- **Permedge Razor Blades.** 20 double or 18 single edge, reg. 49¢ a pkg. 2 for 50¢
- **Rexall Cream Hair Tonic.** Contains no alcohol. 5 oz., reg. 69¢, now. 2 for 70¢
- **Rexall Hair Oil,** for day-long good grooming. 5-oz. jar, regularly 49¢. 2 for 50¢
- **Rexall Shaving Lotion.** Mild astringent action that's brisk and bracing. Spicy, masculine fragrance. Refreshing, cooling, after-shave "pick-up." 6-oz. bottles, regularly 59¢ each, now. 2 for 60¢
- **"8480" Nail Clipper.** Reg. 49¢, 2 for 50¢
- **Lavender Cologne Deodorant.** Effective anti-perspirant; lends refreshing touch. 4-oz. bottle, regularly \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- **Lavender Hair Tonic.** Removes loose dandruff. 6 oz., reg. \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- **Lavender Cream Hair Tonic** with Lanolin. Non-alcoholic, so won't dry out hair. 6 oz., regularly \$1.00, now. 2 for \$1.01
- **Lavender Hair Oil,** 6 oz., 1 1/2 for \$1.01
- **Lavender After-Shave Talc,** 3 1/2 ounces, regularly 50¢, now. 2 for 51¢
- **Lavender Hair Dressing.** 4 oz. 2 for 76¢
- **Lavender Shampoo.** Lathers abundantly. Rinses easily. 6 oz., \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01

GET TWICE AS MUCH

FOR A PENNY MORE

REXALL 1¢ SALE

AT REXALL DRUG STORES IN UNITED STATES & CANADA

HOUSEHOLD HELPS



- **Elka's Wickstyle Household Deodorant.** Pleasant-scented. 6 oz., 59¢. 2 for 60¢
- **Cascade Curling Ribbon.** 55-ft. hanks of all rayon, curling ribbon in choice of 12 beautiful colors; or 15-ft. hanks of 5/8" ribbon in assortment of popular colors. Regular 25¢ hanks, now you save at. 2 for 26¢
- **Elka's Floor-Brite Liquid Wax.** Self-polishing, long-wearing. Pt., 69¢. 2 for 70¢
- **Rexall No. 6 Pine Oil Disinfectant** deodorizes, cleans, disinfects—all at once. Economical (use one gallon water to 4 tablespoons disinfectant). Non-corrosive, non-caustic when used as directed. Pint bottle, regularly \$1.19. 2 for \$1.20
- **Monreale Olive Oil,** finest quality, imported—for cooking, dressings, etc. 12-oz. bottle, regularly \$1.19. 2 for \$1.20
- **Rex-Ray 9-Ft. Extension Cord.** 3-way tap. Brown or white. Reg. 79¢. 2 for 80¢

DENTAL NEEDS

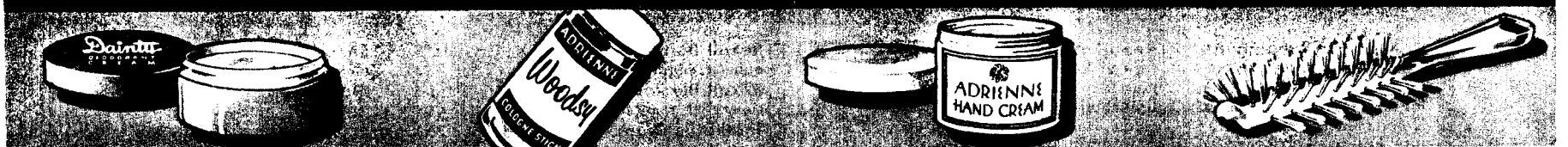


- **Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Powder.** Helps prevent tooth decay by releasing ammonium ions to inhibit acid formation on teeth, when used regularly after eating. Licensed by the University of Illinois Foundation. 3 oz., reg. 43¢, now. 2 for 44¢
- **Klenzo Child's Toothbrush.** Fine texture nylon bristles. Medically-approved style and size for child's mouth. Reg. 25¢. 2 for 26¢
- **Rexall Dental Floss,** in acetate vial with cutting edge. 30 yards, 25¢. 2 for 26¢
- **Rexall Denture Adhesive Powder.** Non-irritating. Holds false teeth firmly and comfortably in place, permitting you to eat, talk and smile with confidence. 3-ounce can, regularly 60¢, now. 2 for 61¢
- **Rexall "Self-Acting" Dental Plate Cleaner.** No brushing—just leave dentures in solution overnight for thorough cleaning and deodorizing. 7 1/2 oz., reg. 69¢, 2 for 70¢

BE SURE YOU DON'T MISS THESE

- Helen Cornell Bobby Pins,** Black or bronze, 24 regular or 18 rubber-tipped, 10¢. Now you save at. 2 FOR 11¢
- Safety Pins,** Choose from gilt or steel in assorted sizes. Stock up now. Bunch, regularly 10¢, now a real saving at. 2 FOR 11¢
- Helen Cornell Hair Nets,** Elasticized nylon—choice of 7 shades. Snug fit. Regularly 10¢, now you save at. 2 FOR 11¢
- Rexall Milk of Magnesia,** An effective laxative. Pure, mild, smooth. No "earthy" taste. Pint, reg. 43¢. 2 FOR 44¢
- Rexall Children's Aspirin,** Stop guessing dosage! Use these orange-flavored 1-grain tablets. 50, reg. 35¢. 2 FOR 36¢
- Commercial Envelopes,** White, 3 1/4" x 6 1/2" Belmont envelopes. Package of 14, regularly 10¢, now stock up at. 2 FOR 11¢
- Gift Wrap Ribbon,** Choice of 8 solid or multi colors in 9' lengths of rayon acetate. Reg. 10¢, now stock up and save at. 2 FOR 11¢

BEAUTY BUYS — Stock Up Now and Save!



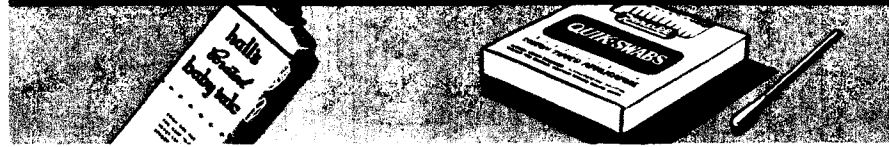
- **Dainty Deodorant Cream.** Odorless and stain proof. 1 1/2 oz., reg. 49¢. 2 for 50¢
- **Garden Spice Cologne Stick.** Subtle spicy fragrance. 2 1/2 oz., reg. \$1.25. 2 for \$1.26
- **Adrienne Liquid Cleansing Cream.** Penetrates and lubricates. Contains mild antiseptic. 6 oz. Reg. \$1.50. 2 for \$1.51
- **Adrienne Perfumed Deodorant Spray,** in plastic squeeze bottle. Fragrant anti-perspirant, reg. \$1.00, now. 2 for \$1.01
- **Adrienne Liquid Lanolin Compound.** Natural conditioner and stimulant for skin, hair and scalp. 4 oz., reg. \$1.50, 2 for \$1.51
- **Dainty Deodorant Stick.** No waste, no muss. 2 1/2 oz., \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- **Dainty Deodorant Powder.** Delicately perfumed. 4 oz., 60¢, now. 2 for 61¢
- **Adrienne Face Powder.** Regular or Compressed in choice of four lovely shades. Regularly \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- **Mascal's Hand Cream.** A greaseless vanishing cream. 6 1/4 oz., reg. \$1.20, 2 for \$1.01
- **Mascal's Hand Lotion.** Smoothing, softening. Pint, reg. \$1.00, now. 2 for \$1.01
- **Plastic Shower Cap.** Reg. 29¢, 2 for 30¢
- **Adrienne "Woody" Cologne Stick.** New, refreshing scent. Handy purse-size container. Reg. \$1.25, now. 2 for \$1.26
- **Helen Cornell Bubble Bath.** Luxuriant lasting bubbles. Reg. \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- **Glycerin and Rose Water.** Softens and soothes chapped skin, protects from wind and weather. 4 oz., 47¢, now. 2 for 48¢
- **Lanolin,** 1 oz., reg. 29¢, now. 2 for 30¢
- **Helen Cornell Cream Shampoo,** 4-oz. jar; or new Liquid Cream Shampoo, 8-oz. bottle; or Coconut Oil Shampoo, 8-oz. bottle. Rich-lathering. Reg. 98¢. 2 for 99¢
- **Helen Cornell Hair Tonic,** concentrated. 8-oz. bottle, reg. 98¢, now. 2 for 99¢
- **Dainty "Mist" Spray Deodorant,** in plastic squeeze bottle. 1 1/2 oz., 75¢. 2 for 76¢
- **Lavender Cologne Stick.** Distinctive fragrance. 2 1/2 oz., \$1.25. 2 for \$1.26
- **Sequoia Pine Bath Oil** by Lorie. Softens hardest water. 6 oz., \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- **Lavender Deodorant Talcum.** Fine talc, delicately scented. 3 1/2 oz., 60¢. 2 for 61¢
- **Mittenettes.** Crepe-rubber mittens with finger freedom. Reg. 59¢. 2 for 60¢
- **Adrienne Hand Cream.** Delicately scented. 4 1/4-oz. jar, reg. \$1.00, 2 for \$1.01
- **Adrienne Cold Cream,** 3-oz. jar; or **Adrienne Cleansing Cream,** 3 1/4-oz. jar. Either cream, reg. \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- **Rexall Theatrical Cleansing or Cold Cream,** 1-lb. jar, reg. \$1.25. 2 for \$1.26
- **Rexall Cotton Squares.** 40 ready-to-use make-up pads. Reg. 23¢. 2 for 24¢
- **Adrienne Colognes.** Choice of 3 fragrances. Reg. \$1.25, now. 2 for \$1.26
- **Adrienne Deluxe Velour Powder Puff.** Three-inch size, reg. 15¢, now. 2 for 16¢
- **Adrienne Foam Rubber Powder Puff.** 2 3/4" x 1 1/2". Washable. Reg. 10¢, 2 for 11¢
- **Lavender Cologne.** Dainty, lingering fragrance. 4 oz., \$1.50, now. 2 for \$1.51
- **Rexall Peroxide of Hydrogen,** 6%, 20 vol. Bleaches hair. 4 oz., 21¢. 2 for 22¢
- **Adrienne All-Purpose Cream.** Rich cream for all complexion needs. Cleanses and lubricates... ideal powder base. 3 1/2 oz. Reg. \$1.00, now stock up at, 2 for \$1.01
- **Emery Boards.** Reg. 15¢. 2 for 16¢
- **"8480" Nail File,** 5-inch, 25¢, 2 for 26¢
- **Klenzo Hair Brushes,** half-round, professional club styles. Reg. \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- **Klenzo Purse-Size Hair Brush.** Glossy nylon bristles. Reg. \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- **Klenzo Nylon Bath Brush,** extra-soft bristles. Ass't'd. colors. \$1.50. 2 for \$1.51
- **Star Dust Professional Hair Brush.** Attractive colors. Reg. \$2.00. 2 for \$2.01
- **Adrienne Dry Skin Soap with Lanolin.** Exceptionally mild soap for delicate skin. Box of 4 cakes, reg. \$1.39. 2 for \$1.40
- **Sequoia Pine Soap with Lanolin,** for face or bath. Box of 4, \$1.39. 2 for \$1.40
- **Adrienne Rose Geranium Soap with Lanolin.** Box of 4 cakes, \$1.39, 2 for \$1.40
- **Helen Cornell Hormone Cream.** Contains 10,000 International Units of natural hormones per ounce. A luxurious night cream. 2 oz., \$1.50, now. 2 for \$1.51
- **Ilasol Hand Lotion.** A non-sticky, fast-drying hand lotion. Excellent as powder base, cuticle softener. 8 oz., 89¢, 2 for 90¢
- **Goodform Wave Nets,** 10¢. 2 for 11¢
- **Adrienne Contour Combs.** For short or long hair. Reg. 25¢, now. 2 for 26¢

← Check Preceding Pages Again — Don't Miss Any Bargains!

SALE DAYS

WEDNESDAY . . . APRIL 13
THURSDAY . . . APRIL 14
FRIDAY APRIL 15
SATURDAY APRIL 16

BUYS FOR BABIES



- **Hall's Talcum Powder** for babies. A careful blend of finest talc for tender skin. Cools, soothes, softens skin after baths and diaper changes; helps prevent and relieve chafing, heat and body rash. Stock up now for warm months ahead. 1 pound box, regularly 75¢, now, during sale... **2 for 76¢**
- **Rexall Cotton Balls.** 65 sterilized, absorbent balls in handy package to keep ready in nursery for baby care. Ideal for first aid and cosmetic use, too! Reg. 39¢, **2 for 40¢**
- **Baby Cough Syrup,** pleasant-tasting, quickly relieves coughs due to colds. 3-oz. bottle, regularly 39¢, now... **2 for 40¢**
- **Rexall Aspirin, Tiny Tot.** Don't guess with children! Give accurate dosage just as doctor prescribes. Flavored tablets that children like to take. Bottle of 100 half-grain tablets, regularly 35¢, now... **2 for 36¢**
- **Rexall Quik-Swabs.** Just-right size. Cotton-tipped applicators ideal for dozens of nursery needs. Especially useful for cleaning nostrils and ears. 100, 35¢... **2 for 36¢**
- **Baby Rattles.** Hand-painted plastic rattles in a wonderful assortment of styles, characters and handles. Pastel colors; harmless finish. Stock up now for gifts! Regularly 25¢, now, during sale... **2 for 26¢**
- **Nylon Bottle Brush.** Just the right length to make bottle-cleaning easy. Fine texture, long-lasting bristles on strong wire handle. Regularly 25¢, now, during sale... **2 for 26¢**
- **Rexall Polymulsion,** vitamin formula for babies. High potency. Contains Vitamins A, C, D, B₁ and B₂. A pleasantly flavored liquid that mixes readily with baby's formula, fruit juice, etc. Pint bottle, regularly \$3.59, now, during sale... **2 for \$3.60**

FOURTEEN BIG 1¢ SALE BARGAINS

- Cascade Lead Pencil,** Medium lead, excellent quality pencil, regularly 5¢ each. Stock up and save at... **2 FOR 6¢**
- Rexall Gauze Bandage,** Sterile, 2-inch by 10-yard roll. Buy now for emergency. Regularly 27¢, now stock up at... **2 FOR 28¢**
- Glycerin Suppositories,** Two types: children's and adults'. Box of 12, regularly 43¢, now save at... **2 FOR 44¢**
- Rexall Stork Nurser,** Complete baby feeding unit. 8-oz. bottle, nipple, cap. Regularly 35¢, now stock up at... **2 FOR 36¢**
- Trim Tie Shoelaces,** All 27 inch; choice of black, brown or white. Pair, regularly 10¢. Stock up now and save at... **2 FOR 11¢**
- Elite Linen Ink Tablets,** Note or letter size, plain or ruled. Regularly 25¢, now stock up and save at... **2 FOR 26¢**
- Klearite Plastic Combs,** Your choice of pocket, rattail, or dressing comb. Reg. 10¢, now stock up and save at... **2 FOR 11¢**

MEDICINE CHEST SAVINGS



- **Rexall Gypsy Cream** for sunburn protection and relief. 8 oz., 69¢, now... **2 for 70¢**
- **Rexall Nose Drops** give quick relief from stuffed up nose due to colds; make breathing easier. 1 oz., 49¢, now... **2 for 50¢**
- **Rexall Aspirin.** 36, reg. 27¢... **2 for 28¢**
- **Rexall Celurex Laxative Tablets.** Bottle of 65, regularly 89¢, now... **2 for 90¢**
 Bottle of 130, reg. \$1.69, now... **2 for \$1.70**
- **Rexall Mentholated White Pine and Tar Cough Syrup.** ½ pint, reg. 79¢, **2 for 80¢**
- **Rexall Quick-Acting Plaster** relieves minor muscular aches. 59¢, now **2 for 60¢**
- **Rexall Thiamine Hydrochloride** tablets equal 8333 units vitamin B₁. Bottle of 100, 25 mgs., reg. \$2.98, now... **2 for \$2.99**
- **Rexall Cascara Compound (Hinkle Pills).** Laxative. 100, reg. 59¢... **2 for 60¢**
- **Rexall Foot Powder** relieves discomfort of tired, burning feet. Absorbs perspiration. 4 oz., regularly 39¢, now... **2 for 40¢**
- **Rexall Hygienic Powder** makes soothing skin dressing. 6 oz., 75¢... **2 for 76¢**
- **Rexall Chlorophyll Mouthwash** sweetens breath. Pint, 79¢, now... **2 for 80¢**
- **Rexall Quik-Snips.** Small, plastic bandages. Waterproof, flexible. Box of 36, regularly 39¢, now, save at... **2 for 40¢**
- **Rexall Cherry Bark Flavored Cough Syrup** soothes simple sore throats, coughs due to colds. ½-pint, reg. 89¢... **2 for 90¢**
- **Rexall Iron, Liver & Bone Marrow** compound. ½ pint, \$1.39... **2 for \$1.40**
- **Rexall Essence Peppermint,** 1 ounce, regularly 45¢, now, save at... **2 for 46¢**
- **Rexall Glycerin,** 3 oz., reg. 67¢, **2 for 68¢**
- **Rexall Castor Oil** relieves constipation. 3 oz., regularly 45¢, now... **2 for 46¢**
- **Rexall Soda Mint Tablets** soothe acid-upset stomach. 140, reg. 35¢... **2 for 36¢**
- **Rexall Solution of Boric Acid.** Soothing lotion. 4 oz., reg. 25¢, now... **2 for 26¢**
- **Rexall Aromatic Spirit of Ammonia.** 1 oz., regularly 25¢, now... **2 for 26¢**
- **Rexall Tincture of Green Soap.** ½ pint, regularly 69¢, now, save at... **2 for 70¢**
- **Rexall Monacet Tablets.** Proven APC formula for quick relief from symptoms of colds. Bottle of 25, reg. 33¢... **2 for 34¢**

VITAMIN VALUES



- **Rexall Polycaps.** Multi-vitamin capsules for growing children. One red capsule daily provides the minimum daily requirement of all vitamins ordinarily essential for children up to twelve years of age. Box of 72, regularly \$1.98, now... **2 for \$1.99**
- **Rexall Mineralized B Complex** with red crystalline vitamin B₁₂, liver, iron and vitamin C. Combines 9 important B vitamins and iron with 11 valuable mineral trace elements: calcium, iodine, phosphorus, cobalt, copper, manganese, magnesium, molybdenum, potassium, zinc and nickel. Family-size bottle of 100 tablets, regularly \$5.95, now stock up at... **2 for only \$5.96**
- **Rexall's Brewer's Yeast** tablets provide important amounts of vitamin B₁ and B₂ at low cost. 250, reg. 98¢, now... **2 for 99¢**
- **Rexall Yeast and Iron Tablets.** Recommended adult dosage supplies 7 times M.D.A.R.* of iron, plus valuable amounts of vitamins B₁ and B₂. Bottle of 100 tablets, regularly 75¢, now, during sale... **2 for 76¢**
- **Rexall Cod Liver Oil,** High Potency. Valuable child's diet supplement. One teaspoonful has 1½ times M.D.A.R.* of vitamins A and D. Full pint, reg. \$1.49... **2 for \$1.50**
- **Rexall Dicalcium Phosphate** capsules supplement the diet of expectant and nursing mothers. 3 capsules daily supply: calcium, ½ M.D.A.R.*; phosphorus, ½ M.D.A.R.; vitamin D₂, twice M.D.A.R. Bottle of 100, reg. \$1.24, now **2 for \$1.25**
- **Rexall ABDG Capsules.** Two capsules daily supply 1¼ times M.D.A.R.* of vitamin A; 2 times M.D.A.R. of vitamin D; M.D.A.R. of vitamins B₁ and B₂, plus 10 mg. of niacinamide. Bottle of 100 capsules, reg. \$1.59, now, during sale... **2 for \$1.60**
- **Vitamin B₁₂ Concentrate Capsules.** Each capsule provides 5 micrograms of red vitamin B₁₂—extremely important in stimulating the formation of red blood cells and in aiding the prevention of simple nutritional anemia due to B₁₂ deficiency. Bottle of 100, 5 mcg., reg. \$1.40, now... **2 for \$1.41**



- **Rexall 5X Multi-Vitamins** supply 5 times the Minimum Daily Adult Requirement of all vitamins with known minimums. Each tablet supplies vitamin A, D, B₁ (thiamin), B₂ (riboflavin), C, and niacinamide, plus B₁₂. A tablet a day provides a protective margin of important nutritive elements that may be lacking in the ordinary or deficient diet. 5X multi-vitamins are also a valuable dietary supplement for convalescents, expectant mothers, and manual workers—who may require more than ordinary amount of these important vitamins. Bottle of 50 tablets, regularly \$6.95, now... **2 for \$6.96**
- **Rexall Percocod Tablets** ("Vitamin Candy") for children. Two pleasant-tasting tablets a day supply more vitamin A and D than a teaspoonful of cod liver oil. Bottle of 110, regularly 98¢, now... **2 for 99¢**
- **Rexall Panovite with Minerals.** One capsule gives more than minimum daily requirements of Vitamin A (1¼ times M.D.A.R.*), vitamin D (2½ times M.D.A.R.), vitamin B₁ (2½ times M.D.A.R.), vitamin B₂ (1¼ times M.D.A.R.), vitamin C (1½ times M.D.A.R.)—plus B₆, B₁₂, calcium pantothenate, niacinamide and eleven important minerals: calcium, cobalt, copper, iodine, iron, manganese, magnesium, molybdenum, phosphorus, potassium and zinc. Bottle of 100 capsules, regularly \$4.95... **2 for \$4.96**
- **Vitamin B₁₂ Concentrate Tablets.** Like capsules above, but with twice the B₁₂ in easy-to-take tablet form. Bottle of 100 tablets, 10 mcg., regularly \$2.30... **2 for \$2.31**

*M.D.A.R.: Minimum Daily Adult Requirement

FAMILY NEEDS



- **Rexall Procap Adhesive Tape.** ½" x 10 yds. or 1" x 5 yds., reg. 39¢... **2 for 40¢**
- **Nylon Combs.** White pocket combs; pink, blue or white bobby combs. 25¢, **2 for 26¢**
- **Victoria Hot Water Bottle.** 2-heat type. Reg. \$3.09, now, during sale... **2 for \$3.10**
- **Hard Rubber Combs.** Rattail or all-purpose. Regularly 29¢, Now... **2 for 30¢**
- **2-Cell Flashlight.** Chrome-plated steel case, 3-way switch. Reg. 89¢... **2 for 90¢**
- **Precision Pocket Lighter.** Chromed finish, windproof. Regular \$1.50... **2 for \$1.51**
- **York Plastic Billfold.** Men's and Ladies' assorted styles and colors... **2 for \$1.01**
- **Thumb Tacks.** In colors. 36, now **2 for 11¢**
- **Cellulite Sponge,** 5⅝" x 4¼"... **2 for 36¢**
- **Plastic Tumbler.** Colorful, unbreakable polyethylene. 8 oz. 15¢, now... **2 for 16¢**
- **Plastic Sluffs,** quilted slippers in sizes for girls, women. Pair, 59¢... **2 for 60¢**
- **Crystal Filter Cigarette Holder** has aluminum end. Choose amber, black or white stem. Regular 39¢, now... **2 for 40¢**
- **Victoria Syringes.** 2-qt. fountain, \$2.89, **2 for \$2.90**; combination, \$3.49, **2 for \$3.50**
- **"Festival" Cut Glass Tumbler.** Heavy bottom. Holds 9 oz. 20¢ value... **2 for 21¢**
- **Ladies' Print Handkerchief.** 13" square combed lawn cotton. Reg. 25¢... **2 for 26¢**
- **Men's and Ladies' Sunglasses** in choice of aviator-style or plastic frames. Regularly \$1.00, now you can save at... **2 for \$1.01**
- **Children's Sun Glasses,** plastic frames, Crookes lenses, colors. Reg. 29¢, **2 for 30¢**
- **Pipes,** Windsor imported briars, choice of many styles, shapes. Reg. \$1... **2 for \$1.01**
- **Pocket Knives** with fine steel blades. Several types. Regularly 79¢... **2 for 80¢**

These suggested retail prices are effective April 13 through April 16 inclusive, and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Items and prices may vary slightly in Canada. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 54, Cal.



You Can Depend on Any Drug Product that Bears the Name Rexall

fashionable feet "follow suit" with

charcoal tones

So-Lo by Bates



Most styles
\$10.95 to \$17.95

Most dramatic change since high-button shoes! New, low silhouette that's captured the fancy of all fashion-minded men. So flattering in lush-looking charcoal . . . so free-and-easy around the ankles. Lower your feet into a pair soon!

Exclusive comfort feature —
"SLIPPER-FREE WHERE YOUR FOOT BENDS"
(style concealed roominess across the ball of the foot)

BATES

Originals

BATES SHOE COMPANY
WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Mothers!

Wonderful New First Aid for Children's Skin Injuries!



Unlike iodine and other harsh antiseptics which may sting and actually burn delicate tissues—new Unguentine works 4 ways:

1. Relieves pain fast!
2. Kills germs—fights infection!
3. Promotes faster healing!
4. Prevents gauze from sticking to the injury!

For scrapes and burns—helps ease the pain! Soothe on—no sting! Wash off—no stain!

New Improved



A Norwich Product

The First-Aid Dressing

UNGUENTINE



HULL AUTO COMPASS EVER-VISIBLE GUIDE

Road signs are only partial direction help, easy to miss. You ALWAYS know directions driving by Hull Auto Compass. Hull is the famous quality name, the most used auto compass.

AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE
WRITE FOR LITERATURE

HULL MFG. CO. P. O. Box 246 Z-4
WARREN, OHIO



WANTED: 100 Men—100 Women who want to make EXTRA INCOME!

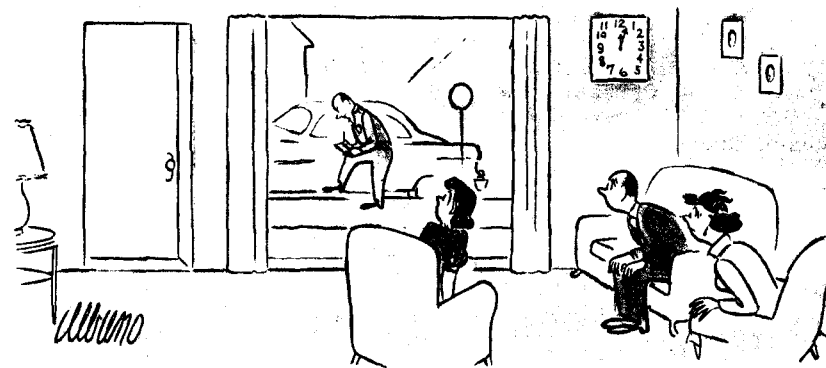
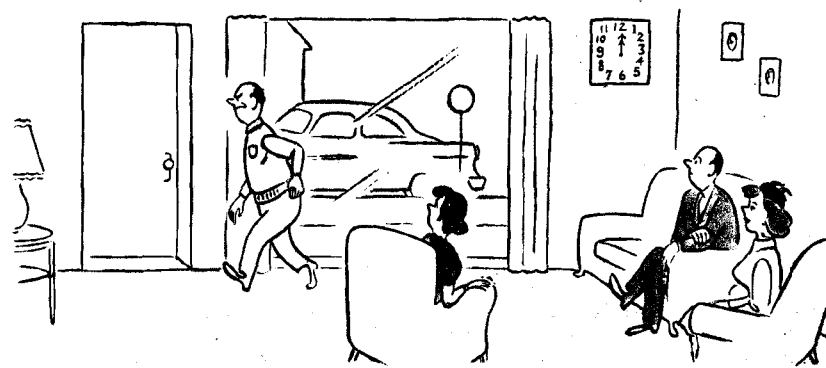
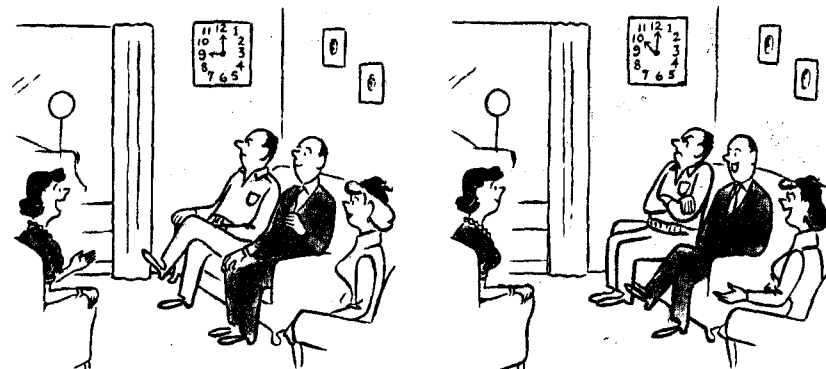
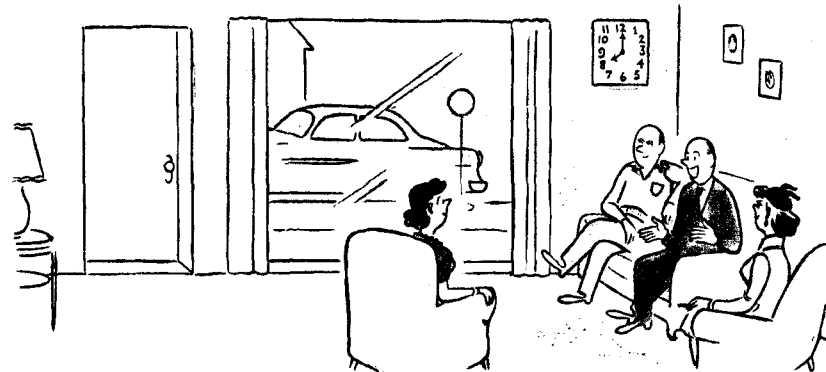
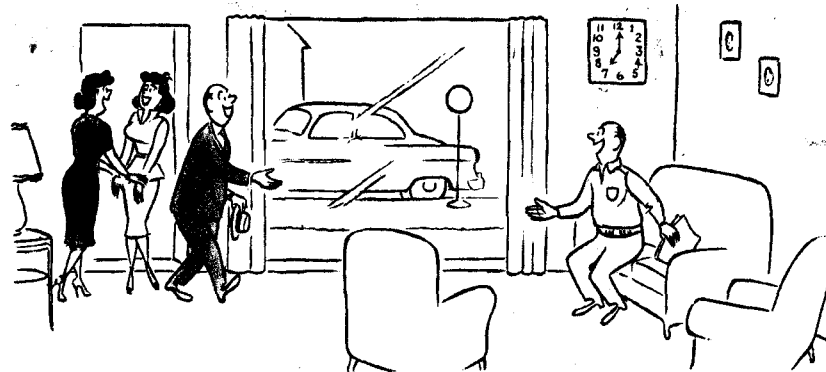
Collier's offers both men and women an opportunity to make a substantial, spare-time income by telephone, mail, or personal calls. Take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and ALL popular magazines.

Without cost or obligation, write for supplies and valuable leaflet, "How to Start Your Successful Subscription Business." Mail a postal card with your name and address to:

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-50
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

THE INVITATION

By JOHN ALBANO



Collier's for April 15, 1955

(Continued from page 73) "Green ones will not burn," Jonas dared to point out.

"Did I say anything about burning? These must be green so they can be bent. To form a crown of thorns."

"A crown of thorns?" Jonas faltered. "I don't—"

Abiziah's contemptuous laugh rang out. "Crowns are for kings, wood-seller." He took a shekel from the pouch at his belt and tossed it to Jonas. "Bring the green thorn branches to the palace of the high priest tonight and you will earn another shekel. And do not fail me, or you will rue this day."

"I will not fail you, sir," Jonas assured him, eagerly clutching the shekel. "At the palace of the high priest tonight. The green limbs of a burnet bush. For a crown of thorns."

STOPPING only at a foodseller's shop to purchase some bread and cheese which he munched as he walked, Jonas hurried toward the gate and the road to Jericho. As he walked, he wondered at Abiziah's strange words. There would be only one king in Jerusalem at the Passover, and that was Herod, who ruled the neighboring Tetrarchy of Galilee. And surely Herod would not be wearing a crown of thorns.

People were still pouring into Jerusalem for the Passover and the roads were jammed, and so it was already dusk when Jonas climbed, panting, up the hillside to where the burnet bushes grew. The whole face of the hill was a blanket of green now, for the bushes were almost ready to bloom. Fortunately he came upon a clump not far up the hill, saving himself the time and effort of climbing higher. Stooping, he seized a bush at the edge of the clump, one whose thorns were large and sharp, since Abiziah had emphasized that it was the thorns he was after. They pricked his hump as he bent over to pull up the bush, and they scratched his wrists when he sought a handhold about the trunk near the ground.

As he began to pull, an odd event occurred. An inner voice seemed to say, "Don't, Jonas, don't." The words were so clear that he stopped for a moment. But he had already spent part of the shekel, so there was no going back now, no matter what spoke to him. And then, gripping the bush, he began to work its roots loose from the ground.

Carrying his thorny burden carefully, so as not to disturb the green branches and the foliage, Jonas hurried down the hill and along the road. The streets of the city were almost deserted now; everyone who could arrange it was already at home or at one of the

inns for the Passover feast. Surprisingly, however, there was much activity in the courtyard of the high priest's palace. A fire was burning and men were gathered about it as if waiting for something. Jonas made his way to the door, carrying the thorn-bush over his shoulder, and was admitted at once. Even Abiziah seemed to be in high spirits, for he smiled approvingly when he saw the large, green thornbush.

"Cut the branches to the proper lengths for the plaiting of a crown," he ordered Jonas. "Another shekel will weight your purse this night if you do a good job."

Quickly Jonas cut the thorny branches from the burnet bush. The two shekels he earned was a fortune indeed, as much as a week's income from selling wood. He should have been singing, yet he felt a strange urge to run from this place, as if it were evil—which, of course, it could not be; for next to the temple itself, the palace of the high priest was the holiest place in the city.

Outside, in the courtyard, the crowd had grown. A girl was accusing a tall man of something, and he was vigorously denying it, but Jonas wasted no time there. As fast as he could go, he hurried back across the city to his hut, oppressed by a sense of guilt that he could not explain, for he had done no wrong that he knew of.

THE next morning was bright and sunny and Jonas felt some better after eating a good meal and giving Eleazar an extra bundle of hay in honor of the Passover. Still that strange sense of guilt for a sin he could not remember committing weighed upon him.

By the time Jonas had fed the animal and finished his own meal, all the beggars had gone into the city, which was unusual, unless something out of the ordinary was afoot. So, leaving Eleazar tied to the hovel, Jonas walked toward the temple to see what was attracting the beggars so soon.

Before he had gone far he heard people shouting, and with a rising sense of apprehension, he quickened his steps. He soon came to the fringes of a crowd that was surging through the streets, but he could not tell where they were going or for what purpose.

"What is the commotion about?" he asked, plucking at the sleeve of a passer-by.

"Pilate has sentenced the prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, to be crucified."

"Crucified?" Jonas trotted beside him. "On what charge?"

"He claims to be King of the Jews." Jonas stopped short, the crowd eddy-

Living beauty at Easter...



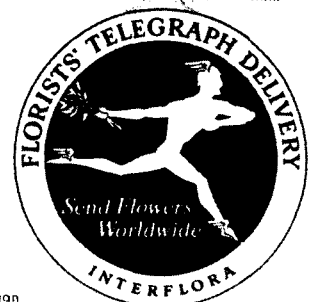
THIS EASTER

Say it with

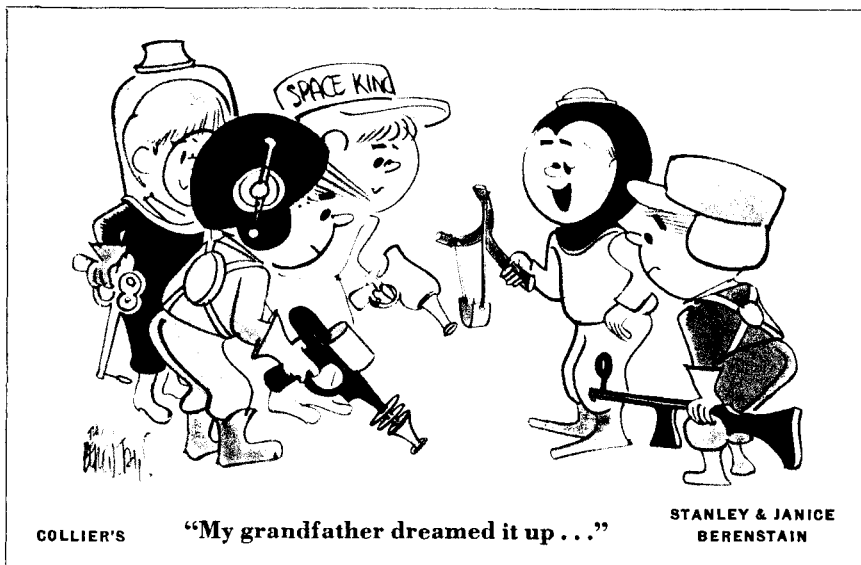
Flowers By

As gently as cathedral chimes, your Flowers-By-Wire carry your Easter message of devotion to those you cherish. Your F.T.D. Florist guarantees delivery worldwide, telegraph-fast. Be sure the shop you choose displays SPEEDY and the famous MERCURY EMBLEM.

Phone or Visit
Your F.T.D. Florist



Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan



Collier's for April 15, 1955

ing about him. "King of the Jews," he whispered. The words and the mocking laugh of Abiziah came to him now. "Crowns are for kings," the captain of the temple police had said. And they were crucifying Jesus of Nazareth because they said he claimed to be King of the Jews.

THE crowd was moving toward the gate leading to the hill called Golgotha, and Jonas joined them. When they came over a small rise, he was able to see the front of the procession, which was already entering a narrow street. And there, just ahead of a broad-shouldered man carrying the heavy cross, was the Prophet of Nazareth, with a crown on his head made from the thorns that Jonas had furnished.

"I didn't know!" Jonas cried in an agony of guilt and pity for the doomed man, although Jesus could not possibly have heard him. "Abiziah did not tell me the thorns were for you."

People stared at him curiously, but continued on their way. Turning aside, Jonas ran along a parallel street, trying to move closer to the man whose forehead and cheeks were already stained with blood from the cruel thorns. Somehow, he must get near enough to the doomed man to assure him that he, Jonas, was not responsible for that painful crown, and that the blame was Abiziah's, who had commissioned him to get the thorns without saying what they were for.

But the Prophet of Nazareth was heavily guarded by Roman soldiers, and Jonas could not get close enough for him to hear what he had to say. Finally, as the crowd poured through the gate and the soldiers hurried Jesus up the hill, Jonas gave up and made

his way back across the now almost deserted city to his hovel in the wall.

"I didn't know the thorns were for him, Eleazar," he told the patient mule. "You know I am kind. I never hurt you as other men hurt their animals. And I feed you even when I have nothing for myself. I would not harm anyone and certainly would not sell thorns to torture an innocent man."

"Innocent." His choice of word startled him. Why did he feel so strongly that the gentle prophet, whom he had first seen entering the city along the road to Jerusalem, was innocent? But he was sure of it, nevertheless.

Sick with his guilt and shame, Jonas huddled in the corner of the hut. The money in his pocket burned him, and finally he took the coins and flung them away, fully realizing that he would now go hungry until the first day of the next week, when he could start gathering another load of wood to sell. But even that act of expiation did little to lift the weight that bowed him down.

IN THE late afternoon there was a violent storm, and clouds shut away the light of the sun so that it was almost as dark as night. Lightning played about the gleaming temple on the hill in a way that Jonas had never seen before. It was terrifying and he brought Eleazar into the hut for shelter. The two huddled close together, the aged, graying mule and the little hunchback,

man and beast seeking to solace each other and not succeeding very well.

Jonas did not even go out when the beggars returned after the storm, but Zadok came to the door of the hut in much excitement. "Jonas! Jonas!" he called. "Have you heard the news?"



"Them that has, gets"

GAHAN WILSON

"I saw the Nazarene prophet going to the cross. Is he dead?"

"He died quickly. The storm rent the veil of the temple, and they are saying in the streets that the Galileans who followed this man were right. That he was indeed the Messiah."

"Go away!" Jonas groaned. "Leave me alone." It could not be true, of course. They were always calling every new prophet the Messiah.

But if it were! The awful thought struck him like a blow between the eyes. If it were true, then he had tor-

tured the Expected One, by furnishing thorns for a crown for His head. And such a sin was unforgivable.

WHEN the first day of the week came, Jonas buckled on the harness that held the panniers upon Eleazar and, as the first rays of the sun were touching the city, set out for the hillside to gather wood. He would cower no longer in his hut, he had resolved, no matter how heavy his guilt might be. Even if he had lost the desire for food, Eleazar must still be fed. The patient animal had served him well and there was a strong bond of love between them. He could not fail Eleazar as he had failed himself by not obeying the voice that had warned him against gathering the thornbush for Abiziah. And as he had failed the Nazarene prophet by assisting in his torture of thorns. If he could only have reached the prophet,

he thought. Surely the Nazarene would have been able to understand and forgive him. But now that was impossible, for Jesus was dead.

A little way outside the gates a stranger joined him on the road. One minute Jonas was alone, plodding along disconsolately, and the next minute a man was beside him, matching his step to Jonas'. He was of medium height and his robe was of poor cloth, although fully cut, so that the sleeves covered his hands. The voluminous hood, pulled over his head against the

"DRIVE IN NOW!"

Check your oil and filter during Clean Oil Month. Stop at any service station, garage or car dealer displaying a replica of this billboard and ask for FRAM—the brand motorists prefer more than 2 to 1! For the name of your nearest FRAM dealer, call Western Union Operator 25.

FRAM CORPORATION, Providence 16, R.I. Fram Canada Ltd., Stratford, Ont.

cool dampness of the morning, largely hid his face.

"Shalom, Jonas." The stranger's voice was oddly familiar, as was something about his appearance. Yet Jonas could not place him.

"Peace be upon you, sir. You know my name?"

"Yes. You once sold some burnet wood for my use."

It was an odd way of expressing it, but Jonas understood that the stranger must, at one time or another, have bought wood from him for his fire. That would also explain the fact that he seemed vaguely familiar.

"You are out early," the man continued.

"I—I could not rest." Driven by the need to confess, Jonas continued: "You see, I sold the thorns for the crown worn by the Prophet of Nazareth when he went to the cross. It—it weighs upon my conscience and I have not been able to rest or eat since."

"Have you not repented?"

"I didn't know they were for him," Jonas explained. "Abiziah did not tell me what they were for. But I am sorry I sold them and I am sorry for the pain they must have caused him. I tried to tell Jesus that as they were taking him to the cross, but he could not hear me."

"Perhaps he did hear you."

Jonas shook his head. "He was a long way off; I don't think so. Still, if I was sure the prophet had heard and that he forgave me . . . it would take a great load from my shoulders."

"I am sure he heard you, Jonas," the stranger said reassuringly. "And I am sure he forgives you."

"But if I only had some way of knowing for certain. Then I could rest in my mind."

"Since you meant no harm and are truly repentant, surely Jesus will give you a sign that he forgives you."

The mere assurance that the Prophet of Nazareth might have heard him and forgiven him lifted a great load from Jonas' shoulders. And if, as the stranger had suggested, there could be some sign confirming it, he would feel guilty no more.

But then some of his depression returned, for no one would even listen to a hunchback wood gatherer, he remembered, and certainly not a man going to his death unjustly. For him to have a sign, there would also have to be a miracle. And God must be busy with much more important matters than the troubles of a crippled wood gatherer and his conscience.

Still, the stranger had really sounded as if he were sure. He had even said about the crucified man, Jonas remembered now, "And I am sure he forgives you."

Forgives, Jonas repeated to himself. Could he mean that Jesus of Nazareth was still alive? Although Zadok had seen him die on the cross?

"Sir, you said—" Dumfounded, Jonas stopped, for no one was with him any more.

ELEAZAR plodded on and, reaching the place where the path turned off to ascend the hill on which the burnet thornbushes grew, entered it and began to climb as they did day after day.

Jonas stood in the road alone, scratching his head perplexedly. The stranger had been beside him only an instant before, for they had been talking. Yet now there was no sign of him anywhere. Jonas could even remember his last words, which had been, "Surely



Jesus will give you a sign that he forgives you."

Looking up now, Jonas realized that Eleazar had gone on before him. He saw the mule climbing the path up the hill to the place where they always gathered wood. As he hurried to catch the animal, he came around an outcropping rock near where he had pulled up the clump of thornbushes that night, the one he had taken to the palace of the high priest. And there he stopped, a great wonder and joy filling his heart.

Across the whole hillside stretched the green blanket of the thornbushes, each leafy cluster almost ready to burst into bloom. But in the clump from which he had uprooted the single bush was a mass of tiny red blossoms, each one like the single drop of blood that appears after the prick of a thorn. Only

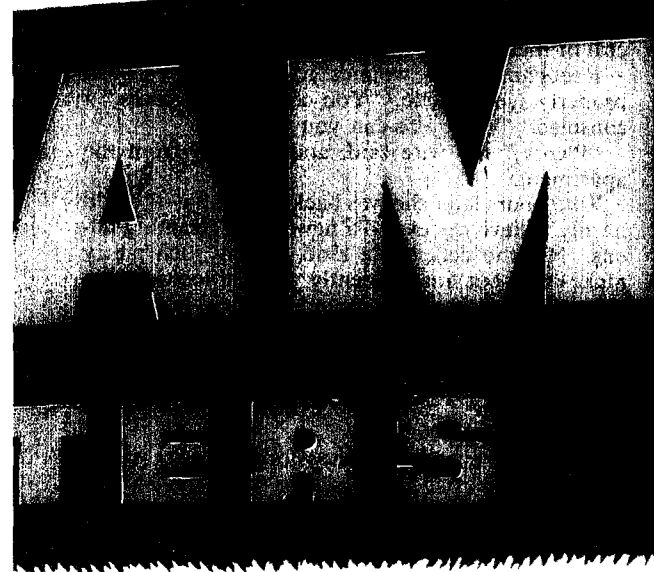
this one clump was in blossom, only this one clump was red; everywhere else the bushes were green.

"The sign!" Jonas cried and dropped to his knees. "He walked beside me, and He gave me the sign." With tears streaming down his cheeks he knelt before the blood-red blossoms of the thornbush.

RETURNING to the city that afternoon with his load of wood, Jonas heard the exciting news that Jesus of Nazareth had arisen from the dead. And if some wondered why Jonas smiled with a strange look of pride, it was because they could not possibly know or believe that he, the wood gatherer of Jerusalem, had been singled out from all the others to furnish the crown—for the King of Kings.

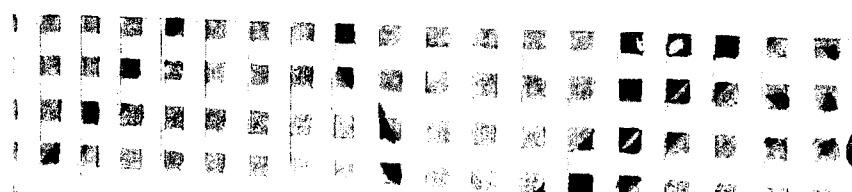
—FRANK G. SLAUGHTER

OIL MONTH



OIL AND FILTER NOW!

DEALER CALL WESTERN UNION OPERATOR 25





NEW

Everything I've ever wanted

A FEW weeks ago, while working on this article at home, I was suddenly distracted by a shriek from the living room. Dashing inside, I found my wife and, after a few questions, the reason for her clamor. She had been trying to balance her checkbook. In attacking the problem, she had also attacked her fingernails, chewing several of them down to the quick.

Recognizing the wounds to her vanity, I was properly sympathetic. "You could wear gloves," I consoled. "What else can you do?"

"Plenty," my wife said, and sprinted from the apartment.

Two hours later she was back, flaunting—I could hardly believe my eyes—a new set of gleaming talons. Not the detachable kind, or any such paltry makeshift, but magnificently natural-looking fingernails—polished, honed and as finely tapered as a Chinese backscratcher.

"Where did you—" I began, still gawking in disbelief.

"Grow 'em? . . . At my favorite department store," said my wife coyly.

And so she had. At the store's beauty salon. First a manicurist had placed a little nail-shaped foil frame over each mangled talon. Over the frame she had mixed some white powder and a liquid. That's all there was to it. In a few minutes the mixture had hardened into a flawless translucent surface that fused with the real nail so per-



MAGIC FROM OIL

... flowing from the petrochemical industry

By BEN MERSON

fectly it was impossible to see where the chewed-up portion ended and the synthetic began. Moreover, my wife's new nails would keep on growing, like nature's own product, and they were biteproof. "Here, have a chew," she offered generously.

It was unnecessary. By this time I had guessed the identity of the magic ingredient that had improved on nature. It was a petrochemical—one of the thousands of compounds derived from oil, natural gas or the once-useless by-products of oil refining. And the petrochemical that had given my wife a new grip on her ego is just one fantastic illustration of the pipe-dream miracles that I have seen pouring out of plants from coast to coast.

Virtually unknown to the public in 1940, these oil-based compounds are now the most versatile products serving mankind. Merely by rearranging the molecules (just as you do when you bake a cake or boil an egg), scientists can transform a blob of oil or a whiff of gas into raw materials that can be made into almost everything and anything man requires. But few of us recognize the finished products as petrochemicals—any more than we recognize the bauxite in a finished aluminum pot.

Synthetic rubber is made from petrochemicals. So are all the synthetic detergents, all the miracle fibers (Orlon, nylon, Dacron; acetate rayon, Dynel and Acrilan) and myriad plastics.

The finished products are without number. They range from asphalt to fuel to fertilizers; from paints

to antifreeze to anesthetics; from vitamins to insecticides to sulfa drugs; from TNT to fodder to soil conditioners.

Petrochemicals may be the clothes on our back, the soles on our shoes, the fillings in our teeth. They are made into dentproof, rustproof auto and truck bodies; refrigerators, dishes and telephones; fishing rods, lamp shades and curtains; buttons, boats and bubble gum; tents, toys and furniture; diapers, baby bottles and coffins—products that serve us literally from the cradle to the grave.

Early Experiments with Natural Gas

The creation of these petrochemicals, a feat beyond the wildest imaginings of the ancient alchemists, is achieved under the casual guise of Big Business by the nation's leading chemical, oil and rubber companies. Pioneer in the field was the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which in 1919 built a small pilot plant at Bayway, New Jersey, to convert refinery gas into alcohol. Shortly thereafter Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation discovered how to extract ethylene and propylene from natural gas, and the Shell Oil Company evolved a natural-gas process for making ammonia.

But the tremendous boom in petrochemistry did not come until World War II, when an acute shortage of strategic materials—rubber, for one—touched off a frantic hunt for new sources.

The search led to oil.

As Dr. Donald Price, a leading consultant to the petrochemical industry, explained to me: "It could just as well have been diamonds or sugar or coal—or anything else composed of carbon and hydrogen. These two elements are the basis of almost every raw material used by man.

"But diamonds and sugar weren't exactly glutting the market. Nor was there enough coal. What scientists needed was something that was cheap, plentiful and easy to work with. They found it in oil, and especially in refinery gases, which had formerly gone to waste."

The scientists really hit a bonanza. Today, petrochemistry is one of the fastest-growing industries in history. It is growing so fast, in fact, that statistics can't quite keep up. At the last official count (made in November, 1954, by the Manufacturing Chemists Association) annual production had hit the \$3,000,000,000 level. This figure represented merely the total worth of the raw chemicals, with no one even venturing a guess at the value of the finished products. Plant investment had increased almost tenfold in ten years—from \$350,000,000, to \$3,000,000,000. Listed were about 270 plants in production or under construction, with at least a hundred others on the drawing boards. Since then hardly a week has gone by without announcement of some new project.

The hub of this multibillion-dollar industry is

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BARRETT GALLAGHER



Now
GREATER
than ever



NEW
FORMULA
GREATER
PROTECTION
AGAINST

- ✓ Valve Lifter Sticking
- ✓ Acid Corrosion
- ✓ Sludge and Wear
- ✓ Dirty Engines
- ✓ Excessive Oil Consumption

Kendall's quality starts with 100% Bradford Pennsylvania Crude Oil—world's richest—and continues with advanced refining processes plus selected additives blended under a new formula developed by Kendall Research.

KENDALL REFINING COMPANY
Bradford, Penna.

LUBRICATION SPECIALISTS
FOR OVER 70 YEARS

Dentproof car bodies? Petrochemists can make them

the "Black Gold Coast"—the broad 650-mile crescent along the Gulf of Mexico from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to Brownsville, Texas. But a casual observer might never know it. Squatting on flat, treeless meadows, the petrochemical plants smell and look like the oil refineries from which they draw their sustenance. Both have the same towers, spheres and tanks, the same pipes that entwine all working mechanisms.

There the similarity ends. As Eger V. Murphree, balding, bespectacled president of the Esso Research and Engineering Company, told me, "Where the refineries leave off, the petrochemical plants begin. And the key to understanding what happens lies in three related words: *cracking*, by which petroleum components are broken down at the refineries into simpler materials, including gases; *synthesis*, which converts these materials into a host of workaday chemicals, and *polymerization*, which combines the simple materials into chemical compounds never before known to man."

Making polymers, as the compounds are called, is the wonder achievement of petrochemistry. "Sometimes we're not quite sure what happens—or why," Murphree, himself a chemical engineer, admitted frankly. "But through research we eventually find the answer."

Actually the polymers are created by mixing certain refinery gases with a catalyst—a substance which causes changes without undergoing changes itself. Under exposure to the catalyst, the hydrocarbon molecules in the gases rearrange themselves into new supermolecules—the polymers.

The Miracle Known as Teflon

Take ethylene, which like other refinery gases is composed of carbon and hydrogen atoms. Scientists can replace the hydrogen atoms with fluorine and concoct a chemical called tetrafluoroethylene. Then they expose this chemical to a catalyst, turn on heat and apply pressure. The result is a molecule such as nature never invented. Its trade mark is Teflon, a work-horse plastic particularly geared to the manufacture of enamel and electrical insulation.

By otherwise varying the number of carbon and hydrogen atoms—and substituting other chemicals for the fluorine—the scientists can turn out hundreds more polymers of endless variety: hard as steel, elastic as rubber or buoyant as wood; translucent, transparent, a solid, a textile; any or all of these.

Nor does the legerdemain stop here. The same ethylene gas that formed the basis for all these substances blithely goes on to become the antifreeze in automobile radiators and the antiknock in gasoline—as well as an intermediate chemical in the manufacture of solvents, insecticides, detergents, fumigants and a score of other products.

When you realize that ethylene is only one of many refinery gases; that the technique described above is only one of innumerable techniques, and that each technique literally creates thousands of products—only then does the tremendous scope of petrochemistry begin to emerge. But again only partially, for in every stage of every technique a horde of additional petrochemicals is born—many of them still

nameless, all potentially useful. "And if anybody knew what to do with them, researchers could concoct at least half a million others," an industry spokesman informed me.

This constant challenge inspires some of the astounding uses found for petrochemicals. Take Krilium, a soil conditioner that may revolutionize agriculture.

The upheaval started, quite deceptively enough, when Dr. Ross M. Hedrick, who was then twenty-six, went to work as a research chemist at the Monsanto Chemical Company's Dayton, Ohio, laboratories in October, 1947. Equipped with a doctor of philosophy degree and the shoulders of a football lineman, Hedrick chose to tackle agricultural research and was assigned the task of trying to find a chemical that would improve soil structure. He had no definite clues—only obstinacy and boyhood memories of a West Salem, Illinois, farm. There his father had spent years "sowing seeds and reaping little but sweat," the same dreary fate that still, every year, befalls thousands of farmers who struggle to coax life out of a heavy clay soil which smothers its plants at birth.

Working by trial and error, the young chemist tested and retested hundreds of compounds without success. After four years, just when the search seemed hopeless, Hedrick, together with his associate, Dr. David T. Mowry, found what he was looking for—a synthetic that would supply the soil with what nature forgot. It was Krilium.

Revealed at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Krilium was hailed as one of the ultimate milestones in agricultural research. But Hedrick and Mowry were not satisfied. They wanted to find out which of two types of Krilium—one based on acrylonitrile and the other on vinyl acetate—was the more effective. Only after further long months of dogged research did they come up with the answer—the vinyl-acetate product was the most potent. Mixed with heavy clay or some types of sandy soil, it was many times more effective than compost or peat moss. It let the land breathe, held the particles of earth apart. Seedlings that formerly strangled

at birth could now find the oxygen and water they needed.

Made available to the public in 1952, Krilium—and other chemicals like it—is now working magic on what were once blighted acres. Its use has become world-wide, and someday the chemicals may help reclaim wastelands in Africa and the Middle East.

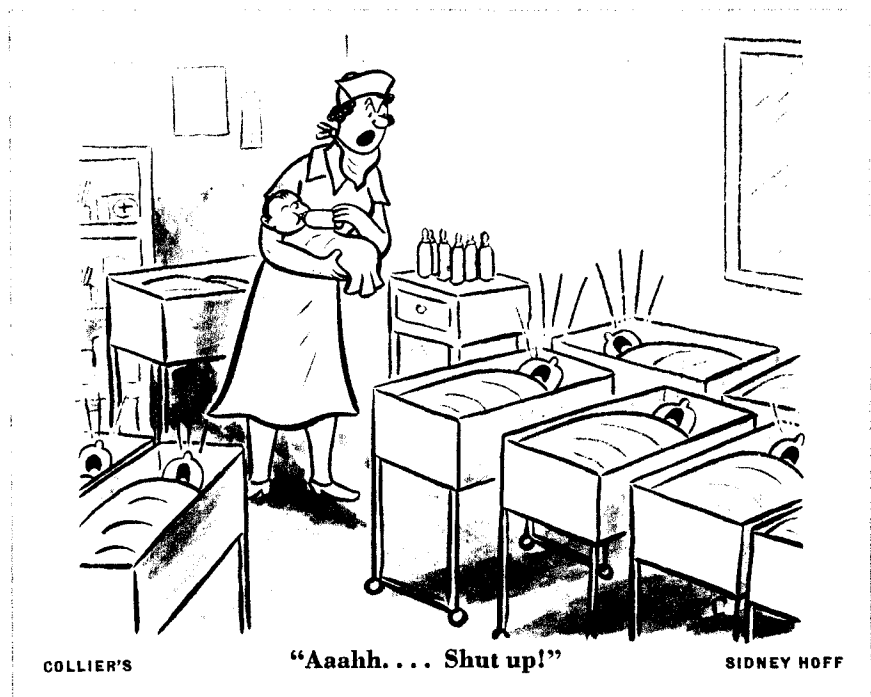
Plastic Cloth Used in Surgery

Equally spectacular is petrochemistry's latest contribution to surgery—a plastic cloth that can be formed into tubing to replace diseased blood vessels in the human body.

The cloth, whose development was disclosed at a recent meeting of the American College of Surgeons, has already saved the lives of more than a hundred cardiac patients—literally enabling them to stroll out of the hospital with new, synthetic arteries. It has also been used for "blowout" patches on hernias and to replace sections of intestine and esophagus destroyed by cancer.

Heretofore surgeons making such grafts have had to rely on human blood vessels. These donations have always been scarce, and even when available the blood vessels have often failed; they are difficult to preserve and the operation requires split-second timing. But the new surgical cloth—perfected by Drs. Arthur Blakemore, Alfred Jeretzki and Arthur Voorhees at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons—has none of these shortcomings. Woven of Vinyon-N, Orlon or nylon fibers, the cloth is easy to store, easy to handle and easy to sterilize. And it insures a maximum of operative speed. The fibers are so closely woven that no blood seeps through. Yet the mesh is loose enough to permit new tissue to grow in between the threads. When growth is done, the patient has a new blood vessel more robust than nature's product.

Even more dramatic medical developments lie ahead. With research in petrochemistry going on side by side with medical research, surgeons foresee the day when they may be able to install whole new organs in the human body—a kidney, a gall bladder, perhaps a complete new digestive tract.



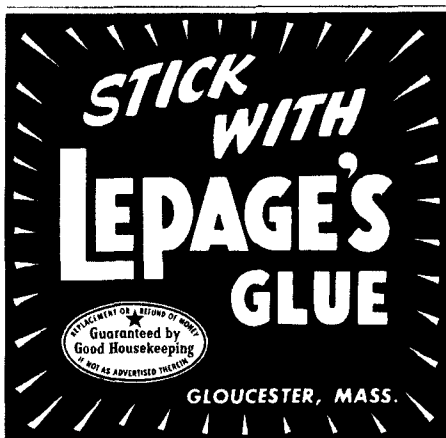


Garnish Your Best Dishes
just the way the world's famous chefs do theirs... with Sexton relishes and pickles.

Here are but 3 of many mouth-watering Sexton delicacies that grace the tables of top drawer clubs and restaurants around the corner or around the world. They can be had at better independent food stores.



John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.



For a Vacation That is Different

Come to La Province de Québec

Every member of the family will enjoy their Québec vacations. Visit metropolitan Montréal, Québec — America's only walled city, the renowned shrines and sanctuaries. Fish and swim in the beautiful lakes and rivers of the Laurentian Mountains, the Eastern Townships, the Gaspé Peninsula. Everywhere in French-Canada you will enjoy old-time hospitality and cuisine in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

To help plan your vacation, write for free road maps and booklets to: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or — 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.



Collier's for April 15, 1955

As with most products, the new surgical cloth stemmed from specific research. Haphazard discoveries are rare. However, a series of seemingly unrelated events led to one of the most important discoveries in modern petrochemistry. It began with a telephone call to Cities Service Company headquarters in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. The caller was the superintendent of the firm's natural-gas wells in the area, and he was both pleased and agitated. "Our supply can't keep up with the demand," he told his superiors. "What'll I do?"

"Just sit tight," was the reply. "We'll do it for you."

Soon gas from petroleum wells (these vapors usually accompany an oil flow) was being siphoned into the pipe lines, and the reserves became more than adequate.

So did the headaches. The innards of the pipe lines began to rust. The rust flaked off into the moving gas, and the abrasive-laden fumes wreaked havoc as they went, attacking pumping stations, corroding valve seats, and causing little leaks that threatened to become bigger leaks.

Summoned to the scene, John C. Walker, Cities Service's director of research, quickly found the culprit—the petroleum gas. Unlike the dry gas of the natural wells, it was laden with moisture and oxygen, a combination that inevitably causes steel to rust.

"We've got to get rid of the oxygen," Walker said, "and that'll get rid of the rust." He did it by reacting the oxygen with the hydrocarbons in the gas—somewhat as air reacts with gasoline in your automobile engine to burn up the oxygen. It worked. The rust vanished from the pipe lines. But from the reactors gushed a new waste liquid. Walker analyzed a sample—and was almost overwhelmed by his findings. From this waste liquid could be extracted formaldehyde—the chemical of a thousand uses and the base for hundreds of others, hitherto obtainable only through a costly process of wood distillation. Not only that, but Walker had uncovered a new technique in petrochemistry—the natural-gas oxidation method—which did away with the need for heavy pressures and high temperatures in making polymers and opened up vast new horizons.

The Work of Justus von Liebig

On one of these horizons, it subsequently developed, was melamine-formaldehyde, one of the hardest plastics made. Melamine was first synthesized in 1834 by the famed German chemist, Justus von Liebig, but for years had been regarded as just a laboratory curiosity. Its modern application stems largely from the work of Palmer Griffith, who produced some of the canary-yellow substance accidentally during an experiment in the mid-thirties in the American Cyanamid Laboratories at Warners, New Jersey.

His curiosity piqued, Griffith took ten grams of melamine, added formaldehyde and heated the product on a watch crystal. Then he stared in wonderment. Melamine—for more than a century believed useless—could be converted into a resin. Now if this resin could be molded...

Adding pulp paper to a new mixture, Griffith poured it into a small form and added low heat and pressure. Out came an amazing new plastic—break-resistant, heat-resistant, impervious to most acids.

It was a monumental discovery. But as one colleague wryly recalls, "No-

body would finance the monument. Because of no demand, melamine was too costly to produce. Being too costly to produce, it produced no demand."

Melamine might have continued to gather dust as a laboratory oddity had not Griffith done what most scientists shrink from doing. He put away his test tubes and stepped out as a dedicated salesman. It took him three years to find his first large industrial customer, the Formica Company. The rest followed naturally. Sales stimulated production. Production stimulated more research, and wide new uses were discovered for melamine.

Now, with the key chemical (formaldehyde) mass produced by the natural-gas oxidation method, melamine-formaldehyde ranks as one of the most useful plastics at industry's command. As a resin it goes into plywood, leather and paint; it makes wool shrink-resistant, rayon crease-resistant and cotton water-repellent. As a molding compound it is used to make everything from dishes to desk tops to jet aircraft parts.

Petrochemical Foods Foreseen

As for petrochemistry's future, the most provocative prediction I heard came from Dr. Robert E. Wilson, board chairman of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Himself a chemical engineer, Dr. Wilson is convinced that the world's expanding population will ultimately have to turn to petrochemicals to supplement present sources of food, and that within the next 50 years "a small but appreciable part of this food will be produced from air, oil and water." The forerunners are already here—flavoring extracts, vitamins and glycerine, all petrochemical products. And scientists, Dr. Wilson points out, already can make synthetic butter and lard from glycerol—obtained from propylene, a refinery by-product gas—and fatty acids, synthesized from natural gas.

At the moment, however, the most promising research is in the field of amino acids—the building blocks contained in proteins such as beefsteak. Their vital relationship to human diet was shown by Dr. William C. Rose in experiments with volunteer students at the University of Illinois. Feeding the students only buttered wafers (made of starch, sugar, corn oil and salts) plus vitamins and a mixture of amino acids, Dr. Rose maintained them in perfect health. He also proved, without invidious comparison, that while a rat needs ten varieties of aminos, adult man needs only eight; and that neither man nor rat can live without them.

All these eight vital aminos can now be synthesized from oil—and, if necessary, mass-produced. They still lack the attraction of beefsteak. But in an emergency they could be relied on temporarily to feed the nation.

Researchers feel that they have barely begun to exploit the possibilities of petrochemistry; that it is a science without limitation, bounded only by man's imagining. Already under discussion are roads that never crack, motors that never wear out and tires that last a lifetime. Also envisioned are tunnels, bridges, dams, factories and hotels made entirely of petrochemicals, and virtually indestructible.

As an official of E. I. du Pont de Nemours sums it up: "In the petrochemical industry nothing we can predict today will be sweeping enough to live up to the facts when they develop in the near tomorrow."



100% WATERPROOFED NYLON UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED!

Rainfair's NYLONAIR raincoat has become basic to better wardrobes. Combining topcoat styling with guaranteed waterproof protection, it's comfortable, good looking, and almost indestructible. This miracle coat has a rich, silky lustre and cannot stick, harden or crack. Weighs only 15 oz. and totes as easily as a handkerchief in its pocket-size pouch. In greytan, \$14.95.



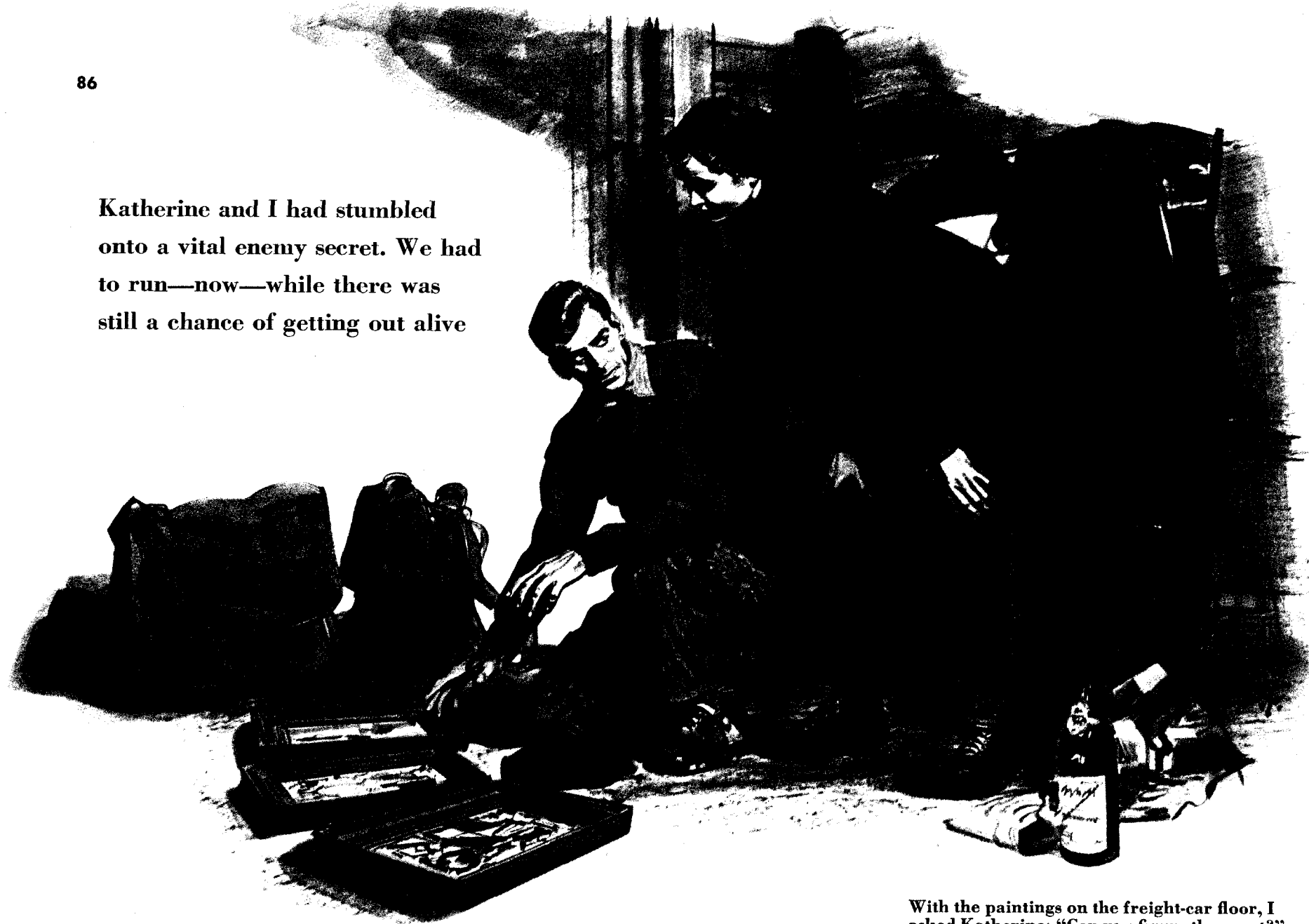
the FEATHERAIN

Newest waterproof sensation tailored of lustrous cotton "Lawn." Whisper-weight, yet has amazing wearing qualities. Styled like the Nylonair. Packaged in a colorful carton. In oyster, \$9.95.

Write for FREE style booklet and name of your nearest dealer.

RAINFAIR, INC. • Racine 4, Wisconsin
Makers of Smartair Leisure Wear

Katherine and I had stumbled onto a vital enemy secret. We had to run—now—while there was still a chance of getting out alive



With the paintings on the freight-car floor, I asked Katherine: "Can you figure them out?"

Design for TERROR

By ARTHUR GORDON

The Story: I, BILL WALLACE, a color photographer on assignment in Europe, went to Markheim, in Russian-occupied Austria, to interview SIGNORINI, a noted artist who had sold out to the Communists. At Signorini's studio I saw KATHERINE STEVENS, with whom I had once been in love. She was trying to buy three new Signorini canvases for her fiancé, PRENTISS HARRISON, a New York art dealer; but Signorini firmly refused to sell. After a visit to two old friends, KARL SCHULTZ and his wife, I found that Signorini had sent to me—via Katherine—the three paintings Katherine had wanted to buy. His note asked that I deliver them to JOOST VAN LIEW, an art dealer in Bruges, Belgium. I went to question Signorini about his request and discovered he had been murdered. Next morning I read of another death—that of MARSHAL KUTSOV, a high-ranking Soviet official and Signorini's father-in-law. I realized that Signorini and Kutsov must have been engaged in anti-Soviet espionage, and that the paintings were their means of sending a message to the West. Just in time I took the canvases to Karl Schultz for safekeeping: COLONEL BÉLA, top Communist hatchet

man, came to search my room. Katherine and I told him we were lovers and that we knew nothing about the missing paintings. Nevertheless, Béla posted a man to follow us. Later, OBER, the hotel clerk, blackmailed me; he had seen me leave the hotel the night before with the paintings. Knowing that Ober would eventually betray me to Béla, I decided that Katherine and I must get out of Markheim at once.

The Second of Two Parts

I WAS sitting on the bed, chain-smoking cigarettes, when Katherine came back to pick me up for dinner. I poured her a drink and made one for myself. "Hold your hat," I told her. "We've got new trouble."

She listened to my account of the perfidy of Herr Ober. "Why, the little stinker!" she said.

"My sentiments exactly. Did the pixy follow you over here?" She shook her head. "Then I think we ought to get out," I said. "Tonight."

She sat there, frowning. "Have you figured out

what we'll say if they catch us creeping over the border?"

"We'll say we thought they were going to pin Signorini's murder on us, and we got scared and decided to run."

"And took the paintings along as souvenirs?"

I had no answer to that one. "We'll have to risk it," I said. "You'd better go back to your hotel and put on whatever you're going to wear. Your handbag will be all the luggage we can manage. Then we'll have dinner and try to get to the Pension Stella without being followed."

She snapped her fingers. "Dinner! I knew something was on my mind. I'm starved!"

Her gaiety sounded forced, but I admired her for trying. I opened the door for her and hesitated, catching a whiff of her perfume. "Katherine. . ."

"Yes?"

I wanted to thank her, suddenly, for being such a good sport, but I was afraid she might misinterpret it, might think I was taking advantage of the situation. "Nothing," I said. "I'll pick

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

NOW—every thirst has its choice

Here's good news!

You can get *all* your favorite beverages, *all* your family's favorites, with each and every bottle carrying the world-famous Canada Dry shield of quality! These are the delicious refreshers, the sparkling mixers that make your home hospitality headquarters. Keep your refrigerator filled . . . and keep your family, friends and guests happy!



A flavor for every taste

*A size and package for every purpose and purse
by Canada Dry—"The Best Name in Beverages."*

The flavor you like - The name you know

you up in twenty minutes—okay?”

“Fine,” she said and left.

After stuffing my two cameras, a razor and toothbrush and a change of socks and underwear into my raincoat pockets, I took a slow walk around the *Platz*. The sidewalks were crowded; it was hard to tell whether I was being followed or not.

I went into a tobacco shop, finally, bought some cigarettes and asked to use the telephone. I called the Pension Stella.

“Karl,” I said cautiously when he answered, “everything all right?”

When he said yes, I went on: “You know that guide you mentioned, the one who takes parties on mountain-climbing expeditions? Can you tell me how to find him?”

“I think so,” Karl said.

“Would it be hard to get there, Karl?” I asked.

There was silence for a moment. “It might be arranged.”

“Tonight?”

Another pause. “I think so,” Karl said coldly.

“Suppose we come out after dinner and talk about it?”

“All right,” he said, and hung up.

I thanked the tobacconist and went to pick up Katherine.

WE HAD dinner at a restaurant a few blocks north of the cathedral. After I had paid the check and we had gone out, Katherine said, “Has it occurred to you that we’re skipping our hotel bills?”

I laughed. “We can send checks later. Checks postmarked Grand Central Station, I hope.”

While I spoke I was watching a man across the street. He was peering with great interest into a brightly lighted shop window, full of women’s hats.

Realizing I was probably being overly suspicious, I took a good long look at him. He was about my height but much heavier, with a big square face under a dark snap-brim hat.

I took Katherine’s arm. “Let’s walk a bit,” I said.

We walked slowly for several blocks, apparently oblivious to everything in the world except each other. After a while I knelt as if to tie a shoelace, and looked behind us. Our friend was there, all right, about half a block away. He was busy lighting a cigarette.

I hadn’t minded the pixy so much; he was almost a joke. But this big black-hatted bloodhound was a very real barrier between us and freedom. We had to lose him.

I said to Katherine, “Give me a pair of those stockings you’ve got in your handbag.” She must have thought I was crazy, but she did as I asked. We began to walk faster, heading for the park that surrounds the Markheim Museum. The museum is closed after dark, the park poorly lighted and consequently almost deserted. It was an ideal spot for lovers—or fugitives.

We came to one of the entrances and I pulled Katherine back into the shadows. The moon was not up yet. Here and there street lamps cast little patches of light, but they were far apart. My heart was hammering at a pace that would have done credit to any lover. I whispered to Katherine, “Walk on and wait for me fifty yards past the next light.”

She walked away, with no questions. I stood behind a tree and waited.

He made hardly any noise coming after us. I waited until he’d almost reached the tree. Then I hurled myself at him and I drove my right fist hard

under his ribs. He tried to straighten and reach for his pocket, but I smashed my left hand against his face. He clawed at me feebly. Then I stepped back and hit him with another right, just under the ear. His knees buckled and he fell forward without a sound.

I bent over him and lighted a match. He was out cold, bleeding a little at the mouth. I felt a sudden pang of pity for him. He hadn’t had a chance, really, and the beating he’d taken wasn’t going to help him any at headquarters.

I got Katherine’s stockings out of my pocket and bound his wrists and ankles. Then I stuffed my extra pair of socks in his mouth and dragged him over into some bushes.

We walked the rest of the way to the Pension Stella, neither of us saying much. We knew there was no going back now. Even if my victim remained bound and gagged until morning, his

“He is a patriot,” Karl said, “not a profiteer.” He stood up. “I will see to the taxi. In the meantime, my wife has other clothes for you. You cannot go dressed like that. You would attract too much attention.”

Frau Schultz had laid out some old ski clothes for us, a weird assortment left over from the days when she took in tourists.

Mine looked as if they would fit reasonably well, but Katherine was having a harder time. Her boots and ski pants weren’t much too big, but the blouse looked like a tent when she draped it around her. And the sweater—a heavy black job—would have fit a two-hundred-pound man.

“You’ll look fine,” I said cheerfully. “Besides, the idea is to keep warm, not bewitch the border guards.” She gave me a grim look and I did not pursue the subject.

Frau Schultz had also provided two

“Thank you,” she said quietly, “for everything.”

Frau Schultz’s eyes filled with tears. “God keep you safe,” she said.

She watched us go down the steps and get into Karl’s taxi.

It was a long ride. We had to make a wide detour to avoid Vienna and its Russian-held approaches. I was worried about roadblocks and night patrols, but since we didn’t approach the frontier, there were none.

We crossed the Danube about midnight at a place called Melk. Then we swung east again, heading for a railroad junction about halfway between Vienna and Wiener Neustadt. We arrived a few minutes after two in the morning.

The junction consisted of a long platform and a couple of warehouses. Katherine and I got out of the cab.

“Get on any southbound train,” Karl told us. “Buy a ticket on the train. If anyone questions you, say you are students from Vienna planning to do a little climbing around Arlberg.” He took an envelope out of his pocket. “Give this to Anton Figl; it tells him who you are.”

I tried to give him money. He did not want to take any, but finally he let me pay for the gas. We shook hands, and then he drove away.

The countryside around us was very still. Katherine and I carried our rucksacks onto the deserted platform and sat down on some packing cases.

We talked for a few moments and then tried to get a little sleep. But every twenty minutes or so an express train would roar by; none of them showed the slightest inclination to stop.

Finally Katherine sat up with a groan. “Since there isn’t any management to complain to about the noise,” she said, “let’s have breakfast.” And so we ate a couple of Frau Schultz’s sandwiches and took alternate swigs from a bottle of wine.

THE next train stopped, but it was headed north. Katherine sighed. “What time is it now?” she said.

I looked at my watch. It seemed to have stopped at 3:22 A.M. I shook it and held it to my ear.

“I told you butter wouldn’t suit the works,” she said gravely.

Almost without thinking I gave her the March Hare’s answer: “It was the best butter!”

She laughed delightedly, but I didn’t feel much like laughing. Our old game of matching quotations from Alice in Wonderland brought the past to life too vividly.

I was glad when a few minutes later a wheezing southbound train stopped at the junction and we climbed aboard.

We bought two third-class tickets to Wiener Neustadt, and then Katherine went to sleep, curled up on the hard bench. I tried to sleep, but I couldn’t. I kept wondering if Karl had made it back to the pension safely, if our trussed-up friend were still lying in the park, if our flight were still secret or if the alarm had been sounded. I was sure that when Béla learned that we were gone he would know who had the paintings, and he would throw a steel noose around the whole zone. . . .

It was after eight o’clock when we got to Wiener Neustadt. At the station exit two uniformed policemen were stopping people and examining identity cards. I was panic-stricken until I noticed that only random individuals were being stopped; it was one of those rou-

BUTCH



“So we’re robbing out in the suburbs tonight. What’s the matter wit’ the way I’m dressed?”

LARRY REYNOLDS

failure to report would touch off the alarm.

Frau Schultz didn’t say a word when she let us in, but she pressed my hand, and she put her arm around Katherine’s shoulders.

Karl was at the dining-room table, studying a large map. Behind him, stacked on a chair, I saw the Signorini paintings.

I told him what had happened. “We have no time to lose,” he said. “Come. Sit down here.”

The man who could get us across the border, he told us, was a goatherd named Anton Figl who lived near Arlberg, a small town not far from the British zone. “I can’t drive you all the way,” Karl said. “I must be back here before sunrise. But south of Vienna I can put you on a train for Wiener Neustadt. From there you can get a bus to Arlberg. Walk up the Calvary Road, and at the sixth Station of the Cross just past the shrine, is the hut of Anton Figl. He can get you out. He charges, I believe, a thousand schillings for each person.”

I whistled. “Cheap at the price.”

canvas rucksacks. I gave the smaller one to Katherine. “Better put your own clothes and your handbag in here,” I said. “I’ll hide the paintings in this one.”

“Ja,” Frau Schultz said, “and the food. I have you a little lunch made.”

She took Katherine to her own room to dress. I changed in the attic, as quickly as I could.

Down in the dining room I put Signorini’s paintings into the bottom of the rucksack. I thought of cutting them out of the frames, but decided against it in case the frames themselves had some significance. On top of the paintings I packed my own clothes, then my cameras, and finally the food and two bottles of wine. Frau Schultz stood watching me.

“I won’t even try to thank you,” I said to her. “I don’t—”

Before I could finish, Katherine came in. She had tied a red bandanna around her head, and she looked like an extremely fetching, if somewhat plump, peasant girl.

She walked up to Frau Schultz and kissed her.

tine spot checks so common in police states.

I took Katherine's arm firmly, waited until the policemen were busy with two other travelers, and then pushed briskly past them. One of them gave Katherine an interested stare, but it was the kind of stare a man gives a pretty girl, and when he looked at me, his expression was more envious than suspicious.

We found the bus station and learned that the bus to Arlberg left in fifty minutes. We bought tickets and then had coffee in the station café. I kept looking at my watch—it had stopped only because I had failed to wind it—and prayed that the alarm for our arrest would not reach Wiener Neustadt before the bus left.

Apparently it didn't because we left exactly on time, driving between endless rows of gaunt, burned-out buildings, grim reminders of the war.

WE ARRIVED in Arlberg about noon. It was a small, poor place ringed by mountains, but it looked awfully good to us.

We were afraid to draw attention to ourselves by making inquiries; we simply walked around until we found the Calvary Road. Then we set out to climb it.

It was no picnic. Up it went, winding, weaving, doubling back on itself, up and up and up. The backs of my legs ached intolerably. At the fourth of the rustic shrines that marked the Stations of the Cross, I dropped the rucksacks.

"Let's take a breather," I said.

Katherine collapsed as if she had been shot, and I sat down beside her. Neither of us had the energy to talk.

"Come on," Katherine said after a while. "This road can't last forever!"

On we went, past the fifth shrine, past a great sprawling stone pile that must once have been a monastery. And finally, just past the sixth Station, we saw a ramshackle little hut perched precariously on the rocky hillside.

Katherine gave me a stricken look. "Is that it?"

"It had better be," I said. "I can't go another step."

I walked over and knocked on the lopsided door. There was a scuffling noise inside, the door opened a crack, and a pair of piercing eyes in a wrinkled, hostile-looking face peered out at me.

"Herr Figl?" I said.

He nodded, and I handed him the letter Karl had given me. He read it, opened the door a little wider and motioned us inside.

I had visualized Figl as a strapping

peasant in his twenties or thirties, with something of the daredevil about him. I couldn't have been more wrong. He was at least sixty and very small, with tangled white hair, a small pointed beard, and peaked Satanic eyebrows.

The dingy, sparsely furnished hut was heated by an ancient iron stove. Figl lifted the lid and dropped Karl's letter into the flames.

"Well," I said at last, "can you help us?"

He nodded.

"When? Can we start now?"

"Not in daylight," he said. "Tonight—maybe."

I asked him whether we should wait here. He shook his head.

He put on a very dirty sheepskin jacket and led the way up the hillside to a barn that looked even more decrepit than the hut. A rickety ladder led up to a sort of loft. It contained a cot, a broken chair and a couple of tin cans half full of cigarette stubs. A wooden-shuttered window admitted a dim, funereal light. We were to wait here, he said, until dark.

I paid Figl his two thousand schillings and tried to pry a little information out of him. It wasn't easy. I gathered we would cross the frontier by train—in a sealed freight car. All we had to do, he said, was wait until the train got to Switzerland.

"Switzerland!" I said. "But that's three hundred miles or more! Why can't we get out in the British zone?"

It seemed there were two good reasons: the train wouldn't stop until it got to Zurich, and we'd be locked in until Figl's confederate at the other end noticed certain markings on the car and let us out in the Zurich freight yards.

"But how long will we be in there?" I said.

Figl shrugged. "Twelve hours. Fifteen, perhaps."

I couldn't help being amused at what Prentiss Harrison would think of that.

AFTER Figl had left, Katherine opened my rucksack and pulled out the three Signorini paintings. "We may as well look these over and try to figure out just what crime we're committing," she said. "Anyway, there's nothing else to do."

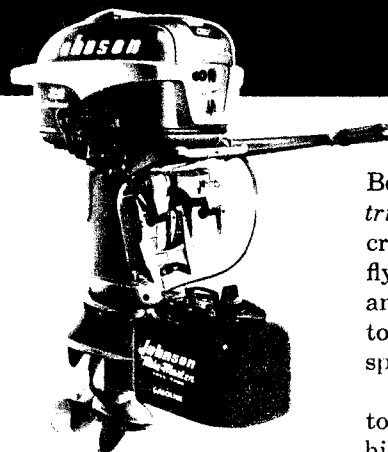
The paintings baffled us completely. The frames were solid; there was nothing concealed between the canvases and the wood backing them. If there was a message—and there had to be one—it was contained in the pictures themselves.

With this in mind, we started trying to analyze one of them, sorting the col-

MORE POWER...

MORE BOAT...

MORE FUN!



SEA-HORSE 25.
Electric Starting

Better pack a sandwich, it's going to be a trip! With an outfit like this, you've got new cruising range. Plenty of power to send you flying to distant spots where the big fish are and other fishermen aren't. Plenty of room to stow gear and gas, food and drink—with space left over to unfold your legs!

Here is fishin' deluxe at little cost, thanks to Johnson's development of a DEPENDable high-power outboard with such big-motor refinements as gear shift, separate plug-in fuel system and remote controls. And with it all,

a new kind of ride that's unbelievably smooth, easy, QUIET—the result of Johnson's amazing Suspension Drive. Your Johnson Dealer will show you. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone directory. Stop in soon to look and listen.

FREE! A postcard will bring you a copy of the colorful new Sea-Horse Booklet describing the 5 great Johnsons for 1955. Complete details on new models, new features. Write!

JOHNSON MOTORS, 300 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD, MARINE & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
In Canada: Manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough

Johnson

SEA-HORSES

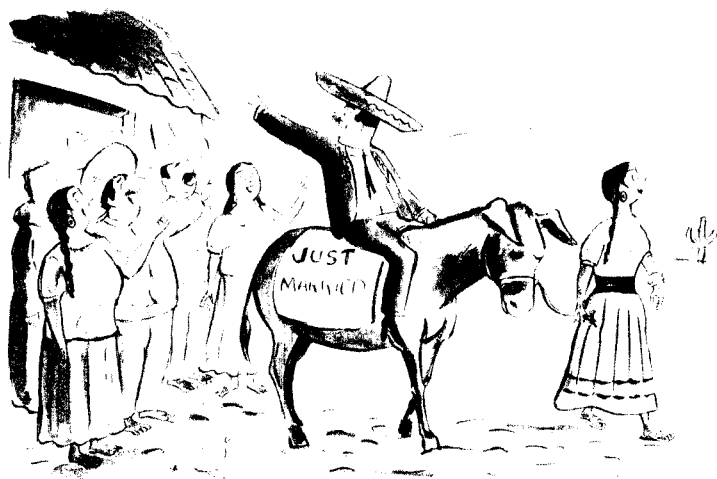
FOR DEPENDABILITY

1955 SEA-HORSES

SEA-HORSE 25	
Electric Starting . . . 25 hp . . .	\$525.00*
SEA-HORSE 25 . . . 25 hp . . .	430.00*
SEA-HORSE 10 . . . 10 hp . . .	310.00*
SEA-HORSE 5½ . . . 5½ hp . . .	210.00*
SEA-HORSE 3 . . . 3 hp . . .	145.00

* Includes Mile-Master Fuel System

Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change. All ratings are OBC certified brake hp. at 4000 rpm.



COLLIER'S

HERBERT GOLDBERG

Collier's for April 15, 1955

ors, counting the number of cones and cubes and ellipses and other geometrical gimcracks. For the first time we noticed that each of the paintings had five black dots, arranged in a straight line in the lower right-hand corner. We decided they were probably some kind of signature, but that was no help.

WE WERE still at it when we heard a scurrying sound below, and Figl came clambering up the ladder like an agitated monkey. He didn't waste words; he just opened the shuttered window an inch and pointed. Far down the mountain road, but coming fast, was an open vehicle with four men in it. Nobody had to tell either of us who they were.

"Quick!" said Figl. "Down here. Bring everything!"

He went down the ladder with incredible agility. I put the paintings back into the rucksack and crammed my other belongings on top of them. Katherine was doing the same with

hers. "But how—" she said, "—how—"

"Those two cops at the station in Wiener Neustadt, probably. Remembered seeing us when our descriptions came through from Béla, and then checked the bus terminal." We hurried down the ladder.

In one corner of the barn a pile of hay rose almost to the rafters. Figl was forking it to one side, working fast and efficiently. Under it was a trap door. He yanked it open, revealing a dank, airless hole about seven feet square and not more than three feet deep. From the smell I knew it had once been a hog-fattening pen.

We tossed our rucksacks into the hole and jumped down after them. Then the trap door slammed down, and we could hear Figl replacing the hay.

We lay side by side, tense and terrified in that pitch-black gravelike hole, afraid to whisper or even to move.

In a few moments we heard voices, loud and peremptory, and then the

heavy thud of footsteps going back and forth across the barn floor.

At a sudden grating noise directly overhead, Katherine clutched my hand convulsively. Somebody was probing the hay with a pitchfork, making sure no one was concealed in it. At any second I expected to see the door above us pulled away.

But it didn't happen. The grating sounds stopped, and after what seemed hours the footsteps and the voices died away. Then the trap door was lifted and Figl was peering down at us.

He seemed unperturbed by all that had happened and told us to be ready to leave as soon as it grew dark. He did not think the patrol would come back, but we were to go back to the loft and watch for it. In the meantime, he would complete certain arrangements.

The short mountain twilight had ended when he returned with three little mules. They were so small that I felt foolish about mounting one.

With Figl's mule in the lead, we moved steadily through the darkness up the winding mountain road. We rode for perhaps an hour and turned, finally, into a rocky gorge. Figl pulled back and whispered that there was a frontier check station around the next bend on the road we had just left. "But where we go now," he added grimly, "there will be no soldiers."

For the next couple of hours the trail was rarely more than five or six feet wide at any point.

FINALLY we came to an opening in the rock barrier, a tunnel bored into the mountainside. Figl explained that it was the entrance to an abandoned crystal mine. "We leave the mules here," he said. "Then I lead you through the mine to a railway tunnel on the main Vienna-Zurich line. The train comes through and stops just beyond the tunnel to pick up an extra engine. But the last cars always remain inside the tunnel. With this key"—



Tumbleweeds are painted by dunking them into tub filled with water and one quart oil paint

Tricks with Tumbleweed



IN RECENT years, the home-decorating trade has ridden the crest of a driftwood boom. Enterprising beach strollers had so much success with old fragments of sea-battered flora around the house that fine stores today offer such flotsam for everything from wall ornaments to lamp bases, selling to less enterprising people who want the decoration without the stroll.

Now the basic idea has spread to Roswell, New Mexico, where imaginative women are putting to good use their own lowly, familiar tumbleweeds.

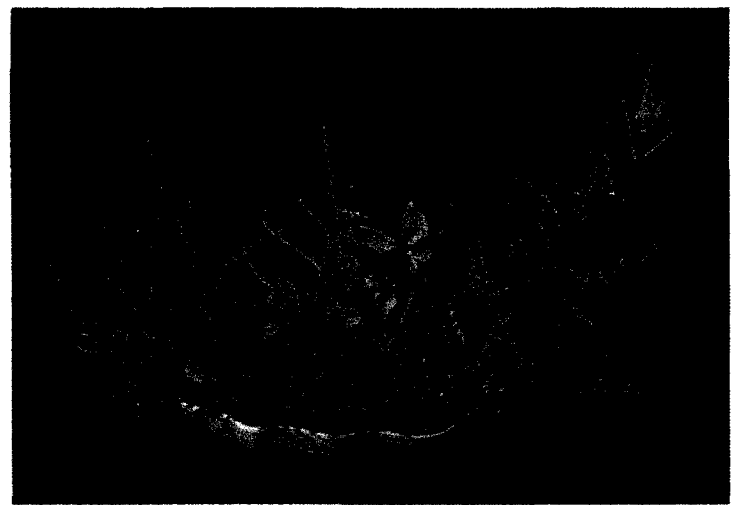
Tumbleweeds are shrublike, many-limbed plants which break loose at the

ground line when dry and blow about, scattering their seeds along the way. Roswell housewives—like Beverly Carpenter, the former college art student pictured here—have been riding into the prairie to gather clumps of the weeds. The goal, which may be a table center, a party decoration or even a Christmas tree, is achieved by attaching some imaginative additions to the tumbleweed, like cockleburs or sunflowers, and adding a little paint.

Thus the humblest of outdoor plants becomes an interior delight. In Roswell, just about everybody's giving tumbleweed a tumble. —HOWARD COHN



Women like to add other weeds to tumbleweed for different effects. Here black Jimson weed is used with red tumbleweed



Tumbleweed is combined with Jimson weed and burrs from cotton plants to make up this dinner-table arrangement

WALT WIGGINS

like a conjurer he pulled one from under his sheepskin coat—"I open the padlock on a sealed car. You get inside. I lock you up again. You ride undisturbed to Zurich!" Surprisingly, he gave a rusty cackle. "Simple, eh?"

I told Katherine what he had said. "I'm glad *he* thinks it's simple," she said wearily.

From a niche in the tunnel wall, Figl got two lanterns, lighted them and handed one to me. "We go now, eh?" he said.

For the next hour or so we plodded through endless corridors, and twice we had to crawl on hands and knees, dragging our rucksacks.

Finally we came out on a ledge halfway up the wall of a great black vault that smelled of smoke and coal dust. Not far away, suspended in mid-air, a pair of green eyes seemed to be regarding us balefully. It was several seconds before I realized they were railroad signals; we had reached the tunnel.

We climbed down to the rocky floor and Figl extinguished the lanterns. "We wait here," he said.

In about twenty minutes, with a glare of headlamps and a deafening roar, the fast freight from Vienna rushed past us, slowed, and stopped exactly as Figl had predicted—half in and half out of the tunnel.

I felt his little clawlike hand tighten on my arm. "Come," he said.

How he picked out the car I still don't know, but it took him only seconds to open the padlock. He slid the door open a couple of feet. "In here!" I tossed the two rucksacks through the opening and boosted Katherine up. I turned to Figl. "Thanks for all you've done for us."

"Simple," he said. "So simple! Good luck."

I climbed in then and the door slid shut. Outside, the padlock clicked. The whole train shuddered as another engine was coupled on ahead. Thirty seconds later we began to move.

THE car was completely dark, but I could tell from the cold currents of air that there were cracks that would eventually let in some daylight. I felt cautiously around me and touched a shoe. "I hope that's you," I said.

"It's me, all right," Katherine said. "Do you suppose we can have a light for a minute?"

I debated that briefly and then struck a match, hoping we were not sharing the car with gunpowder or high-octane gasoline. Before it flickered and went out I had ascertained that we were surrounded by nothing more romantic

than some wood pulp, crudely baled, consigned to a Swiss paper manufacturer.

"What do we do when we get to Zurich?" Katherine said.

"We have a choice," I said. "We can turn the paintings in at the American consulate and tell them the whole story, or we can take them on to Bruges ourselves."

"I'm for Bruges," Katherine said promptly. "If we turn them in at the consulate, they'll be sent to Washington and we'll never see them again. But if we take them to Van Liew, he might let me buy them—afterward."

"Don't you ever let go of an idea?"

"Not when it's a good one," she said stoutly.

I agreed that we should go on to Bruges, but for a totally different reason. If we took the pictures to the consulate there would be inevitable delays while our story was checked, while we were investigated, while the paintings themselves were scrutinized. If the message in the paintings was as urgent as I thought it was, as Signorini's actions implied it was, every hour counted.

I WOKE abruptly from a highly unpleasant dream in which I was lost in a blizzard and freezing to death. Waking, I found that this was only a slight exaggeration.

I got up stiffly. By the light that filtered through the cracks in the car I could see Katherine curled up like a hedgehog between two bales of wood pulp. She was awake and watching me.

I made her a grand bow. "Would madam care for her breakfast in bed this balmy morning?"

She smiled a little bleakly. "Madam would settle for six hot-water bottles, if you have them."

I waved my arms wildly, slapping my sides. "Do a few pushups," I told her. "Then we'll polish off the rest of Frau Schultz's sandwiches and some of the wine."

She gazed at me without moving. "I used to wonder what you'd be like in the morning. Now I know: you flap your arms and advise people to do inhuman exercises and incite them to drink."

"Only on special occasions," I said. "Like this." I reached out and pulled her up, protesting, and she stumbled against me. For a few moments we rocked together with the motion of the train, clutching each other and laughing. Then suddenly it wasn't funny any more. I let her go quickly and turned to the rucksack. "How do you like

no finer
fit, even
if your
socks
were
custom-
knit



Only **ONE** size, yet EXPAND-O socks conform to every contour and every movement of *any* man's foot from size 10 to 14. 100% EXPAND-O NYLON, guaranteed for one year against holes caused by wear. For an all-purpose 6x3 rib ankle, choose the "Governor"—21 colors, including new "citrus-mates" for sportswear. At leading men's and dept. stores in the U.S. and Canada. Individually gift boxed.

The perfect gift because one size fits all.

For name of nearest store, write:
ESQUIRE SOCKS, Dept. C, 210 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

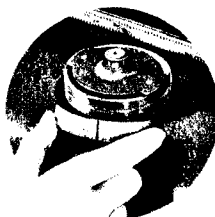
EXPAND-O
FIRST AND FINEST ONE-SIZE SOCK

exclusive with
ESQUIRE SOCKS
SINCE 1922
"the smartest thing on two feet"

DIV. OF C. H. ROTH CO., INC.

Instantly Changeable print-style type

GIVES ANY DUPLICATING PROCESS A PRINT-LIKE APPEARANCE



Slip a new set of type fonts into position in two seconds. Switch to matching italics or a foreign language—by turning a knob. Changes can be made in the middle of a sentence. It's that simple! There are hundreds of styles to choose from.

FOR ANY METHOD OF REPRODUCTION

Vari-Typer composes type masters for (Stencil, litho-plate, offset, hectograph, etc.) with attractive type of your choice in any style, size and language. Turn out your own business forms, menus, catalogs, booklets, direct mail material, etc. Savings are enormous and the quality of your duplicating will have an attractive professional appearance.

Body copy for this 'ad' was composed on the Model DSJ Vari-Typer. The heads were photo-composed on the Coxhead-Liner.

Vari-Typer

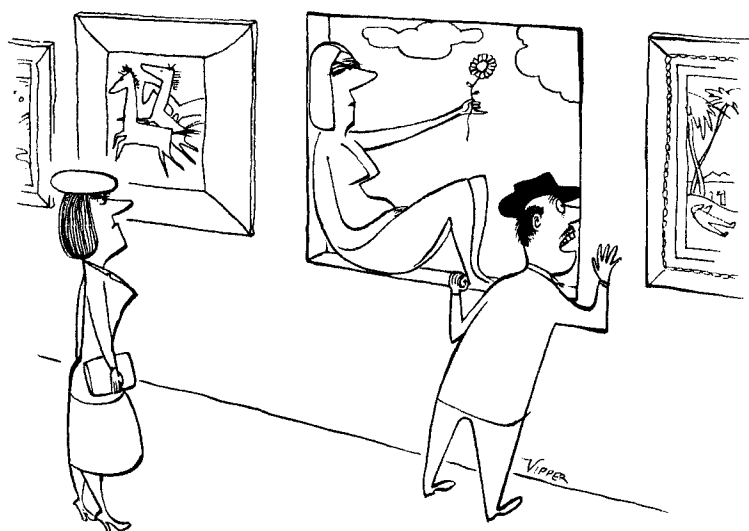
The coupon will bring you illustrated literature and specimens.

Ralph C. Coxhead Corporation

720 FRELINGHUYSEN AVE.
NEWARK 5, N. J.

Please send me Booklet M-26

NAME.....
COMPANY.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE..STATE.....



COLLIER'S

"You're right. It is a window"

VIRGIL PARTCH

Collier's for April 15, 1955

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN

of **HEADACHE**
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS

get **FAST**
RELIEF

with
the way thousands of
physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!

SCIENCE SHRINKS PILES NEW WAY WITHOUT SURGERY

Healing Substance Relieves Pain
—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — discovery of a world-famous research institute.

Now this new healing substance is offered in ointment form under the name of *Preparation H*.® Ask for it at all drug stores — money back guarantee. *®



The Flatfish
Makes An Amateur
An Expert

The Flatfish enables even an amateur fisherman to be an expert because of its extremely lifelike motion which fools a fish into striking. That's why it is something special. World's largest selling plug. Over 14,000,000 sold. Get it at your tackle dealer's or write for 48-page book with fishing secrets of famous anglers.

FREE CATALOG 4099 Beaufait Detroit 7, Mich.



**BRIGHTER
SHINES**
in 1/2 the Time!



KIWI
(KEE-WE)
SHOE POLISH
10 Popular Colors and Neutral. Also Liquid White.



A.I.
SAUCE
Makes FISH
delicious!
Ask for A.I. when dining out, too!

your wine? Chilled, or just room temperature?"

"Chilled would be warmer, wouldn't it? I'll have it chilled, thanks."

The sandwiches were stale, but even so they tasted good. We saved two for emergencies and ate the rest. Then Katherine said, "Why don't we take another crack at deciphering the paintings?"

We got them out and laid them in a row on the floor. I got out a pencil and my pocket notebook. "Let's be systematic about this," I said. "What differences, if any, do you see in the three paintings?"

Katherine studied them, frowning. "The one in the middle seems to have the most colors in it. The one on the right has the fewest."

I made a note of this. "All right, what similarities are there?"

"Well, they're all the same size, and each have five black dots in one corner. That's about all."

"Five dots," I said. "Five and five and five. That's fifteen." I wrote three fives in my notebook and looked at them doubtfully. "Five times five times five is five cubed," I said. "I suppose you could call these cubist paintings."

"True," said Katherine gravely. "And maybe Signorini was the fifth son of a fifth son of a fifth son. But I doubt it."

FOR the next two hours we struggled with the problem. Concentrating on the canvas with the most colors, we made all sorts of notes. We recorded the number of shapes used—squares, ellipses, diamonds and so on. We got nowhere.

"I give up," I said finally. "It's too cold for games."

Katherine's lips tightened. "You're no colder than I am. You just have no stick-to-itiveness, that's all!"

They say that when you're thoroughly chilled, your morale goes down to zero. Maybe that was it, or maybe it was the partial release from prolonged tension. Anyway, everything between us suddenly went as sour as a persimmon. I suggested that stick-to-itiveness was just a fancy name for bullheadedness. I added that all modernists tried to see involved meanings in painting when they simply weren't there.

In return, she had a good bit to say about realists. I must have made her pretty mad, because she suggested that the real reason I went into color photography was that I lacked the necessary talent to paint.

There was just enough truth in this to make me really furious. We got as far from each other as our cramped quarters would permit and sat in grim silence. Both of us were still sullen when the train rolled into the freight yards at Zurich.

Within minutes, after the train had stopped, the padlock on our door clicked. A tight-lipped little man peered in at us, nodded once, and went away without saying a word. He left the door half open.

No one bothered us as we stumbled over innumerable tracks and dodged around dozens of freight cars. Somehow, in the clear light of day, our quarrel seemed ridiculous. "How about a truce?" I said. "I doubt if we can get a plane out of here until tomorrow. In the meantime, let's find a hotel that will cash some traveler's checks, get cleaned up and buy ourselves the finest dinner in Switzerland."

She looked at me and smiled. "All right, Bill."



COLLIER'S

"You angels are all alike!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Zurich looked clean and prosperous and wonderfully safe. We checked in at a hotel high above the Limmat River, and Katherine made arrangements to have her own clothes pressed before dinner.

I inquired about flights to Brussels, was advised to check with the airline offices in the morning. Then I went to my room and sat in a hot bath while the worst of the wrinkles were being ironed out of my suit. Before going downstairs again, I hid the paintings under the mattress.

The hotel dining room had a small dance floor, and a string orchestra was playing Viennese waltzes softly. A cheerful-looking headwaiter led us to a table.

For a few moments we just sat there, smiling smugly at each other. But after I had given the order, Katherine said thoughtfully, "Bill, you suppose the key to those paintings lies in the colors?"

"Look," I said, "why don't we just relax and enjoy our dinner? I don't want to start another argument about your stick-to-itiveness, but—"

"But I'm like a lady bulldog?"

"That's right—only prettier."

A curious constraint seemed to come over us then. Our dinner was excellent and the music was pleasant, but we didn't eat much and we talked even less. Every time I looked at Katherine I felt something tighten up inside me.

Eventually, I gave up and stopped pretending. I was still in love with her. All the brave talk I had given myself about not caring was self-delusion on a colossal scale. But I didn't see what I could do about it—not when she was looking forward to a future with Prentiss Harrison. . . .

In the morning, after we had breakfast, I took the Signorini paintings into Katherine's room. "If you'll keep an eye on these little nightmares," I said, "I'll go and see about getting us on an airplane."

Katherine picked up one of the paintings, carried it over to the window and

stared at it. "Bill," she said suddenly, "look at that."

For a moment I didn't know what she was talking about. Then she pointed to the wall. Sunlight was pouring through the window onto the glass-topped desk and was reflected on the white wall. Where the rays passed through the beveled edge, the glass acted as a prism and the light was broken into a band of rainbow colors.

"It's the colors of the spectrum," I said. "The glass breaks up the light into its component colors. That's what makes a rainbow."

"But doesn't each color have a fixed position in the spectrum, a different wave length or something?"

I STARED at the glowing colors on the wall. Of course that was it! What yardstick would an artist use but his color chart?

"That's right!" My own voice was sharp with excitement. "Violet at the bottom; magenta at the top!"

"Then the colors must be symbols for something. But what?"

"Countries, maybe," I said.

"But there are only about a dozen colors involved!"

"There are only about a dozen nations involved in the cold war!"

Katherine stared at me. "What would Signorini have done, then—assigned the strongest color to the country with the most land?"

"Or maybe to the country with the biggest population!"

"That's even more likely. Oh, Bill, let's list the colors in the paintings!"

I got out my notebook and listed the colors in the order they would occupy in the spectrum:

Red-violet (magenta)

Red

Red-orange (vermillion)

Orange

Yellow-orange (chrome yellow)

Yellow

Yellow-green (chartreuse)

Green

Collier's for April 15, 1955

Blue-green (turquoise)
Blue
Blue-violet (purple)
Violet

Katherine was watching over my shoulder. "But there isn't any magenta!" she said.

I looked at the painting she was holding. She was right; it was mainly red, with no magenta at all. Then I glanced at one of the other paintings. "Look," I said, "magenta predominates on that one over there. What's the strongest nation in terms of manpower?"

"Why, China, I suppose."

"India would come next—but India isn't involved in the cold war. So second would come—Russia. What's after magenta on the color chart?"

She looked. "Red!" she cried, "for Russia!"

KATHERINE was gazing at the paintings with horror. I knew what she was seeing, for I was seeing it too; the red and magenta shapes had suddenly taken on new meaning. They were everywhere, swarming over and around and even inside the other colors, completely dominating them.

"So this is what Red domination of the world looks like," I said flatly. "These paintings may very well be some sort of blueprint for World War III, with each one representing a different theater of operations. The one in your lap could be Europe. The one over there with all the magenta is probably Asia. And the third one, with red and vermilion predominating, could be North America . . ."

"But what about all these different shapes and symbols?" Katherine said.

"Different points of attack, maybe, or targets: factories, naval bases, airfields, harbors—I don't know."

I was looking at the page in my notebook where, the day before, I had written three 5s with little lines between them, like this: 5/5/5.

"It's a date!" I said. "Those black dots must stand for a date! The fifth day of the fifth month of the—fifth year of the decade: May fifth, nineteen fifty-five. That's the date they had planned to start the war!"

I shook my head, trying to drive such thoughts out of it. I reminded myself of what Katherine had said so many times—that I had a great tendency to jump to conclusions. But the date stuck in my mind like a red neon sign: May 5, 1955.

Katherine was staring at me. "It's crazy," she said decisively. "It's impossible!"

"Signorini got his information from

Kutsov, who was in a position to know any plans Russia had," I said grimly. "The only way they could disrupt the scheme was to forewarn the West—via Signorini's paintings."

"We could be wrong, couldn't we?" Katherine said.

"Sure, but I can't but think we're on the right track. Anyway, we've got to get these paintings to Van Liew." I paused a moment and looked at her. "I don't want you to come with me," I said. "I'll try to get myself on the next flight to Brussels and find you a flight to Paris."

"Bill," she said, "let's not separate now. Please!"

"Look, Katherine, if our deductions are even half right, the Russians must be moving heaven and earth to find us. As long as we have the paintings, we're in danger, and—"

She came closer to me. "Take me with you, Bill. I don't care if it's dangerous. I want to be with you."

I shouldn't have done it, probably, but I kissed her. She didn't try to stop me. For one long, wonderful moment I held her close, but then, abruptly, I let her go. "I'm sorry," I muttered.

Katherine had turned away, and I couldn't see her face.

"Are you?" she said.

"No, not really." I took a deep breath. "I'll be back in a little while. Better lock the door."

I went out into the hall, wiping the lipstick from my mouth. I didn't want to give her the satisfaction of knowing that she'd won her point completely. I would take her to Brussels, of course; I'd take her anywhere in the world as long as she wanted to be with me.

It took me the better part of an hour to check on planes and reserve space for us on an early-afternoon flight to Brussels.

I hurried back to the hotel and found that Katherine had given herself a new hairdo. She had twisted her long hair into a knot and pinned it, chignon-fashion, at the nape of her neck. I didn't like it very much—it made her look too severe—but I thought it inadvisable to say so.

"We'd better get packed and have some lunch," I said. "We'll have to leave the hotel by one thirty."

She was frowning a little. "You know, we're going to look awfully silly if we fight our way to Bruges and Van Liew isn't there."

"That's a cheery thought," I said, "but it might be a good idea to call up and find out, at that."

I reached for the telephone and asked the hotel operator to put the call

through for me. In about fifteen minutes she called back and said she was ready with the Van Liew Gallery in Bruges.

"My name is Wallace," I said to the man at the other end of the wire. "I have three items of great value to deliver to Mynheer Van Liew."

"This is Van Liew speaking," he said shortly, and then asked what sort of items I had. I said they were Signorini's three newest paintings.

There was a moment's silence. Then the man said, "I would be glad to see them."

I said I'd deliver them as soon as possible and told him of the number of our flight to Brussels. I also explained that there were two of us.

"I think," he said, "that I can meet you at the Brussels airport. If I do, you can recognize me in this way: I shall be carrying a tightly rolled umbrella in my right hand and a copy of the Illustrated London News in my left. Is that clear?"

I repeated it back to him, hung up and looked at Katherine. "We'd better get moving," I told her. "We haven't much time."

Actually, our departure was delayed a few minutes, which was just as well. Otherwise we would never have received Van Liew's telegram. It was handed to me just as we got aboard:

IF NOT AT AIRPORT WILL MEET YOU SIXTH COLUMN EAST TRANSEPT BRUGES CATHEDRAL SEVEN FIFTEEN TONIGHT. SAME IDENTIFICATION.

I showed it to Katherine. "That's an odd spot for a rendezvous," she said. "Why the change in plans?"

"I can't imagine," I said. "Apparently he's unable to get to Brussels."

We took off a few minutes later, heading northwest. Katherine promptly went to sleep, a trick that I was beginning to envy. I sat there with the rucksack on my knees—it was beginning to feel like a part of me—wondering what the end of all this would be. Our mission would be complete when I handed the paintings to Van Liew, but what about Katherine and me? I had no idea whether or not that kiss in the hotel room had meant anything to her.

IT WAS raining when we got to Brussels. We moved through customs and immigration formalities without difficulty, and then, near the entrance of the main building, I saw a jolly-looking little man in a tan raincoat and sodden felt hat. In one hand he held a tightly rolled umbrella; in the other was a copy of the Illustrated London News.

I felt a tremendous sense of liberation and relief. I walked over to him and said, "Mynheer Van Liew?"

"Mr. Wallace? Delighted!" His English had only a faint Flemish accent.

I introduced him to Katherine, and he bowed over her hand. "The car is waiting," he said. "This way, please."

He led the way outside to the street. "I'm glad you were able to meet us," I told him. "We were a little puzzled by your telegram."

"Telegram?" He frowned, peering at us through the rain. A black sedan with a chauffeur was parked a few yards away. "Shall I put your luggage up front with the driver? It will be quite safe."

I let him take both rucksacks. "Put it anywhere you like. I'm delighted to get rid of it."

He opened the front door and put the rucksacks on the seat beside the driver. Then he opened the rear door. "Excuse me," he said. "I'll go first."

He got in and Katherine bent her



Nothing can match the thrill of outsmarting . . . outfighting . . . landing the scrappiest, heaviest fish on *light tackle*. Spin-fishing gives you the thrill of *big game fishing* in your own favorite waters, pitted against your favorite fish.

Whether you troll, still fish, or cast, there's no better introduction to the thrill and skill of this challenging sport than GARCIA spinfishing tackle. The fish furnish the thrill—*skill comes naturally* with Garcia *balanced tackle*.

One of the first and still



See the Garcia line at your sporting goods store. Write for FREE Catalog—add 25¢ and get Garcia's new 72-page Spinning Instruction Manual—plus catalog.

charles **garcia & co., inc.**

272 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Rods • Reels • Lines • Lures • Kits • Accessories



in Wonderful
WISCONSIN

This year vacation in Wisconsin, where you'll find a bit of all the world. Bucky, the lucky Badger, invites you to send for his free Wisconsin vacation kit.



69° Summer Average

8,676 clear, blue lakes

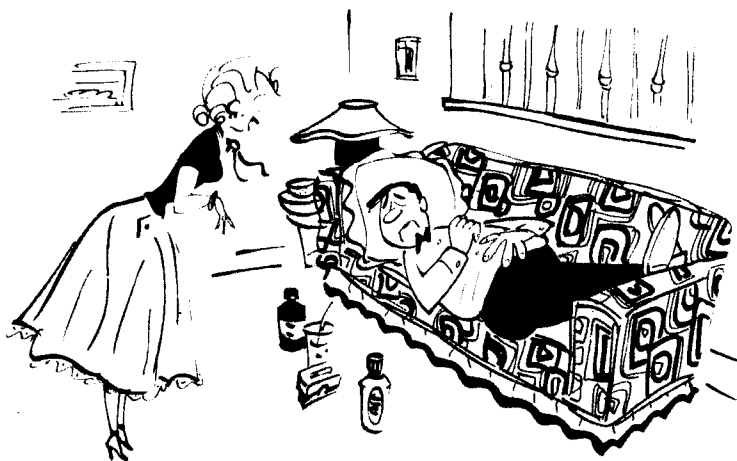
94,500 miles of fine roads

WISCONSIN CONSERVATION DEPT.
Room 29, State Office Building
Madison 1, Wisconsin

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



"Just think, dear, if your digestive upset lasts a few more days, we'll be able to stay within our food budget for the month!"

COLLIER'S

REAMER
KELLER

"I'm eager"

says the Hollingshead Service Center

YOUR SERVICE STATION
Hollingshead
CAR CARE
PRODUCTS



Stop at this handy display stand. It identifies service stations eager and best equipped to solve your car-care problems. Like noisy valves—Hollingshead **MOTOR RYTHM** cleans out carbon and gum while you drive.



MOTOR RYTHM
\$1.00

Hollingshead
CAMDEN 2, NEW JERSEY

ESHELMAN ADULT SPORT CAR Model 6 HP

1 THE 5 COST OF ANY OTHER AUTO

70 Miles Per Gal. Gas.
35 Miles Per Hour
Write for Catalog.

ESHELMAN, Dept. MC-744
109 Light St., Balto.
2, Md. 333 N. Michigan
Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
6087 Sunset Blvd.,
Los Angeles 28, California

Pat. Pend.



DURKEE'S FAMOUS SAUCE

You, too, will be delighted with the unique, delicious flavor of Durkee's FAMOUS as a dip for shrimp. Buy one bottle to serve at the table with sea foods, meats and poultry—another for the kitchen, to be used in casseroles, cheese dishes, salad dressings and sandwiches. Take your cue from famous dining places and use this distinctive sauce to pep up your menus.



One of Durkee's Famous Foods

head to follow. I started to help her in, and suddenly stopped. The chauffeur was sitting perfectly still, his visored cap pulled well down over his forehead. I could not see his face, but I had a perfect view of his right ear; the top of it was missing.

I jerked Katherine's arm and sent her stumbling backward. "Run!" I shouted. I snatched at the handle of the front door, but it was too late; the driver gunned the engine, and the car shot forward. The open rear door smacked into my left shoulder and sent me sprawling. With a screech of tires the car swung around a corner and was gone.

I ROLLED over and sat up, the rain sharp and cold in my face. Katherine came running toward me. "Bill! What was it? What happened?"

I got slowly to my feet. "The driver," I said. "One of Béla's men, the same one who stood guard outside my hotel room in Markheim. He had the top of his right ear shot away..."

She looked suddenly tired and frightened. I led her back inside. "Béla outsmarted us," I said. "He knew that Van Liew was on the receiving end—he must have wrung that information out of Kutsov."

"But that man," she cried. "He had a rolled umbrella and—"

"He wasn't Van Liew," I said wearily. "Béla probably had Van Liew's wire tapped. He got a report on our call and arranged to have us met by someone impersonating Van Liew."

"Do you think the telegram was genuine?" she asked.

"The telegram? Probably, since the fake Van Liew didn't seem to know anything about it."

"Then the real Van Liew still expects us to meet him in the cathedral at Bruges."

"Maybe," I said, "but without the paintings our story will sound fantastic."

Katherine tucked her arm through mine. "I could use some coffee," she said, "couldn't you?"

We found a place and sat down and ordered. I looked up suddenly and caught Katherine smiling at me. "What's so funny?" I said.

"You are. You're like a little boy who's lost his kite."

"Well, call it whatever you like. It's gone, isn't it?"

"Not entirely," she said. She raised her arms, undid the knot of hair at the back of her neck and held out her hand. On her palm was a small aluminum cylinder.

I sat there gaping at her. "You didn't!"

"I did, this morning in Zurich—while you were out seeing about airplane tickets."

I swallowed hard. "But you don't know anything about cameras—"

"Of course I do. You once spent a whole afternoon explaining them to me, in case you've forgotten. I just loaded one of yours with color film, lined the paintings up on the floor, and shot."

I was remembering the blinding sunlight that had poured in the windows in her hotel room.

"Maybe you could have done it at that!" I said. "You had plenty of light—maybe too much. Maybe you overexposed..."

"I did, but I underexposed too. I ran through the whole thirty-six frames, twelve to each picture, adjusting exposure and shutter speed twelve different times. One set is bound to be right."

I couldn't say anything for a couple

TIZZY



"I think our picture tube is beginning to go. I can't get enough light from it to do my homework"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

of minutes. "Why didn't you tell me?" I asked finally.

She stirred her coffee, an odd expression on her face. "I wasn't going to tell you," she said, "unless I had to. I knew you'd call yourself all sorts of names for not thinking of it first."

There wasn't anything I could say to that. It suddenly occurred to me that Béla, even though he had the paintings now, might not be satisfied unless he got us too. If he sent his gunmen back to the airport, we would be sitting ducks.

I stood up quickly. "Fix your hair back the way it was to hide the film," I said. "Then let's try to hire ourselves a ride to Bruges."

The car we got had seen better days, and so had the driver. I spoke sharply to him once, asking him if he couldn't go faster, but he shook his head mournfully. The roads were very slippery; his car was very old.

I told myself not to be so jumpy. I was simply seeing bogeymen everywhere. Béla had the paintings; he would be glad to settle for that—unless he guessed that we had photographed them.

IN BRUGES, our driver let us out in front of the Cathedral of Saint Sauveur. It was already close to seven thirty, nearly fifteen minutes past the time Van Liew had specified.

The main entrance to the cathedral, seldom used, was closed, and so we crossed the plot of grass fringing the building and went down half a dozen stone steps to a side door.

As we entered the church, the music we had heard faintly from outside broke over us like a tidal wave. The organ and the great choir of boy sopranos were supplemented for this evensong service by an orchestra of brasses. There must have been two thousand people crowded into the center pews.

The sixth column, east transept, Van Liew had said. I found that my sense of direction was badly scrambled; I couldn't tell east from west. I made an abrupt decision and, with Katherine

ine right behind me, started edging my way up the crowded side aisle.

When we reached the sixth column, I looked around desperately. There was no sign of anyone with a rolled umbrella or a copy of a magazine. "Wrong side," I whispered to Katherine.

WE DECIDED to go around the rear of the church, beyond the transept, rather than fight our way back down the aisle. Behind the high altar was a great semicircular passageway; it was deserted. We were halfway around it when I stopped still, feeling Katherine's clutch on my arm. A man was coming rapidly toward us. In the dim light I couldn't see his face, but I would have known that silhouette anywhere: it was Béla.

I whirled around. The lop-eared gunman was coming fast behind us. I could see the long-barreled Luger with the silencer on it. They had trapped us perfectly.

There was a door just ahead on our right. I flung myself against it and it opened. I half pushed, half threw Katherine ahead of me across the threshold.

It was the robing room for priests. I bolted the door and propped a heavy chair under the latch.

There was a narrow casement window at the other side of the room. I pulled it open. Outside were the cathedral gardens, and beyond the gardens a row of lights along a canal.

I lifted Katherine and lowered her through the window to the gravel path below. Behind me I heard the bolt on the door yield with a rending sound.

I shouted to Katherine to run for the police. She stood there for a moment, a look of anguish and terror on her face. "Run," I said. "Deliver the film. Hurry!"

She turned and ran down the path. Behind me there was a crash as the door gave way. I was halfway out the window when a bullet struck my shoulder with the force of a giant fist.

I landed on the ground in a crouching position, astonished that I felt no

Collier's for April 15, 1955

WHY SHOULD Your Power Mower HAVE BIG WHEELS?

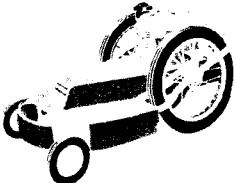
Own the finest mower on your street—a BIG WHEEL YAZOO—and challenge any other mower to a cutting duel! Exclusive bicycle-type wheels make Yazoo outlook, outperform, outwear any other!

Yazoo BIG WHEELS glide easier! Won't bog down as small wheels do! BIG WHEELS mean greater operator control—even a child can mow with safety!

Like no other machine, Yazoo not only grooms the most luxurious lawns—but is a mule for rural work, high cutting! See your dealer or write now for his name! You've got a brand new experience in store for you!

FREE!

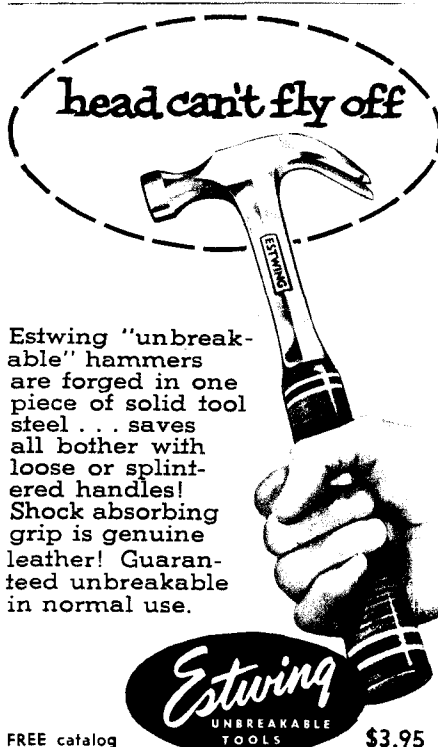
Send postcard for illustrated booklet "Are You Killing Your Grass?" to: Yazoo Manufacturing Co., Dept. C, Jackson, Miss.



YAZOO MASTER MOWER

QUICK RELIEF for TIRED, SORE, ACHING MUSCLES

due to unusual exposure or over exercise... STANBACK reduces fever and relieves discomforts that accompany common colds.



Estwing "unbreakable" hammers are forged in one piece of solid tool steel... saves all bother with loose or splintered handles! Shock absorbing grip is genuine leather! Guaranteed unbreakable in normal use.

FREE catalog

ESTWING MFG. CO., DEPT. 4C, Rockford, Illinois

Collier's for April 15, 1955

pain, only numbness where the bullet had struck. Then I was running hard in the opposite direction from Katherine. As soon as I began to move, the pain came, red-hot waves up and down the left side of my back.

I headed straight for the canal. On the bank was a small building that looked like an abandoned presbytery. I ducked inside and stumbled at the foot of a flight of stone steps.

ONE step at a time, I dragged myself up. In the faint light from the lamps along the canal bank, I saw a large bare room off the landing. A full-length window, with most of its panes gone, looked out over the dark waters of the canal. I saw a closet with a sagging door. I went inside and huddled there, panting.

Under my feet was a pile of rubble. I felt and came up with half a brick. It would be a pitifully inadequate weapon against a Luger, but better than nothing.

For a while there was no sound. Then I heard footsteps on the stairs. From my hiding place I saw Béla on the landing. He stopped, touched the dusty floor with his hand and then looked at his fingers. I knew he had found a smear of my blood.

He turned and shouted hoarsely, "Max! Max!" With all the strength I could muster, I flung the brick through one of the broken panes of the window.

It hit the water with a splash that sounded loud in the quiet night. Instantly Béla came into the room. He went to the window, his gun ready, and looked down into the canal below. I came out of the closet, silently and fast.

He didn't hear me until I was almost on top of him. He swung around and fired, but the bullet went over my head as I ducked and drove my shoulder against his thigh. The impact carried us both back into the window. There was a great shattering of glass as we went plunging through the darkness into the water below.

The moment I reached the surface, Béla was on me. He must have lost his gun, but he didn't need it; his hands were like iron around my throat, bending my head back, forcing me under again.

I sensed rather than saw the reddish spurt of gunfire from the shattered window over the canal. Béla's body gave a convulsive jerk. His hands slid limply away from my throat and I struggled to the surface again. Then I heard Max shouting, his voice shrill with excitement. He said the American had jumped into the canal, and that he had got him.

Somehow I managed to reach the far bank. There were landing steps there, and I got halfway up them before I passed out.

That's where Katherine and the police found me—before Max discovered he had killed the wrong man...

I came to in a very white, very antiseptic-looking bed. Sunlight was streaming in the window. A needle was taped into the big vein of my right arm, with rubber tubing leading up to a flask of something—plasma or glucose, I guessed—suspended above the bed. There was a huge vase of flowers on the bedside table. And there was a big, sandy-haired, gray-eyed man sitting in a chair, watching me.

"Feeling better?" His accent was decidedly English.

I nodded.

"I'm Joost Van Liew," he said. "Offi-

cially, at least. I'm with Military Intelligence."

That didn't surprise me much. The British have intelligence agents all over the Continent, some of them doing odder jobs than running a Flemish art gallery. "Is Katherine all right?" I asked him.

"She's fine," Van Liew said. "Spent most of her money this morning on a transatlantic phone call."

I felt a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach. I had almost forgotten about Prentiss Harrison.

"That's quite a bouquet," Van Liew went on. He handed me the card that had come with the flowers: *Everything wonderful. Prentiss has fired me. Will you continue to put up with me, darling? I love you very much. K.*

I was beginning to feel much stronger. In fact, I felt fine. Van Liew watched me quizzically.

"What about the film?" I asked him.

"Colors came out fine. Your professional touch, I suppose?"

"Not exactly," I said. "Can you decipher them?"

Van Liew seemed to withdraw a bit. "The paintings have already been analyzed. My chief reason for being here is to inform you that Her Majesty's government—and I am sure your own—are not unappreciative of your efforts, yours and Miss Stevens'. If there is anything I can do, please don't hesitate..."

He stood up, and I realized with a shock that he was preparing to go. "Wait a minute," I said. "Were you expecting a message from Signorini?"

VAN LIEW had picked up a sober-looking bowler hat. "Not that sort of a message, no. To tell you the truth, I didn't know what to make of your telephone call. I decided to wait and see. Of course, as soon as I saw the paintings—"

"You mean, you got the paintings back?"

"Yes. We picked up the man named Max and also the chap who impersonated me so successfully." He went to the door. "I'm not supposed to tire you, you know."

"Wait a minute, please! What made you change your mind about meeting us at the airport?"

He stroked his chin thoughtfully. "It occurred to me that my telephone might have been tapped; I thought it might be safer to meet in Bruges. As it turned out, I was wrong."

"Then you were in the cathedral?"

"I was indeed, at the sixth column near the east transept, you know."

"And Béla followed you there?"

"Of course. He knew you'd meet me—somewhere."

"But what about the paintings?" I said. "We worked out a theory as to what they mean. Can't you give me some idea if—"

"I'm sorry," Van Liew said, "I am not at liberty to discuss that." He put his hand on the doorknob and smiled at me. "I can tell you this much," he said. "You weren't wasting your time."

He closed the door softly behind him, and for a while I lay there basking in the warmth of his last remark. Then I became aware of that old, vague restlessness; this time, I knew perfectly well what was causing it.

The door opened again finally, and Katherine came in. She didn't say a word, but came quickly across the room to me. And when her arms went around me, the restless, empty feeling went away—for good.

—ARTHUR GORDON

Gentle Ex-Lax Helps YOUR CHILD TOWARD Her Normal Regularity

AT BEDTIME give your child America's best-tasting laxative — chocolate Ex-LAX. There will be no fuss because it's so pleasant to take.



IN THE MORNING she'll get gentle relief — the closest thing to natural action. No upset, no griping, no embarrassing urgency.



NEXT DAY—Ex-Lax will continue to help your child toward her normal regularity. She'll hardly ever have to take Ex-LAX again the next night!

Buy the New 65¢ Size—Save As Much As 37¢
Also available in 30¢ and 12¢ sizes

EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

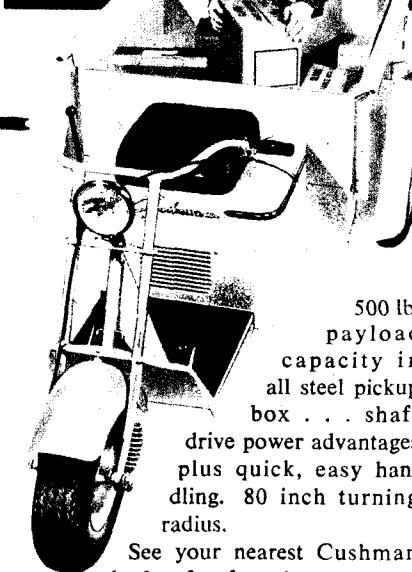
MORE PEOPLE USE EX-LAX THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE



just 3/4¢ per mile
covers all
operating costs

Cushman

**780
SHAFT DRIVE
TRUCKSTER**

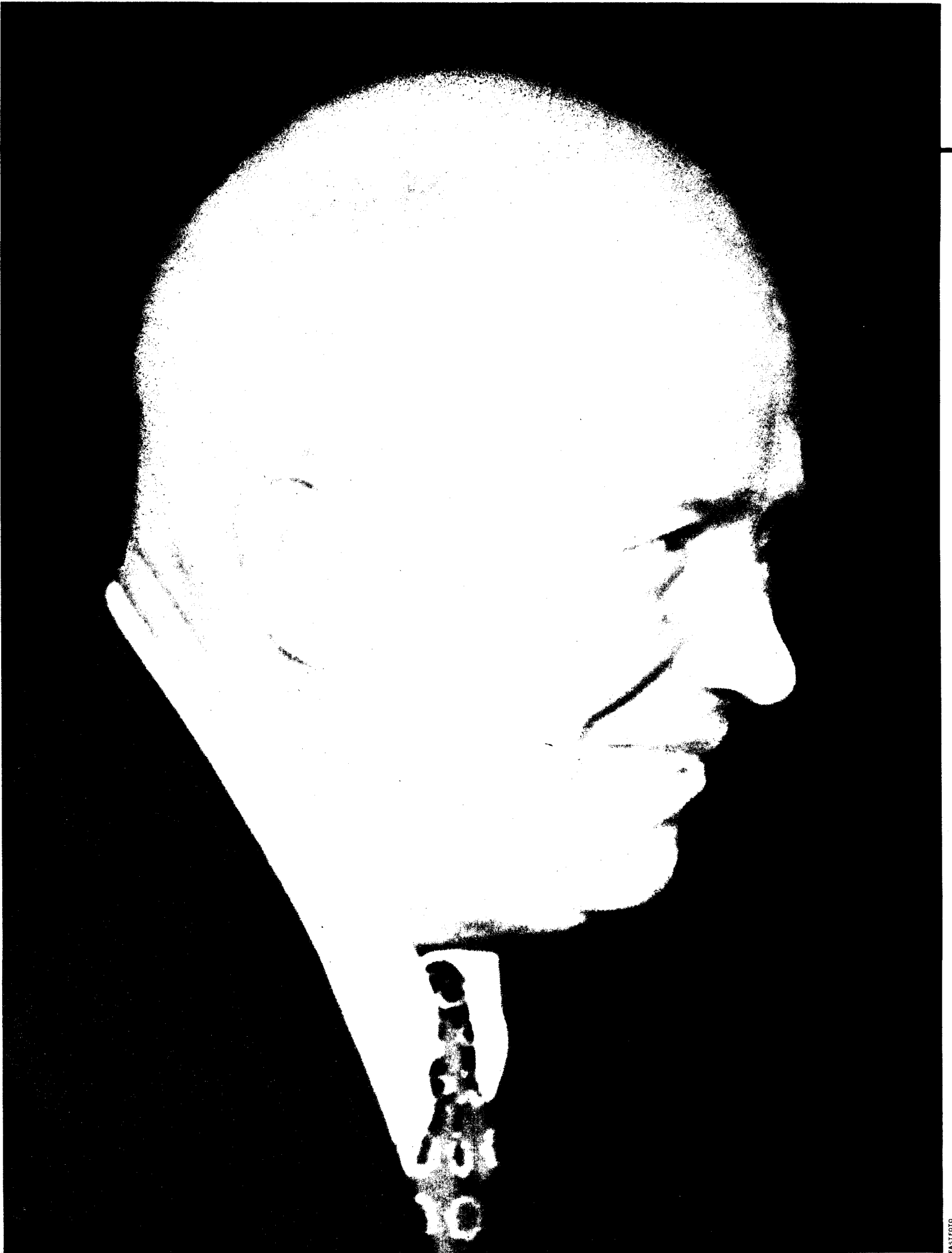


500 lb.
payload
capacity in
all steel pickup
box... shaft
drive power advantages
plus quick, easy handling,
80 inch turning radius.

See your nearest Cushman dealer for free demonstration or write for illustrated literature.

sold and serviced nationally

CUSHMAN MOTOR WORKS, inc.
911 No. 21, Lincoln, Nebraska



EASTFOTO

The KHRUSHCHEV I Know

He's a volatile, hardheaded, talkative man, this top Russian—humorous yet tough, a man not to be taken lightly. That's how he's sized up by the American who knows him best—and who's just back from seeing him

By MARSHALL MACDUFFIE



MacDuffie in Moscow, near famous St. Basil's Church

I HAVE known Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, Russia's boss, for nine years. During that period—the most fateful in U.S.-Soviet relations—I have done business with him as chief of an international mission sent to help his war-ravaged land; I have swapped views with him as a private traveler, who, at his personal say-so, was permitted to visit parts of Russia seldom seen by strangers; I have talked with him as attorney for a Chicago industrialist interested in trade between our countries.

I last saw him on February 1st of this year, in an office deep within the Kremlin. I had an interview lasting an hour and three quarters—an interview that was at times significant, at times puzzling. When I met him he was generally considered the Soviet Union's No. 2 man. A week after my visit, Malenkov had been deposed as premier in favor of Marshal Bulganin, and Khrushchev—who was widely credited with engineering the change—was recognized as the top man in the U.S.S.R.

I believe I carried out of the Kremlin the first hint of the impending change—a comment by Khrushchev that the policy-making Central Committee of the Communist party was meeting in secret session, indicating that something important was in the wind.

The first meeting I ever had with Khrushchev occurred in March, 1946, in the city of Kiev, while he was political czar of the vast Ukraine, Russia's breadbasket, and I was head of the UNRRA mission there. For several months I was in almost daily communication with him. He was already an important man within the Soviet Union, but still unknown in the West—a face often left unidentified in group pictures of the top Soviet leaders.

Seventeen months ago I saw Nikita Khrushchev again. He was then First Secretary of the Communist party of the U.S.S.R. (which is still his only job—just as it once was Stalin's). A cable to him had gained me an entry visa to Russia; I spent 65 days there and traveled 10,000 miles, taking pictures, making notes and interviewing all kinds of people, from laborers and peasants to Mr. K. himself (Collier's, March 5 through April 16, 1954).

Since the early postwar days when I first met Khrushchev, America's relationship with Russia has changed drastically. Once we were partners against a common foe; today we are caught in a cold war. Now more than ever it is vital for us to learn all we can about the man who rules the roost in Moscow. I have had the opportunity to observe Khrushchev in varying moods and roles: as an expansive host and formidable drinking partner; as a top executive, at once capable of bold decisions and attention to minute detail; as a shrewd pur-

veyor of his country's baldest propaganda. The purpose of this report is to share my knowledge and impressions of him.

Naturally, I don't pretend to know the man from A to Z; Khrushchev's life is largely wrapped in the standard Soviet mist of secrecy. Nevertheless, he told me a few vital statistics—in itself an unheard-of gesture for a Soviet leader. One was that he was born in a little village near Kursk, just outside the Ukraine (other officials had asserted his birthplace was right in the Ukraine, in the Donbas mining region). Another was that he had two sons, one a pilot killed in World War II, the second an engineer. He also disclosed that he had "many" daughters—"enough," he chuckled, "so that I do not have to pay taxes for not having a large family." During my UNRRA days, when he was only fifty-two, he mentioned having two or three grandchildren (which inevitably led us to refer to him privately as "Grandfather").

We know too that there is a Mrs. Khrushchev. Not long ago she appeared at a Moscow get-together of wives of Soviet officials and Western diplomats—a recent innovation. A number of the other Russian women present described themselves as engineers. Mrs. Khrushchev, one of the guests later told me, said she was "simply a housewife."

Conflicting Stories of His Early Years

Much of Khrushchev's biography is only hearsay: that in his youth he was a shepherd, later a miner in the Donbas; that he had little education as a boy but, when grown, was sent by the Communists to elementary and industrial schools. In a speech a few weeks ago he said he had once been a pipe fitter.

We know virtually nothing of his early political career; his record shows only that he was active in the party in the Ukraine and in Moscow. He is supposed to have had a major hand in stamping out "bourgeois nationalism" in the Ukraine in the late thirties. During the war he served as political commissar with the rank of lieutenant general, reportedly leading a guerrilla army behind the Nazi lines in the Ukraine, and later—as the Soviet recovered its territory—assigned to punishing collaborators. We know that he was one of the two bosses of the construction of the Moscow subway and that he became a member of the Politburo (now called the Presidium) in 1939. But in general, information about him is scant.

A measure of our ignorance of Russia's new Mr. Big is that, although he has now been in the Kremlin limelight for two years, we have even been mispronouncing his name. He himself set me straight

on the correct pronunciation during my last visit. He was very particular about it. "Krewsh-shove," he said carefully, pronouncing the "k" with a breath of an "h" in it, as in the Scottish word *loch*, and the "shove" midway between "shawve" and our own word "shove." "Krewsh-shove," he repeated, watching me closely. I tried saying it, and he nodded and pronounced it himself once again.

If He Were on "What's My Line?"

What manner of man is Khrushchev?

If I had to give the answer in a nutshell, I'd put it this way. Suppose by some miracle he were suddenly transformed into an American and turned up on that TV show where people's occupations are guessed primarily by their appearance, speech and manner. Your first inspiration would probably be "labor leader"—a man who did lots of hard physical work in his younger days, and fought his way up through the ranks, blunt, two-fisted, self-made. Your second guess might be "small independent manufacturer"—reasonably prosperous, perhaps familiar with machines and, again, self-made.

Khrushchev is quite short—I'd say not much over five feet three. He is somewhat overweight by our standards, but not fat. He has a bull neck, heavy shoulders and a solid, muscular, low-slung frame—burly and strong. If he were a football guard and I the opposing quarterback, I would think twice before trying a power play through him. His complexion is a light tan and he has a light beard. His face is unlined except for many wrinkles around his eyes, a slight line across the middle of the forehead and a sharp crease between his brows. The fringe of hair around his bald pate is pure white; it has been ever since I first met him. He was fifty-two then, and looked over sixty, possibly because of war strain. Oddly, he now looks younger than his present age of sixty-one.

He has a pug nose, full lips, a firm, set jaw and jug ears. I've heard it said that Russians often discipline their children by tweaking their ears. Little Nikita must have been a very bad boy.

His eyes are his most striking feature. They are so dark it is hard to perceive any color in them. After my four-hour talk with him in late 1953, I compared notes on his eyes with my interpreter. She said: "I remember only that they were very dark and very bright!" So they are—eyes which look at you sharply, quizzically, yet with a frequent twinkle. They have a hint of the Oriental in their shape, somewhat like Lenin's eyes as shown in his portraits.

On occasion Khrushchev can assume the bleak impassivity which Soviet politicians have made their

Collier's for April 15, 1955

A friendly insult opened the latest MacDuffie-Khrushchev chat

hallmark, but as a rule his face is extraordinarily expressive and mobile, and he smiles broadly and often. As he talks, he frequently sweeps his arms out wide, raps the table, taps his forehead, prods your coat lapel with his right index finger, touches your arm. He has an intent way of fixing your eyes with his, gradually bending toward you, his face coming ever closer; often by the time he finishes making his point his hands are palm down on the table, his head forward of his arms, his body at a 45-degree angle.

Khrushchev's hands are well-manicured. As Russians go he is neatly (and expensively) dressed.

When I first knew Khrushchev in 1946 he and his aides generally appeared in unpressed clothes; perhaps they felt that to have done otherwise in the midst of scarcity and war devastation would have been improper. Even so, once during that period I saw him sport a natty white linen suit, with matching peaked cap, of the kind said to have been a fad of czarist playboys. (I well recall the time I saw him in this outfit. He was springing along briskly to his place in the reviewing stand before a May Day parade in Kiev. We UNRRA people were standing in a "diplomatic box"—the city was still such a shambles that the "box" consisted of a special square of sidewalk, the rim of it formed by soldiers. Khrushchev, spotting us, grinned broadly and gave us a breezy wave—a freewheeling gesture most unusual in stiff-necked Russia.)

Is His Speech Ungrammatical?

Some Western publications have alleged that Russia's new leader uses ungrammatical, badly phrased speech. I'm no expert, but others who do qualify and have talked to him at length think the story may have been started by academic interpreters who couldn't keep up with Khrushchev's colloquialisms. Basically, say these experts, there are two Russian ways of speech: the educated man's, and the peasant's. In addition there are, just as in the U.S., regional accents. Stalin had an accent which stamped him as a Georgian the minute he opened his mouth; Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, I'm told, occasionally lapses from diplomatic suavity into country talk. Khrushchev, experts say, speaks a cultivated Russian not particularly identifiable as to place of origin.

Khrushchev's voice is low and even. He is likely to talk in long sentences and at such rapid-fire speed that he drives interpreters frantic.

And he *loves* to talk—to that I can personally attest. He is never at a loss for words and he is always quick with a comeback, on social occasions ever ready with a toast, delivered with Churchillian showmanship. I remember one banquet in the Ukraine where he kept popping up like a jack-in-the-box, proposing or responding to toasts to Roosevelt, Truman, Stalin, peace, friendship, and even to

"telling the truth." One of his responses sticks in my mind to this day. In that time of Allied warmth, he still could say: "We want peace—but if we're attacked we will defend ourselves to the death!"

I believe the leaders of the West will be committing a grave error if they ever underestimate Khrushchev. He's one of the most impressive men I've ever met—strong, controlled, determined, extremely self-confident. In certain respects, I suppose he has many of the same qualities as his predecessors: the record indicates that he can be as ruthless, both in internal and external affairs, as he feels the occasion requires; otherwise he wouldn't be where he is. He is also a tireless and unswerving promoter of his country's policies and propaganda line.

At the same time, we may be in for a few surprises, because Khrushchev does not fit neatly into the pattern established by Stalin and Malenkov—the pattern of Asiatic remoteness, of inscrutable Oriental potentates brooding inside impenetrable fortresses. And the respects in which Khrushchev differs from the stereotype may be more important than the respects in which he fits it:

1. Although Khrushchev, like all Communists, is well versed in the Marxist philosophy, fundamentally he is more a doer than a thinker. One indication is that he gets around a lot more than his predecessors. Stalin, except for elaborately guarded journeys like those to Yalta and Tehran, clung to the secret fastnesses of the Kremlin. Malenkov seldom went anywhere. One of the first things I noticed about Khrushchev, back in 1946, was the great number of places I crossed his trail as I traveled the Ukraine on UNRRA business. At collective farms, factories, schools and villages, I was told again and again: "Khrushchev was here." We also know that in the last year he has traveled extensively in Russia, besides visiting Poland, Czechoslovakia and Communist China.

In his own office Khrushchev doesn't let his lofty status prevent him from

keeping a sharp eye on detail. During my stint as chief of the UNRRA mission no day went by without a message from him or an intermediary beginning: "Comrade Khrushchev wants to know . . ." or "Comrade Khrushchev sends this inquiry . . ." The very first time I saw him, in his office suite in Kiev, what impressed me about the surroundings was not the deep carpet or huge desk, but a pile of samples of building materials and decorations—bricks, ceramic and the like—on a table. Kiev was then in the throes of reconstruction and its boss was letting nothing escape him.

Knows American Politics Well

2. Khrushchev has a bright, hard mind and a lively curiosity. In conversational give-and-take he gets your point easily despite language and philosophical differences, checkmates fast, is generally quick on the trigger. Judging by his comments to me on specific U.S. personalities and events, he is well informed about American politics.

3. To a greater extent than most Communist leaders, Khrushchev reveals his individuality, apparently unfettered by many of the rigid conventions of the Soviet hierarchy. To be sure, he acts in accord with the others in policy matters, and there's undoubtedly a limit even to his independence. But he sometimes gave me the impression that he was considerably less inhibited than his pals in the Kremlin. I've already mentioned his giving me some personal history, and the big hello at the Kiev May Day parade. Neither of these actions is according to Russian Hoyle, and in other ways too he has deviated from the usual behavior of Soviet nabobs.

For example, in arguments he has always been willing to concede a point; most Russian officials won't give an inch. In 1953 and 1955 he granted me interviews, at a time when the relations between our two countries were far from amicable and the official Russian press was denouncing many Americans as warmongering imperialistic wolves.

(As a matter of fact, while I was in Moscow the New York Daily Worker, in a review of my recent book *The Red Carpet*, written about my 1953 trip, accused me of throwing in "gratuitous slurs just to appease the cold-war warriors.")

4. While Stalin was a remote, dark figure, and Malenkov was, at the very least, inaccessible, Khrushchev is outgoing and gregarious—a man you could easily imagine sitting over a friendly drink and swapping stories. He has a good sense of humor. Once, in the Ukraine, he pointed out a prodigiously fat man, a farm expert, tapped his own forehead, and told me: "I must have been crazy to send him to the U.S. to ask for more food for the Ukrainians."

Occasionally, as with many Russians, his humor takes the form of a joshing insult if he knows you well enough. My first words to him when I saw him in February were: "*Kak pozhevaete?*" ("How are

you?") He grinned and said: "That's what everyone says when they don't have anything else to say!" In the same vein, I shot back: "You're right, it is about all I can say—in Russian. But I have plenty to say in English."

The interview took place from four to nearly six on a Tuesday afternoon—at the usual short notice. I had asked Khrushchev for the meeting by cable just before I left New York (despite the fact that the chief Soviet magazine on foreign affairs was at the very moment blasting me for my last year's articles "in the reactionary magazine *Collier's*"). He granted the request exactly a week before Malenkov's resignation, and the day after the five-day secret session of the Communist Central Committee—at which, most experts agree, the fateful decisions were made.

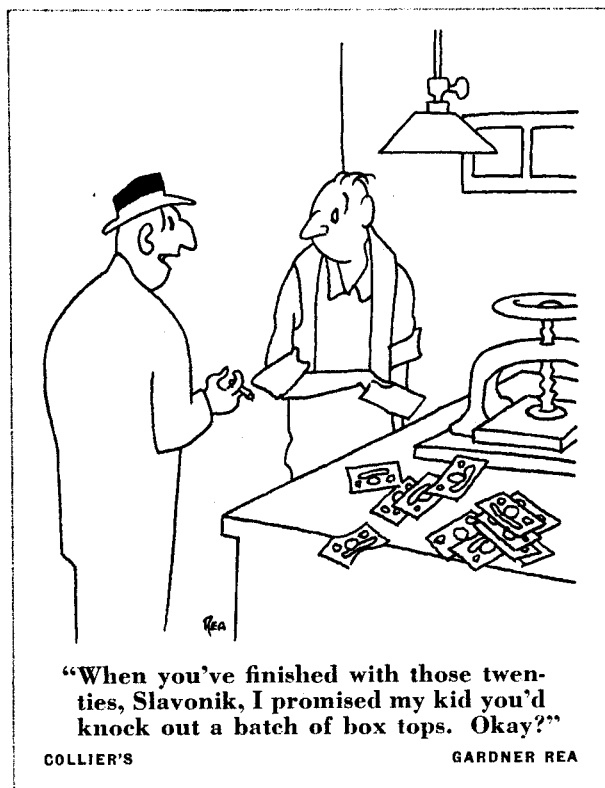
On the afternoon of February 1st, I was suddenly informed by Rogoff, head of Intourist, the official tourist agency, that Khrushchev would see me "in the Kremlin" at four. At three forty-five Rogoff and I drove alongside the Kremlin Park to the Borovitsky Gate. Inside the grounds, we swung up alongside the Moscow River, turned past the three ancient churches with their golden bulbed towers and stopped at a yellow building: the House of Ministers, where Stalin had had his office.

Rogoff waited in the car. An MVD officer in the dress uniform of the Kremlin guard, with a black pistol holster on his hip, met me on the steps, saluted and shook hands, and escorted me into the lobby past another guard holding a rifle with a bayonet. Moscow grows dark early in the winter and the lights were on, but nobody was about. We entered a small elevator, stopped at the third floor and walked into a nearby cloakroom, where the only other person was a stubby, young-looking, round-cheeked man, struggling into an overcoat with the star of a marshal of the Soviet army on its shoulders. (The coat was about as big as he was.)

Signs of Much Russian Brass

There had been a lot of concern expressed in the previous weeks about possible military domination of the Soviet government. Suddenly, as I stepped to the coat rack, I realized that, in this cloakroom near the top Communist's office, the only coats visible were three more bearing a marshal's star, and one with the epaulets of an admiral. The sight startled me; who had ever heard of this much Russian brass in one place? Could it be true that the military did indeed control the U.S.S.R.? Then I had a calmer second thought: Perhaps this was merely a staff meeting. It wasn't until a few days later—after two marshals, Bulganin and Zhukov, had been promoted to key spots—that it occurred to me that the men whose coats I saw might have been discussing the resultant staff changes.

From the cloakroom, my escort led me down a long hallway on the right (I had heard that Stalin's office had been in this building on this same floor, down this same corridor), and into an anteroom with another MVD officer and two civilians. One of the civilians introduced himself—and I got another surprise. He was Oleg Troyanovsky, son of the first Soviet ambassador to the



COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

Collier's for April 15, 1955

WHY WAIT

**for your
car
to tell
you?**

Jollier's Recommends "Preventive Service"
to catch little troubles before they become big ones

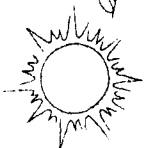
It's easier—safer—and often cheaper when you *plan*—and *time*—the service you give your automobile.

There are three times in the year when it will pay off to have your car checked over—



IN THE SPRING—

because of the change from cold to warmer weather.



EARLY IN THE SUMMER

because summer driving with its longer trips and higher speeds puts a greater strain on your car than does normal around town driving.



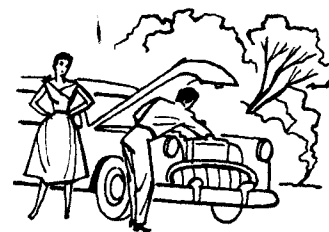
IN THE FALL

to prepare your car for the hazards and demands of winter driving.

At each of these times, it is advisable to ask the advice of a serviceman you know and in whom you have confidence. Have him check certain parts of your car. Usually this means no expense unless the check uncovers a part that is worn and about to cause trouble.

And then it isn't added expense. It is actually work done *at your convenience*—and at normal charges. Isn't this better than emergency work, at higher expense—by a serviceman you may not even know?

Jollier's
AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE



time for a spring checkup

*Have your favorite serviceman
check these five:*

1 Drain and clean the cooling system

Time now to have the antifreeze removed, check hoses and connections, fan belt and thermostat, water pump and packing. Refill with clean water and add rust inhibitor.

2 Lubricate chassis & change oil

Get rid of those annoying squeaks and give protection to moving parts with a complete lubrication. Change to summer grade oil for top performance. Change oil filter cartridge if over 6,000 miles. Test brake fluid level.

3 Have motor tuned up

Check and clean spark plugs, points, and inspect wiring. Check the battery, generator and voltage regulator. Ask about use of oil additive.

4 Rotate and inspect tires

Remember the last 1,000 miles are not worth the risk or even the nuisance involved of a flat on the highway.

5 Renew that "new-car" appearance

Ask your serviceman about one of the finish treatments that will give you renewed pride of ownership in your car.



**in addition —
it will pay you
to have him check**

- ✓ All lights
- ✓ Wiper blades
- ✓ Shock Absorbers
- ✓ Muffler and tail pipe
- ✓ Carburetor and fuel system
- ✓ Brakes — adjust if necessary

"In time, I believe there will be an improvement in our relations," Khrushchev

United States (in 1933), and reputed to be Russia's best English interpreter—and, more than that, a skilled member of the Soviet foreign office.

Troyanovsky motioned me through French doors into a room roughly 50 feet long by 20 feet wide, rather bare and simple. From an arched white ceiling about 18 feet high hung two lighted chandeliers. Light-brown wood paneling covered the walls about a third of the way up; the rest of each wall was painted light pink.

The Scene of the Interview

The only picture in the room was one of Stalin, at the far end. Just over the doorway was a pendulum clock, at the far left a tall closed bookcase and on my right a long table, with a top of green felt cloth framed by a dark wood. (The cloth looked like that used on billiard tables—not inappropriate, considering that Khrushchev reportedly likes to play billiards. His only other diversion, so far as I've heard, is hunting.) Surrounding this table were typical Soviet stiff-backed chairs, and forming a T with it was a smaller table, also green-cloth-covered. On it were a green telephone (reputedly a connection to Communist party offices) and a black one, and behind the table sat Khrushchev.

Back of him, in the far right corner of the room, was another desk, with a pad, some pencils and an inkstand, but no lamp. (I'd guess from the accessories this was more a conference room than a working office.) On the rear desk were three more black telephones. In 1953, Khrushchev's battery of phones had included a red one, which our Russian experts had later speculated might have been a direct line to the Kremlin; apparently he no longer needed any line to the top man.

When we walked in, Khrushchev was sitting sideways, with his knees crossed, right elbow casually anchored on the back of the chair, reading a copy of the Moscow Evening News. Copies of two other papers—probably Pravda and Izvestia—were folded in front of him on the table. His appearance hadn't changed much since our last visit except that he seemed a trifle tired, as if he had put in a hard morning's work (and he undoubtedly had, considering all the changes announced a week later).

He got up, shook hands with both of us—offering the usual firm handclasp—then we sat down. I was on Khrushchev's right and Troyanovsky faced me. In front of each of us was a white bond-paper pad, two sharp black lead pencils—the only machine-sharpened pencils I've ever seen in the Soviet Union—and one blue and one red crayon pencil.

After Khrushchev's first playful remark about the rapidity of my opening greeting, he expressed polite regret that he had been unable up to now to see me or my client William Wood Prince, Chicago businessman and banker, with whom I had come to the U.S.S.R. and who had left a few days earlier. He disclosed that he'd been busy with the Central Committee meeting, at which, he said, "I was the reporter." That was big news; in this context the "reporter" is equivalent to President Eisenhower when he makes a State of the Union address to Congress.

This cordial beginning out of the way, I expected Khrushchev to pick up the ball and carry it, as he had in all our past sessions. To my discomfiture he folded his hands, usually so expressive, assumed an impassive look, and sat waiting. Uneasily, I plunged into a number of topics—the changes I had seen in Moscow, the improvements, the meetings Prince and I had had with a variety of Soviet personages, what we had discussed about trade possibilities, my plans and requests for further discussions. After each topic I paused to let Khrushchev speak. He remained silent, stiff, stern. Growing more and more ill at ease, I went on—tossing in, among other comments, a strong complaint about the red tape which had made it impossible for me to hold more than one business meeting a day with Soviet officials.

Suddenly I had a chilling thought. Before leaving Washington I had made routine calls on a number of top officials; now, watching the high-level interpreter, Troyanovsky, taking down my words in shorthand, I thought with a sharp qualm: Lord, is it possible Khrushchev thinks I have a special out-of-channels message for him from the heads of our government? If that's what he expected, he was due for a disappointment.

I pressed doggedly on. As I brought up each new question I jotted down the key word and the number of the subject on the pad before me. It wasn't until I had reached No. 14 on my list that Khrushchev finally spoke up—but still solemn, still without the familiar lively gestures.

To my surprise he teed off on No. 11, certainly put forward in all seriousness by me but not one of the most important items on my agenda: a proposal that the Soviet government sell some of the French modern paintings—Picassos, Matises, Cézannes and others—which it had expropriated from wealthy czarist collectors and had not exhibited for years, and that as a gesture of good will some of them be sent on loan to Chicago and New York.

Not Eager to Lend Paintings

"As to the question of a loan of the paintings or even possibly a purchase," Khrushchev said abruptly, "well, these might be good ideas—but first basic relations between our countries should be appropriate." Now that he had started, he kept going, swinging to other subjects. "As to your having so few meetings with our officials, I am sorry personally, but the reason is that official relations have not been normal for years. Our officials thought you were only feeling them out, and feeling out doesn't always yield results."

I rebutted with some examples of specific trade proposals I had made. Khrushchev admitted: "There is some justness in what you say, but if trade relations between our countries had been established these things wouldn't happen. The main trouble is the lack of normal relations. British organizations have negotiated contracts with the Soviet Union and have entered into a normal export-import business. Between us and Britain there is neither a hot nor a cold war."

I quoted Secretary of Defense Wilson's recent remark that trade in non-strategic goods might promote peace

and understanding with the Soviet government. Khrushchev retorted: "The trouble is that there is quite a difference between the Soviet and American viewpoints on what normal trade relations are. We have received suggestions from the U.S. about selling us meat, butter and fats—which we import from other countries—but your Agriculture and Commerce Departments want manganese in return. We have no objections to that, but this kind of trade amounts to discrimination. Butter for manganese is blackmail. I suppose next we can expect an offer for uranium!"

I couldn't resist: "Well, have you got any?"

For the first time since his opening

each other's countries. Frankly, many people in America regard you and some of your associates as monsters. One always has a tendency to do this when people who are somewhat unfriendly are also unknown. I hope the day will come when you and some of your associates will pay us a visit."

He replied: "Your generalizations are correct and your ideas useful. But right now our relations don't provide the necessary conditions for such a trip. In time, I believe there will be an improvement in our relations and the United States will not be afraid of us..."

("The United States will not be afraid..." I thought. "Has any top



"I finally decided on 'Abner Aardvark and his Monstrous Mouth Organ'" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

comments, Khrushchev grinned, but he let it pass.

I said I imagined that one U.S. difficulty concerning the sale of butter was that our housewives would resent it if American butter, even surplus, was in effect sold cheaper to Russian housewives. Khrushchev brushed this off. "If the United States is afraid to sell we are not anxious to buy. We can do without a rich uncle."

"Furthermore," he added, "the U.S. does not ask for just useful goods in exchange; it wants strategic goods. That might be good for Senators McCarthy and Knowland, but we are not much taken with the idea. So let the U.S. government sell its surplus butter to Senator Knowland; maybe he can get something out of it. Let him try buying on those terms."

I took another tack. "One of the reasons for misunderstandings is that your leaders and ours don't see enough of

Russian ever before acknowledged that American fear of the Soviet Union, not a desire for war, underlies U.S. policy?"

"... Then I might be able to come," said Khrushchev. "There is much to be learned in the United States from its industry, its culture."

I reminded him that many Americans had been denied entry to Russia; I cited Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas as an example (I could have cited many more). Khrushchev bridled, "I am surprised at your remarks," he said. "The Soviet Union replies quickly and hardly ever refuses the visa request of an American." A moment later he added that Justice Douglas (he pronounced it "Doolis") had been granted a visa. He turned out to be right, although that was the first public word of it. On the subject of visits between the two countries, Khrushchev also said, somewhat later

Collier's for April 15, 1955

...and "around the world" ...

in our talk, that some Soviet athletes had been invited to the U.S., "and I think they will go." He didn't identify them.

Besides exchanging visits, I said, what steps did Khrushchev advocate to improve Soviet-American relations?

Obviously that was a subject to his taste. Suddenly his reserve fell away; he began to talk as in the old days, animatedly, smiling, pounding the table (at one point, for emphasis, he struck the table sharply nine times with the heel of his hand), talking at such a fast clip that Troyanovsky scribbled like mad and my own pencil wore out. Without pausing in his pace, Khrushchev reached over and handed me another pencil. "I still have it—an eraserless yellow pencil with the legend (unaccountably in English): CZECHOSLOVAKIA L&C HARDMUTH 'KOH-I-NOOR' * 1500 * HB.

Soviet Requirements Outlined

"First," his reply began, "a good beginning would be if we could trade and buy and sell freely between our countries—goods people really want and not just what one wants to sell. Many Americans think we want only strategic goods. What we want is normal relations with all, and first and foremost with the U.S.

"Second, when there are bases around us we are compelled to defend ourselves, and then the U.S. increases its armed forces and spends more and then we increase our armed forces and spend more. Therefore it would be good to come to terms about how long the U.S. shall maintain these bases.

"Third, Molotov has suggested that troops be withdrawn from Germany by both countries. As a beginning they could leave a small part behind while making the withdrawal a gradual one. But all troops should be withdrawn.

"Fourth, there should be a reduction of armaments. Because of the armaments race, a great burden is put upon all of us.

"Fifth, we believe that the production and storage of atomic and hydrogen bombs should be prohibited. We are a sincere people. This is a peaceful country and we are not taking the initiative to attack.

"Sixth, we seek more frequent contacts in the cultural field. Your college editors came here last year but when our editors wanted to go to your country they were refused entry.

"Seventh, in our country there is a law against aggressive actions and warlike statements. In your country generals and senators babble about dropping atomic bombs, launching wars, and so on. That creates no condition for peaceful understanding. Who makes such statements? You find them in your papers every day. Do not madmen say these things?

"Eighth, we are prepared for mutual concessions. It is silly to try to extract concessions from one side by force, if that side does not want to make them—and when that side is a great, powerful country like ours. We have no interest in making such demands on the U.S."

I didn't try to answer him point by point. Several of his criticisms, implied and open, had been voiced before and

answered before, many times—the question of bases, for example, and disarmament, and atomic production. Some points were still under consideration by the U.S. government; the Russian editors, to take one case, apparently are going to be admitted to the U.S., though neither Khrushchev nor I knew it then.

On other matters I didn't feel qualified, and I told him so. But I added that I fully agreed with his statement that only a madman would talk of preventive war, and that such talk could never represent the genuine attitude of the American people or the American government. Then I said:

"You say the Soviet government is peaceful; nevertheless, we and many countries of the West feel strongly that the Communist parties in each country are acting as agents of the Soviet government and are seeking to undermine our governments. What do you have to say about that?"

Said Khrushchev: "We believe there should be no interference in the internal affairs of another country. Communism is not a Russian phenomenon, but a phenomenon of the capitalistic epoch. The rising of the peoples of Asia and Africa is less a manifestation of Communism than a protest against colonialism; you can ask the people fighting the French and Viet-Nameese—95 per cent can't say what Communism is.

"We sympathize with the Communists abroad just as you sympathize with the capitalists—but that is not war. Bases are not needed against Communism. As a matter of fact, where the United States has bases, there can be Communists—and are!"

By now he was quite relaxed, his arm resting comfortably on the back of his chair. The statements he was making were not rehearsed. They flowed in gushes. We started talking about his travels and mine. "This is a rich country, a good country," he said. "Come again and make another trip. This time you will be not so much afraid." (That was a dig at a statement in my book about my uneasiness every time I entered the Soviet Union.)

I asked: "Do you think that after the issue of our fliers is settled with the Chinese they would permit a trip through their country such as I made through the Soviet Union?" Khrushchev failed to rise to the bait but got off on the subject of U.S.-Chinese relations.

"The Chinese don't like cruisers and planes close to their shores. The farther U.S. planes and cruisers are from Chinese shores the better relations will be; just as with the U.S.S.R.—the farther U.S. forces are from our frontiers the better friendship there will be. I have no authority from the Chinese to make this statement but

I think this is so."

Possibly the most important subject we touched upon came toward the close of the interview. At the time of my visit—even though Malenkov's resignation was not yet known—the Western World was churning with speculation over rumors of an internal Soviet dispute, with Malenkov allegedly urging an increase in consumer goods and Khrushchev arguing for an accent on heavy industry. When the news about Malenkov broke a week

after my interview, the widespread assumption was that Khrushchev's ascendancy denoted a renewed military build-up, with a tougher attitude toward the U.S. in the future.

In the light of that speculation a question I put to Khrushchev at our meeting and his reply take on considerable importance. I pointed out that when I had been in Russia in 1953 great emphasis was being put on consumer goods. "Now," I said, "I get the impression that the Soviet Union is switching to priority for heavy industry."

Khrushchev answered: "I believe we were misunderstood in our talk about consumer goods. What we thought in the past and what we continue to think is that all branches of industry should develop normally, with priority given to heavy industry because it is the leading branch of all industry. As our population grows, our requirements grow—and without heavy industry there can be no other industry."

I said I understood that, but had thought the Russians had succeeded in building up their heavy industry adequately, so that their problem was to pull consumer goods up to the same level. Khrushchev replied: "Well, our heavy industry is sufficient, but our economy is developing and therefore our requirements are greater, particularly in metals. That branch of heavy industry should develop in advance of others. This is, of course, partly for defense—but mainly for peaceful purposes."

Khrushchev shifted in his chair and the pace of our conversation slowed. I got up to go. It had been an interesting talk, and once again I had been impressed by the warmth of the man and by his air of good will. Yet I also recalled that he had shown the same reasonable attitude the last time I had seen him—and that it had not been the forerunner of any noticeable change in the stiff Soviet policy during the months that followed.

Unaware of Malenkov's "Fate"

Of course, I didn't know as I left Khrushchev after this most recent visit that Malenkov was on the way out—and that Khrushchev was therefore in a far stronger position than he had been in 1953—probably strong enough now, if he hadn't been before, to impose his views on policy. But then, I didn't know either that within a few days of my friendly talk with Russia's boss, his chief foreign policy spokesman, Molotov, would loose another vicious blast at the West, couched in bitter, angry, far-from-friendly language.

But of all the puzzling aspects of that afternoon at the Kremlin none was open to more varied interpretations than Khrushchev's last words, after we had shaken hands and I was about to leave.

"Come again," he said. "Next time I hope you will have better news."

As the big seven-passenger ZIM whirled me down the ancient Kremlin Hill, back through the Borovitsky Gate, bristling with the bayonets of its elite MVD guard, I pondered the cryptic closing words of the man who now stands at the pinnacle of power over 210,000,000 people, and devoutly hoped that they portended better news for everyone everywhere.

When weekend chores make

Muscles stiff and sore...

Here's speedy relief!

• More at home behind a desk than behind a bucksaw? The way your muscles ache from occasional weekend workouts leaves no doubt about it!

And that's the time to take a tip from trainers of top athletes.

For over 60 years they've been rubbing on Absorbine Jr. to bring quick, long-lasting relief from the pain of over-exercised muscles.

So fast and soothing is this famous Absorbine Jr. treatment, you'll say it's "like a heat lamp in a bottle." For blessed, safe relief at the point of application, use Absorbine Jr. on those aching muscles today! Get a bottle of Absorbine Jr. today wherever drugs are sold.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.



If it weren't for brand names

You'd have to be a home economist to

choose the food you want

You do 70% of your grocery shopping "sight unseen." The products are in packages. Only the label guides you.

Why don't you have to look inside each package? What makes you so sure you're getting what you pay for? In fact, what makes you sure about anything you buy?

Isn't it because you've learned the basic rule of sound buying:

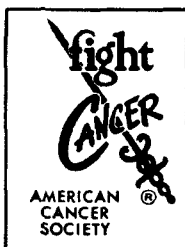
A good brand is your best guarantee

No matter what you buy, you know you can depend on a good brand. And so, you know you're right.

The more good brands you know, the surer you are. Get to know them in this magazine. They'll help you cut buying mistakes, get more for your money.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION Incorporated

A Non-Profit Educational Foundation 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.



The Sermon in the Bomb

THE text of this year's Easter sermon was provided, some weeks in advance, by the Atomic Energy Commission—the disclosure that a hydrogen bomb detonated in the Pacific Testing Area had the force of 20,000,000 tons of TNT, and had spread its lethal effects over 7,000 square miles.

It was hardly such a message of joy as is traditionally associated with Easter, and yet it was a message worth contemplating in the light of the meaning of Easter.

The most significant part of the AEC's disclosure was not the fact of a bomb capable—through the combined effects of blast, heat and radioactive fallout—of wiping out New Jersey. Of greater significance was what the fact itself disclosed as to the momentum science has achieved in the first atomic decade. The fission-type bomb which rocked the world ten years ago, with its force of 20,000 tons of TNT and its effective spread of seven square miles, has now become the mere trigger of a fusion bomb 1,000 times more powerful.

This hurtling scientific momentum shows no signs of subsiding. There is the candid testimony of the father of the H-bomb, Dr. Edward Teller, that fresh "surprises" are due. There is, on the testimony of Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson, an H-bomb on the way which will unleash the force of 60,000,000 tons of TNT—a West Virginia-size bomb. There is on the drawing boards an H-bomb encased in cobalt which could spread across a continent a radioactive cloud of such virulence as to kill every living thing in its path. There is in process of development an intercontinental ballistic missile (IBM) which will presently be able to carry any of these bombs from New York to Moscow—or Moscow to New York—in a half hour. There is much more in prospect, but this much is enough to bear out the assumption of the unflagging momentum of the technique of mass destruction.

These firm and responsible promises of science intrude, necessarily, upon defense planning.

They disclose that a time is close at hand when any physical defenses now conceivable will be futile and obsolete. The time is coming when no defensive network of aircraft and electronics can hope to ward off such a swarm of supersonic missiles as could be thrown against us (or which we could launch against an enemy). The day is coming when the elapsed time between the launching and landing of the missiles



AVE MARIA STUDIO

ZINN ARTHUR

would be less than it takes a Kansas City businessman to drive from his office to his home in the country-club district; when those missiles could lay a pattern of obliteration across the entire face of the earth; when even those in the deepest burrows could measure their survival by their stockpiles of food—with no more available on the cobalt-deadened surface above.

So the Atomic Energy Commission's bleak message, this Eastertide, is that man's patient and ingenious efforts over the centuries have at long last brought into easy grasp the means of blasting him to eternity.

Will he do so? Or is there, in the picture, some cause for hope that he will not?

In this Easter season the pastors are preaching to the largest and, it is fair to guess, the most attentive congregations ever assembled. Religion is in the midst of a great renaissance.

This is a movement which cannot be explained in terms of fear and panic. It is not

mere recurrence of the "foxhole religion" which gained some currency in World War II—a devotion shrugged off with the sounding of the "all clear."

This is a massive movement of a troubled people, seeking guidance, light and comfort. Its dimensions are not measurable, either, in the statistics of congregations. Few Americans—whatever their occupation or station in life—have failed to sense it, and to react.

The scientist, once serenely confident he had mastered the secrets of the universe, unlocked the atom and discovered an astonishing new universe; within the atom's nucleus he discovered yet another, more astonishing, universe, full of unimagined forces, suggestive of yet more astonishing universes yet to be found. Unlocking such doors can be humbling; out of such humility springs reverence.

The statesman, seeking the means of bringing order to the world's affairs, has been abruptly confronted with forces too vast to respond to the time-worn processes of nations and diplomats. Contemplating these surging movements of history, he senses the need for a key, an answer beyond his own wisdom.

The ordinary man, used to bringing ordinary solutions to ordinary problems, finds his own once-placid world brought to the very eve of doomsday, by forces quite beyond his capacity to grasp or his power to control. He too senses keenly the imperative-ness of a sure source of guidance.

What they all seek—the hand of God—has been available through all the centuries. It is there now, to grasp and to use. Religion is no passive force, no theory or set of phrases. It is a ready instrument, whose usefulness is limited only by man's willingness to use it.

Some of its doctrines—humility, simplicity, faith and love—may sound strange, this Eastertide, to the ear accustomed to the abrasive clichés of our time—aggression and hate, subversion and obliteration.

But the truth is durable—or we could not hear through the turbulence of 20 centuries the words spoken on a hillside in Galilee: "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

These doctrines have stood through all the centuries. They still stand; they still offer, as in all times past, the wisdom by which man can live at peace with himself. The hope for a future is that man may now have created the final, unarguable reason to use the sense God gave him.



JAMES CROW BUILDS HIS FIRST DISTILLERY

In this log cabin, on Glenn's Creek, near Frankfort, Kentucky, pioneer distiller Crow carried out the experiments that revolutionized whiskey-making in America.

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Time changes many things, but Old Crow goes ever on, unchanged in quality, building its world-wide reputation constantly higher. Today, you may enjoy the bourbon Daniel Webster called "the finest in the world" in a milder 86 Proof bottling or in the famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.



For five handsome reproductions of Old Crow illustrations for framing, send \$1 to Old Crow, P.O. Box 426, Frankfort, Kentucky.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

LIGHTER.
MILDER
86 PROOF



BOTTLED
IN BOND
100 PROOF

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

For more pure pleasure...have a Camel!

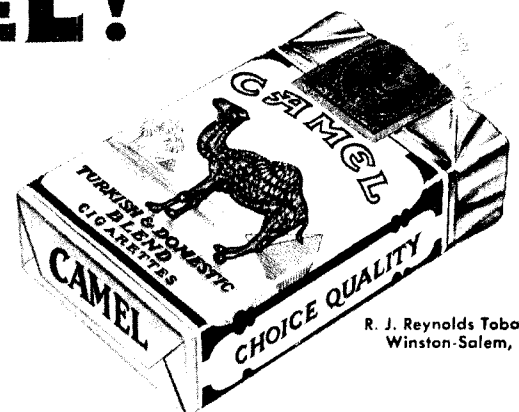


"For me—they've got what it takes!"



No other cigarette is so rich-tasting yet so mild as **CAMEL**!

● THIS you'll notice about Camel smokers: they get more pure pleasure from smoking! Year after year, Camels lead all other brands because no other cigarette has ever matched Camel's richer blend. No other cigarette is so rich-tasting, yet so mild as Camel. Make your own 30-day Camel Mildness Test. Find out for yourself how wonderfully Camels agree with you!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.